

MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS

OF THE LATE

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

With an Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

A NEW EDITION.

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MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS
OF THE
LATE
J. J. F. F.
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Contents of these Volumes, and what is inserted in *Swift's* Miscellanies, comprehend all the Pieces of Wit and Humour of this admirable Author.

M E M O I R S
O F T H E
L I F E

DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

JOHAN ARBUTHNOT, an eminent Physician, a distinguished Wit, and a polite Writer, was descended from the noble Family of his Name in Scotland, and the Son of a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church there. He was born at Arbuthnot in Kincardineshire, near Montross, not long after the Restoration of King Charles II. and being sent at a proper Age to the University of Aberdeen, applied himself diligently to all the academical Studies, particularly that of Physic, in which he took his Doctor's Degree. But his Father not complying with the Revolution forfeited his Church Preferment, and retiring for a Support to a small Estate

of his own, the Sons embracing the same political Principles, found themselves under a Necessity of seeking their Fortune abroad. The Doctor, however, travelled no further than to London, where, it is said, he was entertained in the House of Mr. William Pate, a Woollen-draper, and presently took up the Business of teaching the Mathematics, for which he was very well qualified. He was probably thus employed, when Dr. Woodward's "Essay towards a natural History of the Earth" came out, in 1695, which containing such an Account of the universal Deluge, as was observed by our mathematical Master to be irreconcilable to just philosophical Reasonings upon the Principles of that Science, he drew up "An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge, &c. with a Comparison between Steno's Philosophy and the Doctor's, of the Cause of marine Bodies dug up out of the Earth, by J. A. M. D. with a Letter to the Author, concerning *An Abstract of Agostino Scylla's Book* on the same Subject, printed in the Philosophical Transactions," by W. W. F. R. S. This learned Piece, which came out 1697, 8vo. laid the first Stone of our Author's Literary Fame, and it received no inconsiderable Increase not long after, by his "Essay on the Usefulness of

“of the Mathematics to young Students in
 “the Universities,” published in 1700, 3vo.
 In the mean time, as Physic was his Profes-
 sion, so the Practice of it was principally in
 in view; and though he met with no great
 Encouragement at first, yet after a while
 his Business increased to a Competency, and
 his Skill therein, added to a good-natured Wit
 and extensive Learning, introduced him by
 Degrees into good Esteem and Favour with
 the learned and polite Part of the World,
 insomuch that he was elected a Fellow of
 the Royal Society * on St. Andrew's Day

1704.

* *Chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.* He communi-
 cated a Paper to that Society, which is printed in the
 Philosophical Transactions, N^o 328. intitled, *Of the*
Regularity of the Births of both Sexes. Among the in-
 numerable Footsteps, says he, of Divine Providence to
 be found in the Works of Nature, there is a very re-
 markable one to be observed in the exact Balance that
 is maintained between the Numbers of Men and Women;
 for, by this means, it is provided that the Species may
 never fall away or perish, since every Male may have its
 Female, and of a proportionable Age. This Equality of
 Males and Females is not the blind Effect of Chance, but
 Divine Providence works it for a good End; which he
 proceeds to demonstrate upon the Principles of the Doc-
 trine of Chances, from Tables of Births from 1629 to
 1710; and having thence shewn that Providence brings
 forth more Males than Females, and that almost in a
 constant Proportion, he observes it to be necessary,
 from the greater Destruction of Males from Wars,
 &c. He is of Opinion that this Equality in the
 Births has no other Probability from Physics, than that
 in our first Parents Seed there were at first formed an

1704, and on the 30th of October the following year he was sworn Physician extraordinary to Queen Anne, by her Majesty's special Command, in consideration of his good and successful Services performed as Physician to his Royal Highness [Prince George of Denmark] in consequence whereof, upon the Indisposition of Dr. Hannes, he was appointed Fourth Physician in ordinary to the Queen in November 1709, and was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians April 27, 1710. He was chosen Second Censor September 30, 1723, and was made an Elect October 5, 1727, on the 18th of which Month he pronounced the Harveian Oration. He had now been some time intimately connected with the celebrated Triumvirate Swift, Pope, and Gay, and it was not long before he added a new Lustre to that Constellation of Wits by the Brightness of his own. Early in the year 1714, he engaged with Pope and Swift in a Design to write a Satire on the Abuse of human Learning in every Branch, which was have to been executed in the humorous Manner of Cervantes, and a considerable Progress was made therein before the Queen's Demise; equal Number of both Sexes. He draws his Scholium from the Whole, that it follows from hence that Polygamy is contrary to the Law of Nature and to the Propagation of the human Race.

but

but that fatal Incident put a Stop to all further Prosecution of this noble Project, at least in a regular Way. The Disaster sunk deeply upon our Author's Spirits, and, to divert his Melancholy, he made a Trip to Paris. His Stay there was, however, very short; he returned to London in the Beginning of September, and having lost his former Residence at St. James's, he took a House in Dover-street; and we find him the next Year jointly with Pope assisting Gay in the Comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, which was brought upon the Stage in 1716. In the Beginning of the Season at Bath in 1722, he went thither apparently for his Health, being accompanied by One of his Brothers of a very singular Character, who was lately come to England *. In 1727, he published *Tables*

* *His Brother of a singular Character.*] In a Letter, dated September 1, 1722, to Mr. Digby, then at Bath, Mr. Pope speaks thus of him: Dr. Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a Fortnight or more, perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any Man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: she needed only to follow his Hints to be in eternal Business and Amusement of Mind, and as active as she could desire. But indeed, I fear she would out-walk him, for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first Time I saw the Doctor) *He is a man that can do every Thing but walk.* His Brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath, and

Tables of antient Coins, Weights, and Measures,
in 4to. He continued to practise his Faculty
with good Reputation, not without diverting
his leisure Hours in Writing Papers of Wit
and Humour, among which his *Epitaph* upon
the infamous Colonel Chartres * *shine velut*
inter

• is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going
• thither on purpose to know him. The Spirit of Phi-
• lanthropy, so long dead to our World, is revived in
• him: he is a Philosopher all of Fire; so warmly, nay
• so wildy in the Right, that he forces all others about
• him to be so too, and draws them into his Vortex. He
• is a Star, that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all
• Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If
• there be other Men in the World that would serve a
• Friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could
• make an Enemy serve a Friend.'

* *His Epitaph upon Colonel Chartres.*] It runs
thus:

Here continueth to rot
The Body of Francis Chartres,
Who, with an indefatigable Constancy
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In spite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of every human Vice,
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
His insatiable Avarice exempting him from the First,
His matchless Impudence from the Second,
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating Pravity
Of his Manners, than successful

Dr. John Arbuthnot.

ix

inter ignes Luna minores; this came out in 1731. And the next Year the Doctor contributed his Mite towards detecting and punishing the scandalous Frauds and Abuses that had been carried on under the specious Name of THE CHARITABLE CORPORATION. The same Year he published his excellent Essay concerning *The Nature of Aliments, the Choice of them, &c.* which was followed next Year by

The

In accumulating Wealth :

For, without Trade or Profession,

Without Trust of public Money,

And without bribe-worthy Service,

He acquired, or more properly created,

A ministerial Estate.

He was the only person of his Time

Who could cheat without the Mask of Honesty,

Retain his primeval Meanness when possessed of

Ten thousand a Year :

And having daily deserved the Gibbet for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.

Oh indignant Reader !

Think not his Life useless to Mankind,

Providence connived at his execrable Designs,

To give to After-ages a conspicuous

Proof and Example

Of how small Estimation is exorbitant Wealth,

In the Sight of God, by his bestowing it on

The most unworthy of all Mortals.

This

The Effects of Air on human Bodies. He was apparently led to the Subjects of these Treatises by the Considerations of his own Case, an Asthma, which gradually increasing with his Years became shortly after desperate and incurable. Under this Affliction he retired, in 1734, to Hampstead, in the View of finding some small Relief; whence, in Answer to a kind Inquiry of Mr. Pope, he gave that Friend a particular Account of his Distemper and hopeless Condition in these Terms: I little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of my Lord Bathurst, I have nothing to repay my Friends with at present but Prayers and good Wishes.

This Francis Chartres was infamous for all Manner of Vices. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was drummed out of the Regiment for a Cheat. He was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same Account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-tables, he took to lending Money at an exorbitant Interest, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Interest, and Capital, and seizing to a Minute when the Payments became due. In a Word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immense Fortune. His House was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was Twice condemned for Rapes, and pardoned, but the last Time not without Imprisonment in Newgate, and large Confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged Sixty-two. The Populace at his Funeral raised a great Riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and threw dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave along with it.

‘ I have

‘ I have the Satisfaction to find that I am as
‘ officiously served by my Friends as he that
‘ has Thousands to leave in Legacies, besides
‘ the Assurance of their Sincerity. God
‘ Almighty has made my bodily Disease as
‘ easy as a Thing of that Nature can be. I have
‘ found Relief sometimes from the Air of this
‘ Place; my Nights are bad, but many poor
‘ Creatures are worse. As for you, my good
‘ Friend, I think since our first Acquaintance,
‘ there has not been any of those little Sus-
‘ picions or Jealousies which often affect the
‘ sincerest Friendship, I am sure not on my
‘ Side. I must be so sincere as to own, that
‘ though I could not help valuing you for
‘ those Talents which the World praises, yet
‘ they were not the Foundation of my Friend-
‘ ship: They were quite of another Sort;
‘ nor will I at present offend you by enu-
‘ merating them. And I make it my last
‘ Request, that you will continue that noble
‘ Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you
‘ seem naturally endued with, but still with
‘ regard to your own Safety, and study more
‘ to reform than chastise, though the one
‘ cannot be effected without the other.

‘ Lord Bathurst I have always honoured
‘ for every good Quality that a Person of his
‘ Rank ought to have. Pray give my Re-
‘ spects and kindest Wishes to the Family.
‘ My Venison Stomach is gone, but I have
‘ those

those about me and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left at my House, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case, and at my Age, is impossible: The kindest Wishes of my Friends is an *Euthanasia*, living or dying I shall be

Yours.

This Disease carried him off February 27, 1734-5, at his House in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens. He was in all Respects a most amiable Person, and well deserving of that just Character which is drawn of him by the elegant Pen of Lord Orrery, who, in his Life of Swift, having given an Account of the Dean, concludes his Letter thus: "I should have been much pleased in finding some of Dr. Arbuthnot's in this Collection." Although he was justly celebrated for Wit and Learning, there was an Excellence in his Character more amiable than all his other Qualifications: I mean the Goodness of his Heart. He has shewed himself equal to any of his Contemporaries in Humour and Vivacity, and he was superior to most Men in Acts of Humanity and Benevolence: His very Sarcasms are the satirical Strokes of Good-nature; they are like Slaps on the Face given in jest, the Effects of which may raise a Blush, but

110 Blackness will appear after the Blows: He laughs as jovially as an Attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as sober and considerate as a Disciple of Socrates. He is seldom serious except in Attacks upon Vice, and then his Spirit rises with a manly Strength and noble Indignation. His Epitaph upon Chartres, allowing one small Alteration, * is a complete and masterly Composition in its Kind. No Man exceeded him in the moral Duties of Life, a Merit still more to his Honour, as the united Powers of Wit and Genius are seldom submissive enough to confine themselves within the Limitations of Morality. In his Letter to Pope, written as it were upon his Death-bed, he discovers such a noble Fortitude of Mind at the Approach of his Dissolution, as could be inspired only by a clear Conscience, and the calm Retrospect of an uninterrupted Series of Virtue. The Dean laments the Loss of him with a tender Sincerity: The Death of Mr. Gay and Dr. Arbuthnot, says he to Mr. Pope, goes near my Heart; their living would have been a great Comfort to me, although I was never to have seen them; like a Sum of Money in the Bank, from which I should receive the least annual Interest, as I do from you, and have done from Lord Bolingbroke. The Doctor was a married Man, and had Children, particularly Two Sons, and should a short way have to affect the

* Putting the Word *permitted* instead of *connived at*.

Charles

Charles and George; the former of whom was educated at Christchurch College in Oxford, and entered into the Church; and George is still living, and is first Secondary in the Remembrance Office under Lord Masham, a Place of very considerable Profit, and is possessed of an ample Fortune besides, which he enjoys with a fair Reputation. The Doctor shared the like Fortune with his Friends Pope and Swift, in having several Brats illegitimately fathered upon him, among which the famous Romance of *Robinson Crusoe* is worth mentioning *.

Pope

* *Robinson Crusoe*] This Romance was written in so natural a Manner, and with so many Incidents, that it was adjudged for some time to be a true Story. It was the delectable Offspring of the teeming Brain of Daniel de Foe, a Writer famous in his Generation for Politics and Poetry, especially the former. He was bred an Hofer, which Calling he soon quitted, as greatly beneath him, and became One of the most enterprizing Authors that any Age has produced. In this Employ he took the Party against the Ministry, and spawned a numberless Issue of Pamphlets, most of which are now obsolete and forgotten, as well as their particular Subjects. At length, like some others of the like Stamp, he wrote himself into the Pillory, which he mounted unabashed and undismayed, and in a Spirit of Defiance even wrote a Piece, which he called *A Hymn to the Pillory*. He died at his House at Islington in 1731, having always enjoyed such a Competency as seldom failed of setting him from the usual Necessities of mercenary Scriblers. The Work by which he is most distinguished as a Poet, is his *True-born Englishman*, a Satire occasioned by a Poem intitled,

Pope used to say, that of all the Men he met with or heard of, Dr. Arbuthnot had the most prolific Wit, and that in this Quality Swift only held the Second Place. No Adventure of any Consequence ever occurred on which the Doctor did not write a pleasant Essay in a great folio Paper-book which used to lie in his Parlour; of these however he was so negligent, that while he was writing them at one End he suffered his Children to tear them out at the other, for their Paper Kites.

RUFFHEAD's Life of POPE, p. 209.

His good Morals were equal to any Man's, and his Wit and Humour, Pope used to say, were superior to all Mankind. P. 487.

titled, *Foreigners*, written by John Tutchin, Esq; It had a prodigious Run; besides passing through Nine Editions upon his own Inspection, it was Twelve Times pirated. Tutchin engaged in the Cause of Monmouth against James II. and for a political Piece wrote in that Cause was sentenced to be whipped through several Towns in the West of England, and so severely, that he petitioned the King to be hanged. They are both immortalized in the Dunciad by Mr. Pope, in this Distich:

Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,

And Tutchin, flagrant from the Scourge, below.

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AN
ESSAY
On the USEFULNESS of
MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

In a Letter from a Gentleman in the City
to his Friend in Oxford.

I AM glad to hear from you, that the study of the *Mathematicks* is Promoted and Encouraged among the *Youth* of your *University*. The great influence which these *Sciences* have on Philosophy and all useful Learning, as well as the Concerns of the Publick, may sufficiently recommend them to your choice and consideration: and the particular advantages, which you of that Place enjoy, give us just reason to expect from you a suitable improvement in them. I have here sent you some short reflections upon the *Usefulness* of *Mathematical Learning*, which may serve as an argument to incite you to a closer and more vigorous pursuit of it.

In all Ages and Countries where Learning hath prevailed, the *Mathematical Sciences* have been looked upon as the most considerable Branch of it. The very name *Μαθηματικά* implies no less; by which they were called either for their excellency, or because of all the *Sciences* they were first taught, or because they were judged to comprehend πάντα τὰ Μαθηματικά. And amongst those that are commonly

reckoned to be the seven Liberal Arts, four are Mathematical, to wit, *Arithmetick, Musick, Geometry, and Astronomy.*

But notwithstanding their Excellency and Reputation, they have not been taught nor studied so universally, as some of the rest; which I take to have proceeded from the following causes: *The aversion of the greatest Part of Mankind to serious attention and close arguing; Their not comprehending sufficiently the necessity or great usefulness of these in other parts of Learning; An Opinion that this study requires a particular Genius and turn of Head, which few are so happy as to be Born with; And the want of Publick Encouragement, and able Masters.* For these, and perhaps some other reasons, this study hath been generally neglected, and regarded only by some few persons whose happy Genius and Curiosity have prompted them to it, or who have been forced upon it by its immediate subserviency to some particular Art or Office.

Therefore I think I cannot do better service to Learning, Youth, and the Nation in general, than by shewing, *That the Mathematicks of all parts of human Knowledge, for the improvement of the Mind, for their subserviency to other Arts, and their usefulness to the Commonwealth, deserve most to be encouraged.* I know a discourse of this nature will be offensive to some, who, while they are ignorant of Mathematicks, yet think themselves Masters of all valuable Learning: but their displeasure must not deter me from delivering an useful truth.

The advantages which accrue to the Mind by *Mathematical* studies consist chiefly in these things: 1st. In accustoming it to *attention.* 2dly. In giving it a habit of *close and demonstrative reasoning.* 3dly. In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition.*

First,

First, The Mathematicks make the Mind attentive to the objects which it considers: this they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding, as Musick to the ear, and Beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our Senses; only in the former case, as the Object and Faculty are more Spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance, that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other *Sciences* consisting only of probable reasonings, the Mind has not where to fix; and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in *Mathematical investigations* truth may be found, so it is not always *obvious*: this spurs the Mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. In *Geometria* (says Quintilian, l. i. c. 10.) *partem fatentur et utilem teneris aetatibus: agitari namque animos, atque acui ingenia, & celeritatem percipiendi venire inde concedunt.* And Plato (in *Repub. lib. viii.*) observes, that the Youth, who are furnished with *Mathematical* knowledge, are prompt and quick at all other *Sciences*, *εἰς πάντα τὰ Μαθηματὰ ὁξεῖς φαίνονται*: therefore he calls it, *κατὰ παιδείαν ὁδόν*. And indeed Youth is generally so much more delighted with *Mathematical* studies, than with the unpleasant tasks that are sometimes imposed upon them, that I have known some reclaimed by them from idleness and neglect of learning, and acquire in time a habit of thinking, diligence, and attention; qualities which we ought to study by all means to beget in their desultory and roving Minds.

The second advantage, which the Mind reaps from *Mathematical* knowledge, is a habit of *clear, demonstrative, and methodical* Reasoning. We are contrived by Nature to learn by Imitation more than by Precept: and I believe in that respect Reasoning is much like other inferior Arts (as *Dancing, Singing, &c.*) acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to Reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. It is surprizing to see what superficial, inconsequential Reasonings satisfy the most part of Mankind. A piece of wit, a jest, a simile, or a quotation of an Author, passes for a mighty Argument: with such things as these are the most part of Authors stuffed: and from these weighty premises they infer their conclusions. This weakness and effeminacy of Mankind in being persuaded where they are delighted, have made them the sport of Orators, Poets, and Men of wit. Those *lumina Orationis* are indeed very good diversion for the Fancy, but are not the proper business of ~~the~~ Understanding; and where a Man pretends to write on abstract subjects in a Scientific method, he ought not to debauch in them. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary for a rule of formal arguing in publick disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience, or readers. But in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the *Geometers* will carry a Man further than all the *Dialectical* rules. Their *Analysis* is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our enquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of *Mathematical Analysis*, uses a method somewhat Analogous to it. The *Composition* of the *Geometers*, or their method of demonstrating truths already found out, viz.

by

by Definitions of words agreed upon, by Self-evident truths, and Propositions that have been already demonstrated, is practicable in other subjects, tho' not to the same perfection, the natural want of evidence in the things themselves not allowing it; but it is imitable to a considerable degree. I dare appeal to some writings of our own Age and Nation, the Authors of which have been Mathematically inclined. I shall add no more on this head, but that one who is accustomed to the methodical Systems of truths, which the *Geometers* have reared up in the several branches of those *Sciences* which they have cultivated, will hardly bear with the confusion and disorder of other *Sciences*, but endeavour as far as he can to reform them.

Thirdly, *Mathematical* Knowledge adds a manly Vigour to the Mind, frees it from *Prejudice*, *Credulity*, and *Superstition*. This it does two Ways, 1st. By accustoming us to examine, and not to take Things upon Trust. 2^{dly}. By giving us a clear and extensive Knowledge of the System of the World; which, as it creates in us the most profound Reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow Thoughts which Ignorance and Superstition are apt to beget. How great an Enemy *Mathematicks* are to Superstition, appears from this, that in those Countries where *Romish* Priests exercise their barbarous Tyranny over the Minds of Men, *Astronomers*, who are fully persuaded of the Motion of the Earth, dare not speak out: but though the *Inquisition* may extort a Recantation, the Pope and a general Council too will not find themselves able to persuade to the contrary Opinion. Perhaps this may have given Occasion to a calumnious Suggestion, as if *Mathematicks* were an Enemy to Religion, which is a Scandal thrown both on the one and the other; for Truth can never

be an enemy to true Religion, which appears always to the best advantage when it is most examined.

——— *Si proprius, fles,
Te capiet magis.*

On the contrary, the *Mathematicks* are friends to Religion; inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the Mind from Error and Prejudice. Vice is Error, Confusion, and false Reasoning; and all Truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides *Mathematical* studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours, which young Men are apt to throw away upon their Vices; the delightfulness of them being such, as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

What I have said may serve to recommend *Mathematicks* for acquiring a vigorous Constitution of Mind; for which Purpose they are as useful as Exercise is for procuring Health and Strength to the Body. I proceed now to shew their vast Extent and Usefulness in other Parts of Knowledge. And here it might suffice to tell you, that *Mathematicks* is the *Science* of Quantity, or the *Art* of Reasoning about things that are capable of *more* and *less*, and that the most part of the objects of our knowledge are such; as matter, space, number, time, motion, gravity, &c. We have but imperfect ideas of things without Quantity, and as imperfect a one of quantity itself without the help of *Mathematicks*. All the visible works of God Almighty are made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; therefore to consider them we ought to understand *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, and *Statics*; and the greater advances we make in those Arts, the more capable we are of considering such things as are the ordinary objects of our Conceptions,

ceptions. But this will farther appear from particulars.

And first, if we consider, to what perfection we now know the Courses, Periods, Order, Distances, and Proportions of the several great Bodies of the Universe, at least such as fall within our view, we shall have cause to admire the Sagacity and Industry of the *Mathematicians*, and the power of *Numbers* and *Geometry* well applied. Let us cast our Eyes backward, and consider *Astronomy* in its Infancy; or rather let us suppose it still to begin: for instance, a Colony of Rude Country people, transplanted into an Island remote from the Commerce of all Mankind, without so much as the knowledge of the Kalendar, and the Periods of the Seasons, without Instruments to make Observations, or any the least notion of Observations or Instruments. When is it we could expect any of their Posterity should arrive at the Art of predicting an Eclipse? Not only so, but the Art of reckoning all Eclipses that are past or to come, for any number of Years. When is it we could suppose that one of those Islanders, transported to any other place of the Earth, should be able by the inspection of the Heavens to find how much he were South or North, East or West of his own Island, and to conduct his Ship back thither? For my part, tho' I know this may be, and is daily done, by what is known in *Astronomy*; yet, when I consider the vast Industry, Sagacity, multitude of Observations, and other extrinick things necessary for such a sublime piece of knowledge, I should be apt to pronounce it impossible, and never to be hoped for. Now we are let so much into the knowledge of the Machine of the Universe, and motion of its parts, by the Rules of this *Science*, perhaps the invention may seem easy. But when we reflect, what Penetration and Contrivance were necessary to

lay the foundations of so great and extensive an Art, we cannot but admire its first Inventors : as *Thales Milesius*, who, as *Diogenes Laertius* and *Pliny* say, first predicted Eclipses ; and his Scholar *Anaximander Milesius*, who found out the Globous Figure of the Earth, the *Æquinoctial* Points, the Obliquity of the *Ecliptick*, the principles of *Gnomonicks*, and made the first Sphere or Image of the Heavens ; and *Pythagoras*, to whom we owe the discovery of the true System of the World, and order of the Planets. Tho' it may be, they were assisted by the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans*. But whoever they were that first made these bold steps in this Noble Art, they deserve the praise and admiration of all future Ages.

*Felices animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit.
Credibile est illos pariter vitiisque jocisque
Altius humanis exseruisse caput.
Non Venus & vinam sublimia pectora fregit,
Officiumque fori, militiæque labor.
Non levis ambitio, persusaque gloria fuco,
Magnarumque fames sollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris,
Ætheraque ingenio suppesuere suo.*

Ovid in 1^o. Fast.

But tho' the industry of former Ages had discovered the Periods of the great Bodies of the Universe, and the true System and Order of them, and their Orbits pretty near ; yet was there one thing still reserved for the glory of this Age, and the honour of the *English Nation*, The grand secret of the whole Machine ; which, now it is discovered, proves to be (like the other contrivances of Infinite Wisdom) simple and natural, depending upon the most known and most common property of matter, viz. *gravity*. From this the incomparable Mr. *Newton* has demonstrated

strated the Theories of all the Bodies of the Solar System, of all the primary Planets and their secondaries, and among others, the Moon, which seemed most averse to numbers: and not only of the Planets, the slowest of which compleats its Period in less than half the Age of a Man, but likewise of the Comets, some of which it is probable spend more than 2000 years in one Revolution about the Sun; for whose Theory he has laid such a foundation, that after Ages, assisted with more Observations, may be able to Calculate their returns. In a word, the precession of the *Æquinoctial* Points, the Tides, the unequal Vibration of Pendulous Bodies in different Latitudes, &c. are no more a Question to those that have *Geometry* enough to understand what he has delivered on those Subjects: a perfection in *Philosophy*, that the boldest Thinker durst hardly have hoped for; and, unless Mankind turn barbarous, will continue the Reputation of this Nation as long as the Fabrick of Nature shall endure. After this, what is it we may not expect from *Geometry* joined to *Observations* and *Experiments*?

The next considerable object of Natural knowledge I take to be *Light*. How unsuccessful enquiries are about this Glorious Body without the help of *Geometry*, may appear from the empty and frivolous discourses and disputations of a sort of Men, that call themselves *Philosophers*; whom nothing will serve, perhaps, but the knowledge of the very Nature, and intimate Causes of every thing; while on the other hand the *Geometers*, not troubling themselves with those fruitless enquiries about the Nature of *Light*, have discovered two remarkable properties of it in the reflexion and refraction of its beams; and from those, and their streightness in other cases, have invented the noble Arts of *Opticks*, *Catoptricks*, and *Dioptricks*; teaching us to manage this subtle

Body for the improvement of our knowledge, and useful purposes of Life. They have likewise demonstrated the causes of several Cœlestial appearances, that arise from the inflection of its Beams, both in the Heavenly Bodies themselves and other Phœnomena, as *Parhelia*, the *Iris*, &c. and by a late Experiment they have discovered the celerity of its motion. And we shall know yet more surprizing properties of *Light*, when Mr. *Newton* shall be pleased to gratify the World with his *Book of Light and Colours*.

The *Fluids* which involve our Earth, viz. *Air* and *Water*, are the next great and conspicuous Bodies that Nature presents to our view : and I think we know little of either, but what is owing to *Mechanicks* and *Geometry*. The two chiefeft properties of *Air*, its Gravity and Elastick force, have been discovered by Mechanical Experiments. From thence the decrease of the Air's density according to the increase of the distance of the Earth has been demonstrated by *Geometers*, and confirmed by Experiments of the subsidence of the *Mercury* in the *Torricellian Experiment*. From this likewise, by the assistance of *Geometry*, they have determined the height of the Atmosphere, as far as it has any sensible density ; which agrees exactly with another Observation of the duration of the Twilight. *Air* and *Water* make up the object of the *Hydrostaticks*, tho' denominated only from the latter, of which the principles were long since settled and demonstrated by *Archimedes*, in his Book *περὶ τῶν Ὀχευμένων*, where are demonstrated the causes of several surprizing Phœnomena of Nature, depending only on the *Equilibrium* of *Fluids*, the relative Gravities of these *Fluids*, and of solids swimming or sinking therein. Here also the Mathematicians consider the different Pressures, Resistances, and Celerities of Solids moved

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in Fluids; from whence they explain a great many appearances of Nature, unintelligible to those who are ignorant of *Geometry*.

Next, if we descend to the *Animal Kingdom*, there we see the brightest strokes of Divine Mechanicks. And whether we consider first the *Animal Oeconomy* in general, either in the internal motion and circulation of the Juices forced through the several Canals by the motion of the Heart, or their external motions, and the Instruments wherewith these are performed, we must reduce them to Mechanical Rules, and confess the necessity of the knowledge of Mechanicks to understand them, or explain them to others. *Borelli* in his excellent Treatise *de motu Animalium*, *Steno* in his admirable *Myologiæ specimen*, and other Mathematical Men on the one hand, and the nonsensical, unintelligible stuff that the common Writers on these Subjects have filled their Books with on the other, are sufficient instances to shew, how necessary *Geometry* is in such speculations. The only Organ of an Animal Body, whose structure and manner of operation is fully understood, has been the only one which the *Geometers* have taken to their share to consider. It is incredible, how fillily the greatest and ablest Physicians talked of the parts of the Eye and their use, and of the *modus visionis*, before *Kelper* by his *Geometry* found it out, and put it past dispute, tho' they applied themselves particularly to this, and valued themselves on it; and *Galen* pretended a particular Divine Commission to treat of it. Nay, notwithstanding the full discovery of it, some go on in copying their Predecessors, and talk as *Ungeometrically* as ever. It is true, we cannot reason so clearly of the internal motions of an Animal Body, as of the external, wanting sufficient *data* and decisive Experiments: but what relates to the latter (as the Articulation, Structure, Insertion, and *Vires*

of the Muscles) is as subject to strict Mathematical disquisition, as any thing whatsoever; and even in the Theory of Diseases and their Cures, those who talk Mechanically talk most intelligibly; which may be the reason for the Opinion of the ancient Physicians, that Mathematicks are necessary for the study of Medicine itself, for which I could bring quotations out of their Works. Among the Letters that are ascribed to *Hippocrates*, there is one to his Son *Thessalus*, recommending to him the study of *Arithmetick* and *Geometry*, as necessary to Medicine. *Galen* in his Book intituled, *ὅτι ἄριστος ἰατρός καὶ Φιλόσοφος*, begins Οἷόν τι πεπόνθασιν οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀθλητῶν, ἐπιθυμῶντες μὲν Ὀλυμπιονίκαι γενέσθαι, μηδὲν δὲ πράττειν, ὥς τέτε τυχεῖν, ἐπιτηδεύοντες, τοῖστίον τι καὶ τοῖς πολλοῖς τῶν ἰατρῶν συμβέβηκεν· ἐπαινεῖσι· μὴν γὰρ Ἱπποκράτην καὶ πρῶτον ἀπάντων ἡγέονται· γενέσθαι δὲ αὐτὲς ἐν ὁμοίοις ἐκείνῳ πάντα μᾶλλον ἢ τέτο πράττεισι. οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἔ μικρὰν μοῖραν, εἰς ἰατρικὴν φησὶ συμβάλλεσθαι τὴν ἀστρονομίαν, καὶ δηλοῦσι, τὴν ταύτης ἡγεμένην ἐξ ἀνάγκης Γεωμετρίαν. οἱ δὲ ἔ μόνον αὐτοὶ μετέρχονται τῶν ἑστέρον, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῖς μετῴσι μέμφονται. If one of the reasons of the Ancients for this be now somewhat unfashionable, to wit, because they thought a Physician should be able to know the situation and aspects of the Stars, which they believed had influence upon Men and their Diseases (and positively to deny it, and say, that they have none at all, is the effect of want of Observation) we have a much better and undoubted one in its room; viz. That Mathematicks are found to be the best Instrument of promoting natural knowledge. 2dly, If we consider not only the Animal Oeconomy in general, but likewise the wonderful structure of the different sorts of Animals, according to the different purposes for which they were designed, the various Elements they inhabit, the several

ral ways of procuring their nourishment, and propagating their kind, the different enemies they have, and accidents they are subject to, here is still a greater need of *Geometry*. It is pity, that the qualities of an expert *Anatomist* and skilful *Geometer* have seldom met in the same person. When such a one shall appear, there is a whole *Terra incognita* of delightful knowledge to employ his time, and reward his industry.

As for the other two kingdoms; *Borelli* and other *Mathematical Men* seem to have talked very clearly of *Vegetation*: and *Steno*, another Mathematician, in his excellent Treatise *de Solido intra Solidum naturaliter contento*, has applied this part of learning very handsomely to *Fossils* and some other parts of Natural History. I shall add only one thing more, That if we consider motion itself, the great Instrument of the Actions of Bodies upon one another, the Theory of it is entirely owing to the *Geometers*; who have demonstrated its Laws both in hard and elastick Bodies; shewed how to measure its quantity, how to compound and resolve the several forces by which Bodies are agitated, and to determine the *Lines* which those compound forces make them describe: of such forces gravity, being the most constant and uniform, affords a great variety of useful knowledge, in considering several motions that happen upon the Earth; viz. As to the free descent of heavy Bodies; The curve of projectiles; The descent and weight of heavy Bodies when they lie on inclined planes; The Theory of the motion of Pendulous Bodies, &c.

From what I have said, I shall draw but one Corollary, That a natural Philosopher without Mathematicks is a very odd sort of a person, that reasons about things that have *Bulk*, *Figure*, *Motion*, *Number*, *Weight*, &c. without *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Mechanicks*, *Staticks*, &c. I must needs say, I have the
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last Contempt for those Gentlemen that pretend to explain how the Earth was framed, and yet can hardly measure an Acre of Ground upon the Surface of it: and as the Philosopher speaks, *Qui repente pedibus illotis ad Philosophos divertunt, non hoc est satis, quod sint omnino ἀδεώρητοι, ἄμυστοι, ἀγεωμέτρητοι, sed legem etiam dant, quâ Philosophari discant.*

The usefulness of *Mathematicks* in several other Arts and Sciences is fully as plain. They were looked upon by the ancient Philosophers as the key to all knowledge: therefore *Plato* wrote upon his School, ὅσοις ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσὶτω, *Let none unskilled in Geometry enter*; and *Xenocrates* told one ignorant in *Mathematicks*, who desired to be his Scholar, that he was fitter to Card Wool, λαβὰς γὰρ ἔχεις Φιλοσοφίας, *you want the handle of Philosophy*, viz. *Geometry*. There is no understanding the works of the ancient Philosophers without it. *Theo Smyrnaeus* has wrote a Book intituled, An explanation of those things in *Plato*: *Aristotle* illustrates his precepts and other thoughts by Mathematical examples, and that not only in *Logick*, &c. but even in *Ethicks*, where he makes use of Geometrical and Arithmetical proportion to explain commutative and distributive justice.

Every body knows, that *Chronology* and *Geography* are indispensable preparations for History; a relation of matter of fact being a very lifeless insipid thing without the circumstances of time and place. Nor is it sufficient for one that would understand things thoroughly, that he knows the Topography, that is, the name of the Country, where such a place lies, with those of the near adjacent places, and how these lie in respect of one another; but it will become him likewise to understand the Scientific principles of the Art: that is, to have a true Idea of a place, we ought to know the relation it
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has to any other place, as to the distance and bearing, its Climate, Heat, Cold, length of days, &c. which things do much enliven the Reader's notion of the very action itself. Just so, it is necessary to know the Technical or Doctrinal part of Chronology, if a Man would be thoroughly skilled in History, it being impossible without it to unravel the confusion of Historians. I remember Mr. *Hally* has determined the day and hour of *Julius Cæsar's* Landing in *Britain*, from the circumstances of his relation. And every body knows, how great use our incomparable Historian Mr. *Dodwell* has made of the Calculated times of Eclipses, for settling the times of great Events, which before were as to this essential circumstance almost fabulous. Both *Chronology* and *Geography*, and also the knowledge of the Sun's and Moon's motions, so far as they relate to the constitution of the Kalendar and Year, are necessary to a Divine; and how sadly some otherwise Eminent have blundered, when they meddled with things that relate to these, and border on them, is too apparent.

No body, I think, will question the interest that Mathematicks have in *Painting*, *Musick*, and *Architecture*, which are all founded on Numbers. Perspective and the Rules of Light and Shadows are owing to *Geometry* and *Opticks*: and I think those two comprehend pretty near the whole Art of *Painting*, except *decorum* and *ordinance*; which are only a due observance of the History and Circumstances of the subject you represent. For by Perspective may be understood the Art of designing the outlines of your solid, whether that be a Building, Landscape, or Animal; and the draught of a Man is really as much the Perspective of a Man, as the draught of a Building is of a Building; tho' for particular reasons, as because it consists of more crooked lines,

&c.

&c. it is hard to reduce the Perspective of the former to the ordinary established Rules.

If *Mathematicks* had not reduced *Musick* to a regular System, by contriving its *Scales*, it had been no Art, but Enthusiastick Rapture, left to the roving fancy of every Practitioner. This appears by the extraordinary pains which the Ancients have taken to fit numbers to three sorts of Musick, the *Diatonick*, *Chromatick*, and *Enharmonick*; which, if we consider with their nicety in distinguishing their several *Modes*, we shall be apt to judge, they had something very fine in their *Musick*, at least for moving the passions with single Instruments and Voices. But *Musick* had been imperfect still, had not *Arithmetick* stepped in once more, and *Guido Aretinus*, by inventing the temperament making the Fifth false by a certain determined quantity, taught us to Tune our Organs, and intermix all the three kinds of the Ancients, to which we owe all the Regular and Noble Harmony of our modern *Musick*.

As for *Civil Architecture* (of Military I shall speak afterwards) there is hardly any part of *Mathematicks* but is some way subservient to it. *Geometry* and *Arithmetick* for the Due measure of the several parts of a Building, the Plans, Models, computation of Materials, time and charges: for ordering right its Arches and Vaults, that they might be both firm and beautiful: *Mechanicks* for its strength and firmness, transporting and raising materials: and *Opticks* for the Symmetry and Beauty. And I would not have any assume the character of an *Architect* without a competent skill in all of these. You see that *Vitruvius* requires these and many more for making a complete *Architect*. I must own, that should any one set up to practise in any of the fore-mentioned Arts, furnished only with his Mathematical Rules, he would produce but very clumsy pieces. He
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that should pretend to draw by the Geometrical Rules of Perspective, or Compose *Musick* merely by his skill in Harmonical numbers, would shew but aukward performances. In those Composed Subjects, besides the stiff Rules, there must be Fancy, Genius, and Habit. Yet nevertheless these Arts owe their being to *Mathematicks*, as laying the foundation of their Theory, and affording them Precepts, which being once invented, are securely relied upon by Practitioners. Thus many design, that know not a tittle of the reason of the Rules they practise by; and many no better qualified in their way Compose *Musick*, better perhaps than he could have done that invented the *Scale*, and the *Numbers* upon which their Harmony is founded. As *Mathematicks* laid the foundation of these Arts, so they must improve them: and he that would invent, must be skilled in Numbers; besides it is fit a Man should know the true grounds and reasons of what he studies; and he that does so, will certainly practise in his Art with greater judgment and variety, where the ordinary Rules fail him.

I proceed now to shew the more immediate usefulness of *Mathematicks* in *Civil Affairs*. To begin with *Arithmetick*, it were an endless task to relate its several uses in publick and private business; the regulation and quick dispatch of both seem entirely owing to it. The Nations, that want it, are altogether barbarous, as some *Americans*, who can hardly reckon above twenty. And I believe it would go near to ruin the trade of the Nation, were the easy practice of *Arithmetick* abolished: for example, were the Merchants and Tradesmen obliged to make use of no other than the *Roman* way of notation by Letters, instead of our present. And if we should feel the want of our *Arithmetick* in the easiest Calculations, how much more in those that are something

thing harder ; as Interest simple and compound, Annuities, &c. in which, it is incredible, how much the ordinary Rules and Tables influence the dispatch of business. *Arithmetick* is not only the great Instrument of private Commerce, but by it are (or ought to be) kept the publick Accounts of a Nation : I mean those that regard the whole State of a Commonwealth, as to the number, fructification of its people, increase of Stock, improvement of Lands and Manufactures, Balance of Trade, Publick Revenues, Coinage, Military power by Sea and Land, &c. Those that would judge or reason truly about the State of any Nation, must go that way to work, subjecting all the fore-mentioned particulars to Calculation ; this is the true *Political* knowledge. In this respect the affairs of a Commonwealth differ from those of a private Family, only in the greatness and multitude of particulars that make up the Accounts. *Machiavel* goes this way to work in his account of different Estates. What Sir *William Petty* and several others of our Countrymen have wrote in *Political Arithmetick*, does abundantly shew the Pleasure and Usefulness of such Speculations. It is true, for want of good information, their Calculations sometimes proceed upon erroneous suppositions ; but that is not the fault of the Art. But what is it the Government could not perform in this way, who have the command of all publick Records ?

Lastly, Numbers are applicable even to such things as seem to be governed by no rule, I mean such as depend on *Chance* : the quantity of probability and proportion of it in any two proposed cases being subject to Calculation as much as any thing else. Upon this depend the principles of Game. We find Sharpers know enough of this to cheat some men that would take it very ill to be thought

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Bubbles ; and one Gamester exceeds another, as he has a greater sagacity and readiness in Calculating his probability to win or lose in any proposed case. To understand the Theory of *Chance* thoroughly requires a great knowledge of Numbers, and a pretty competent one of *Algebra*.

The several uses of *Geometry* are not much fewer than those of *Arithmetick*. It is necessary for ascertaining of property both in Planes and Solids, or in Surveying and Gauging. By it Land is sold by the measure as well as Cloth : Workmen are paid the due price of their labour, according to superficial or solid measure of their work : and the quantity of liquors determined for a due regulation of their price and duty. All which do wonderfully conduce to the easy dispatch of business, and the preventing of frauds and controversies. I need not mention the Measuring distances, laying down of Plans, and Maps of Countries, in which we have daily Experience of its usefulness. These are some familiar instances of things to which *Geometry* is ordinarily applied : of its use in *Civil*, *Military*, and *Naval Architecture* we shall speak afterwards.

From *Astronomy* we have the regular disposition of our time, in a due succession of years, which are kept within their limits as to the return of the Seasons, and the motion of the Sun. This is no small advantage for the due repetition of the same work, Labour, and Actions. For many of our Publick, Private, Military, and the Country Affairs. Appointments, &c. depending on the products of the Ground, and they on the Seasons, it is necessary, that the returns of them be adjusted pretty near to the motion of the Sun : and we should quickly find the inconveniency of a *vague* undetermined year, if we used that of the *Mahumetans*, whose beginning and every month wanders through all the days of ours
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or the Solar year, which shews the Seasons. Beside, the adjusting of the Moon's motion to the Sun's is required for the decent Observation and Celebration of the *Church-Faests* and *Fasts* according to the Ancient Custom and Primitive Institution; and likewise for the knowing of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tides, the Spring and Neap Tides, Currents, &c. So that whatever some people may think of an *Almanack* where all these are set down, it is sometimes the most useful paper that is published the same year with it: nay, the Nation could better spare all the Voluminous Authors in the *Term Catalogue*, than that single sheet. Besides, without a regular Chronology there can be no certain History; which appears by the confusion amongst Historians before the right disposition of the year, and at present among the *Turks*, who have the same confusion in their History as in their Kalendar. Therefore a Matter of such importance might well deserve the care of the *Great Emperor*, to whom we owe our present Kalendar; who was himself a great proficient in *Astronomy*. *Pliny* has quoted several things from his Books of the *Rising* and *Setting* of the Stars, *Lib. xviii. cap. 25, 26, &c.* and *Lucan* makes him say,

——— *Media inter prælia semper
Stellarum, Cœlique plagis, superisque vocavi.*

The *Mechanicks* have produced so many useful Engines, subservient to conveniency, that it would be a task too great to relate the several sorts of them: some of them keep Life itself from being a burden. If we consider such as are invented for raising weights, and are employed in Building and other great works, in which no impediment is too great for them; or *Hydraulick* Engines for raising of Water, serving for great use and comfort to Mankind,

kind, where they have no other way to be supplied readily with that necessary Element; or such as, by making Wind and Water work for us, save Animal force and great charges, and perform those Actions which require a vast multitude of hands, and without which every Man's time would be too little to prepare his own Aliment and other necessities; or those Machines that have been invented by Mankind for delight and curiosity, imitating the motions of Animals, or other works of Nature; we shall have reason to admire and extol so excellent an Art. What shall we say of the several Instruments which are contrived to measure time? We should quickly find the value of them, if we were reduced to the condition of those barbarous Nations that want them. The *Pendulum-Clock*, invented and completed by that famous *Mathematician* Monsieur *Hugens*, is an useful invention. Is there any thing more wonderful than several *Planetary Machines*, which have been invented to shew the motions of the Heavenly Bodies, and their places at any time; of which the most Ingenious, according to the exactest Numbers and true System, was made by the same M. *Hugens*: to which we may very justly apply *Claudian's* noble Verses upon that of *Archimedes*.

*Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret Æthera vitro,
Risit, et ad superos talia dicta dedit :
Huccine mortalis progressa potentia curæ ?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.
Jura poli, rerumque fidem, legesque Deorum
Ecce Syracusius transtulit arte senex.
Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris,
Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
Percurrit proprium mentitus signifer annum,
Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit.*

Jamque

Jamque suum volvens audax industria mundum

Gaudet, et humana sidera mente regit.

Quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror ?

Æmula natura parva reperta manus.

Here I ought to mention the *Sciatherical* Instruments, for want of which there was a time, when the *Grecians* themselves were forced to measure the Shadow, in order to know the Hour ; and as *Pliny* (*cap. ult. Lib. vii.*) tells us, the *Romans* made use of an erroneous Sun-dial for ninety-nine years, till *Q. Martius Philippus* their Cenfor set up a better, which no doubt at that time was thought a Jewel. And at last, that famous Pyramid was set up in the *Campus Martius*, to serve for a Gnomon to a Dial marked on the street. To this sort of Engines ought to be referred *Spheres, Globes, Astrolabes, Projections of the Sphere, &c.* These are such useful and necessary things, that alone may recommend the Art by which they are made : for by these we are able in our Closet to judge of the Celestial motions, and to visit the most distant places of the Earth, without the fatigue and danger of Voyages ; to determine concerning their Distance, Situation, Climate, Nature of the Seasons, length of their days, and their relation to the Celestial Bodies, as much as if we were Inhabitants. To all these I might add those Instruments which the *Mathematicians* have invented to execute their own precepts, for making *Observations* either at Sea or Land, *Surveying, Gauging, &c.*

The *Catoptricks* and *Dioptricks* furnish us with variety of useful inventions, both for the promoting of knowledge, and the conveniencies of Life ; whereby Sight, the great Instrument of our perception, is so much improved, that neither the distance, nor the minuteness of the Object are any more impediments to it. The *Telescope* is of so vast use, that besides the delightful and useful purposes it

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is applied to here below, as the descrying Ships and Men, and Armies at a distance, we have by its means discovered new parts of the Creation, fresh instances of the surprizing Wisdom of the Adorable Creator. We have by it discovered the *Satellites* of *Jupiter*, the *Satellites* and Ring of *Saturn*, the Rotation of the Planets about their own Axes; besides other appearances, whereby the System of the World is made plain to *sense*, as it was before to *reason*. The *Telescope* has also improved the manner of *Astronomical Observations*, and made them much more accurate than it was possible for them to be before. And these improvements in *Astronomy* have brought along with them (as ever) correspondent improvements in *Geography*. From the Observation of *Jupiter's Satellites*, we have a ready way to determine the Longitude of places on the Earth. On the other hand, the *Microscope* has not been less useful in helping us to the sight of such Objects, as by their minuteness escape our naked eye. By it Men have pursued Nature into its most retired recesses; so that now it can hardly any more hide its greatest Mysteries from us. How much have we learned by the help of the *Microscope* of the contrivance and structure of Animal and Vegetable Bodies, and the composition of Fluids and Solids? But if these *Sciences* had never gone further, than by their single *Specula* and *Lentes* to give those surprizing appearances of Objects and their Images, and to produce heat unimitable by our hottest Furnaces, and to furnish infallible, easy, cheap, and safe remedies for the decay of our Sight arising commonly from old Age, and for purblindness, they had merited the greatest esteem, and invited to the closest study: especially if we consider, that such as naturally are a most blind, and either know not their nearest acquaintance at the distance of a room's breadth, or cannot read in order to pass their

time pleasantly, are, by Glasses adapted to the defect of their Eyes, set on a level again with those that enjoy their Eye sight best, and that without danger, pain, or charge.

Again, *Mathematicks* are highly serviceable to a Nation in *Military Affairs*; I believe this will be readily acknowledged by every body. The Affairs of War take in Number, Space, Force, Distance, Time, &c. (things of *Mathematical* consideration) in all its parts, in *Tacticks*, *Castrametation*, *Fortifying*, *Attacking*, and *Defending*. The Ancients had more occasion for *Mechanicks* in the Art of War than we have; Gun-powder readily producing a force far exceeding all the Engines they had contrived for Battery. And this I reckon has lost us a good occasion of improving our *Mechanicks*: the cunning of Mankind never exerting itself so much, as in their Arts of destroying one another. But, as Gun-powder has made *Mechanicks* less serviceable to War, it has made *Geometry* more necessary; there being a force or resistance in the due measures and proportions of the Lines and Angles of a Fortification, which contribute much towards its strength. This Art of *Fortification* has been much studied of late, but I dare not affirm, that it has attained its utmost perfection. And tho' where the ground is regular, it admits but of small variety, the measures being pretty well determined by *Geometry* and Experience, yet where the ground is made up of natural *Strengths* and *Weaknesses*, it affords some scope for thinking and contrivance. But there is another much harder piece of *Geometry*, which Gun-powder has given us occasion to improve, and that is the doctrine of Projectiles, whereon the Art of *Gunnery* is founded. Here the *Geometers* have invented a beautiful Theory, and Rules and Instruments, which have reduced the casting of Bombs to great exactness. As
for

for *Tactics* and *Castrametation*, *Mathematicks* retain the same place in them as ever ; and some tolerable skill in these is necessary for *Officers*, as well as for *Engineers*. An *Officer*, that understands Fortification, will *ceteris paribus* much better defend his post, as knowing wherein its strength consists, or make use of his advantage to his Enemy's Ruin, than he that does not. He knows, when he leads never so small a party, what his advantages and disadvantages in Defending and Attacking are, how to make the best of his Ground, &c. And hereby can truly do more service than another of as much Courage, who, for want of such Knowledge, it may be, throws away himself and a number of brave Fellows under his Command ; and it is well, if the mischief reaches no further. As for a competent skill in *Numbers*, it is so necessary to *Officers*, that no Man can be safely trusted with a Company that has it not. All the business is not to fire Musquets ; the managing of Affairs, the dealing with Agents, &c. happen more frequently. And the higher the Command is, the more skill in all the aforesaid things is required. And I dare appeal to all the Nations in *Europe*, whether *ceteris paribus* Officers are not advanced in proportion to their skill in *Mathematical Learning* ; except that sometimes *Great Names* and *Quality* carry it ; but still so, as that the Prince depends upon a Man of *Mathematical Learning*, that is put as director to the *Quality*, when that Learning is wanting in it.

Lastly, *Navigation*, which is made up of *Astronomy* and *Geometry*, is so noble an Art, and to which Mankind owes so many Advantages, that upon this single account those excellent Sciences deserve most of all to be studied, and merit the greatest Encouragement from a Nation, that owes to it both its Riches and Security. And not only does the common Art of *Navigation* depend on *Mathematicks*,

but whatever Improvements shall be made in the *Architectura Navalis* or Building of Ships, or Ships of War, whether swift running, or bearing a great Sail, or lying near the Wind be desired, these must all be the Improvements of *Geometry*. *Ship-Carpenters* indeed are very industrious; but in these things they acknowledge their inability, confess that their best Productions are the effects of chance, and implore the *Geometers* help. Nor will common *Geometry* do the business; it requires the most abstruse to determine the different sections of a Ship, according as it is designed for any of the aforesaid ends. A *French* Mathematician, *P. Le Hôpital*, has lately endeavoured something in this way; and tho' it is not free from errors, as requiring a fuller knowledge in *Geometry*; yet is the Author much to be commended for this, as having bravely designed, and paved the way for other Mathematicians; and also for the former and bigger part of his Book, wherein he brings to a system the working of Ships, and the *Naval Tactics*, or the regular disposition of a Fleet in Attacking, Fighting, and Retreating, according to the different circumstances of Wind, Tides, &c.

The great Objection that is made against the necessity of *Mathematicks* in the fore-mentioned great Affairs of *Navigation*, the Art *Military*, &c. is, that we see those Affairs are carried on and managed by such as are not great Mathematicians; as Sea-men, Engineers, Surveyors, &c. and that the Mathematicians are commonly Speculative, Retired, Studious Men, that are not for an active Life and Business, but content themselves to sit in their Studies, and pore over a *Scheme* or a *Calculation*. To which there is this plain and easy answer: The Mathematicians have not only invented and ordered all the Arts above-mentioned, by which those
grand

grand Affairs are managed ; but have laid down Precepts, contrived Instruments and Abridgments so plainly, that common Artificers are capable of practising by them, tho' they understand not a tittle of the Grounds on which the Precepts are built. And in this they have consulted the good and necessities of Mankind. Those Affairs demand so great a number of people to manage them, that it is impossible to breed so many good or even tolerable Mathematicians. The only thing then to be done was to make their Precepts so plain, that they might be understood and practised by a multitude of Men. This will best appear by examples. Nothing is more ordinary than dispatch of business by common *Arithmetick*, by the *Tables of simple and compound Interest, Annuities, &c.* Yet how few Men of business understand the reasons of common *Arithmetick* or the contrivance of those Tables, now they are made ; but securely rely on them as true. They were the good and the thorough Mathematician that made those Precepts so plain, and calculated those Tables, that facilitate the practice so much. Nothing is more universally necessary, than the measuring of Plains and Solids : And it is impossible to breed so many good Mathematicians, as that there may be one that understands all the *Geometry* requisite for Surveying, and measuring of *Prisms* and *Pyramids*, and their parts, and measuring *Frustums* of *Conoids* and *Spheroids*, in every Market-Town, where such work is necessary ; the Mathematicians have therefore inscribed such Lines on their common Rulers, and Slipping Rulers, and adapted so plain Precepts to them, that every Country-Carpenter, and Gauger, can do the business accurately enough, tho' he knows no more of those Instruments, Tables, and Precepts he makes use of than a Hobby-horse. So in *Navigation*, it is impossible to breed

so many good Mathematicians, as would be necessary to sail the hundredth part of the Ships of the Nation. But the Mathematicians have laid down so plain and distinct Precepts, calculated necessary Tables, and contrived convenient Instruments, so that a Sea-man, that knows not the Truths on which his Precepts and Tables depend, may practise safely by them. They *resolve* Triangles every day, that know not the reason of any one of their *Operations*. Seamen in their Calculations make use of *artificial Numbers* or *Logarithms*, that know nothing of their contrivance: and indeed all those great Inventions of the most famous Mathematicians had been almost useless for those common and great Affairs, had not the practice of them been made easy to those who cannot understand them. From hence it is plain, that it is to those *Speculative Retired Men* we owe the Rules, the Instruments, the Precepts for using them, and the Tables which facilitate the dispatch of so many great Affairs, and supply Mankind with so many conveniencies of Life. They were the Men that taught the World to apply *Arithmetick*, *Astronomy*, and *Sailing*, without which the Needle would be still useless. Just the same way in the other parts of *Mathematicks*, the Precepts that are practised by multitudes, without being understood, were contrived by some few great *Mathematicians*.

Since then it has been shewn, how much *Mathematicks* improve the Mind, how subservient they are to other Arts, and how immediately useful to the Commonwealth, there needs no other arguments or motives to a Government to encourage them. This is the natural conclusion from these premises. *Plato* in his *Republic* (*lib. VII.*) takes care, *That whoever is to be Educated for Magistracy, or any considerable Post in the Commonwealth, may be instructed first*
in

in Arithmetick, then in Geometry, and thirdly in Astronomy. And however necessary those Arts were in Plato's time, they are much more so now: The Arts of War and Trade requiring much more the Assistance of those Sciences now than they did then, as being brought to a greater height and perfection. And accordingly we see, these Sciences are the particular care of Princes that design to raise the Force and Power of their Countries. It is well known, that this is none of the least Arts, whereby the French King has brought his subjects to make that Figure at Sea, which they at this time do; I mean, the care He takes for Educating those appointed for Sea-service in Mathematical Learning. For in the *Ordonnance Marine, tit. viii.* He orders, that there
 ' be Professors to teach Navigation publickly in all
 ' the Seaport Towns, who must know designing, and
 ' teach it to their Scholars, in order to lay down the
 ' appearances of Coasts, &c. They are to keep
 ' their Schools open, and read four times a week to
 ' the Sea-men, where they must have Charts,
 ' Globes, Spheres, Compasses, Quadrants, Astro-
 ' labes, and all Books and Instruments necessary
 ' to teach their Art. The Directors of Hospitals
 ' are obliged to send thither yearly two or three
 ' of their boys to be taught, and to furnish them
 ' with Books and Instruments. Those Professors
 ' are obliged to examine the Journals deposited in
 ' the Office of Admiralty, in the place of their
 ' establishment; to correct the errors in presence
 ' of the Seamen, and to restore them within a
 ' month, &c." King Charles the second, who well understood the importance of Establishments of this nature, founded one such School in Christ's Hospital, London; which, I believe, is inferior to none of the French: but it is to be wished there were many more such. His present Majesty, during

the time of the late War, established a *Mathematical Lecture* to breed up Engineers and Officers, as knowing very well the importance thereof. And this continued some time after the *Peace*. And it is worthy the consideration of the *Wisdom* of the Nation, whether the restoring and continuing this, even in *Peace*, be not expedient for the breeding of Engineers, who are so useful and valuable, and so difficult to be had in time of War, and so little dangerous in times of *Peace*.

Besides the crowd of *Merchants, Seamen, Surveyors, Engineers, Ship-carpenters, Artisans, &c.* that are to be instructed in the practice of such parts of *Mathematicks* as are necessary to their own business respectively, a complete number of able *Mathematicians* ought to be entertained, in order to apply themselves to the practice; not only to instruct the former sort, but likewise to remove those obstacles, which such as do not think beyond their common Rules, cannot overcome. And no doubt it is no small impediment to the Advancement of Arts, that *Speculative Men* and good *Mathematicians* are unacquainted with their particular defects, and the several circumstances in them, that render things *practicable* or *impracticable*. But if there were publick encouragement, we should have skilful *Mathematicians* employed in those Arts, who would certainly find out and remedy the imperfections of them. The present Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty knowing, that there are still two great *Desiderata* in Navigation, to wit, *The Theory of the Variation of the magnetical Needle*, and a *method of studying out the Longitude of any place*, that may be practicable at Sea by Seamen, and being sensible of what importance it would be to find out either of them, have imployed a very fit person, the ingenious Mr. *Hally*, who has joined an entire acquaintance in the practice,

practice, to a full and thorough knowledge of the more abstruse parts of *Mathematicks*. And now that he is returned, it is not doubted, but he will satisfy those that sent him, and in due time the World too with his discoveries in both those particulars, and in many other, that he has had occasion to make. And where a long series of Observations and Experiments is necessary, he has no doubt laid such a foundation, as that After-Observers may gradually perfect them. If it were not for more than the correcting the situation of the Coasts, where he touched, and by them others, whose relation to the former is known, the Nation is more than triply paid: and those, who sent him, have by his Mission secured to themselves more true Honour and lasting Fame, than by Actions that at first view appear more magnificent.

The next thing; that is necessary for the Improvement of *Mathematical Learning*, is, That *Mathematicks* be more generally studied at our *Universities* than hitherto they have been. From those Seminaries the State justly expects and demands those, who are acquainted both with the *Speculation* and *Practice*. In those are all the encouragements to them imaginable, Leisure and Assistance. There are still at hand Books and Instruments, as also other Scholars that have made equal progress, and may be Comrades in study, and the direction of the Professors. There are also in perfection all the incitements to this study, and especially an acquaintance with the works of the Ancients, where this *Learning* is so much recommended: There other Faculties are studied, to which it is subservient. There also are the Nobility and Gentry bred, who in due time must be called to their share in the Government of the *Fleets*, *Army*, *Treasury*, and other Publick Employments, where

Mathematical Learning is absolutely necessary, and without which they, tho' of never so great natural parts, must be at the mercy and discretion of their Servants and Deputies; who will first cheat them, and then laugh at them. And not only Publick Employments, but their Private Concerns demand Mathematical Knowledge. If their Fortunes lie in Woods, Coal, Salt, Manufactures, &c. the necessity of this knowledge is open and known; and even in Land-Estates, no undertaking for improvement can be securely relied upon without it. It not only makes a Man of Quality and Estate his whole Life more illustrious, and more useful for all Affairs, (as *Hippocrates* says, Ἰσοδίνης δὲ μελέτω σοὶ ὦ παῖ, Γεωμετρικῆς καὶ Αριθμητικῆς. ἡ γὰρ μόνον, σέο καὶ τὸν βίον εὐκλέα καὶ ἐπὶ πολλὰ χρήσιμον ἐς ἀνθρώπινην μοῖρην ἐπιτελέσας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ὀξύτερην τε καὶ τηλαυγετέραν, &c.) but in particular, it is the best Companion for a Country Life. Were this once become a fashionable study (and the *Mode* exercises its Empire over Learning as well as other things) it is hard to tell, how far it might influence the Morals of our Nobility and Gentry, in rendering them Serious, Diligent, Curious, taking them off from the more fruitless and airy exercises of the Fancy, which they are apt to run into.

The only Objection, I can think of, that is brought against these studies, is that Mathematicks require a particular turn of Head, and a happy Genius that few people are Masters of, without which all the pains bestowed upon the study of them are in vain: They imagine that a *Man must be a Mathematician*. I answer, that this *Exception* is common to Mathematicks and other Arts. That there are persons that have a particular capacity and fitness to one more than another, every body owns: And from experience I dare say, it is not in any higher degree true concerning Mathematicks than the other. A

Man

Man of good Sense and Application is the Person that is by nature fitted for them ; especially, if he begins betimes : And if his circumstances have been such, that this did not happen, by prudent direction the defect may be supplied as much as in any Art whatsoever. The only advantage this Objection has, is, that it is on the side of softness and idleness, those two powerful Allies.

There is nothing further remains, Sir, but that I give you my thoughts in general concerning the *Order* and *Method* of studying *Mathematicks* ; which I shall do very shortly, as knowing that you are already acquainted with the best methods, and others with you may have them easily from the best and ablest hands.

First then, I lay down for a principle, that no body at an *University* is to be taught the practice of any rule without the true and solid reason and demonstration of the same. Rules without demonstration must and ought to be taught to *Seamen*, *Artisans*, &c. as I have already said ; and Schools for such people are fit in Sea-ports and Trading-Towns ; but it is far below the dignity of an *University*, which is designed for solid and true Learning, to do this. It is from the Universities that they must come, who are able to remedy the defects of the Arts ; and therefore nothing must be taken on trust there. *Seamen* and *Surveyors*, &c. remember their Rules, because they are perpetually practising them : But *Scholars*, who are not thus employed, if they know not the demonstration of them, presently forget them.

Secondly, no part of *Mathematicks* ought to be taught by *Compendiums*. This follows from the former. *Compendiums* are fit to give a general and superficial knowledge, not a thorough one. It is time, and not the bulk of Books, we ought to be sparing

of: And I appeal to any person of Experience, whether solid knowledge is not acquired in shorter time by Books treating fully of their subjects, than by Compendiums and Abridgments.

From hence it follows, that the *Elements* of *Arithmetick* and *Geometry* are to be taught. *Euclid* in his thirteen Books of *Elements* gives us both: but our present way of Notation supercedes some of those of *Arithmetick*, as demonstrating the Rules from the Operations themselves. There remain then the first six Books for the *Geometry* of *Plains*, and the last three for *Stereometry*. The rest ought to be read in their own place for the perfection of *Arithmetick*. In teaching these, care ought to be taken to make use of such Examples as suit with the condition of the Scholar. For instance, *Merchants Accounts* and *Affairs* for Examples of the Operations of *Arithmetick*, to one that is afterwards to have a concern that way; whereas to a Man of the first Quality, examples from *the Increase and Decrease of the people* or from *Land or Sea-force*, and from the *Tactics* ought to be proposed. For it is certain, nothing makes one tired sooner, than the frivolous and trifling examples that are commonly brought for the exercise of the Rules of *Arithmetick* and *Geometry*; tho' this is common to them with the other Arts, as *Grammar*, *Logick*, &c.

The manner of Writing of the Mathematicians of this and the former Age makes *Trigonometry*, with the manner of constructing its Tables, &c. almost *Elementary*; and the *Practical Geometry*, commonly so called, is very fit to come next, as an elegant application of the *Elements* of *Geometry* to Business, as *Surveying*, *Gauging*, &c.

After the *Elements* of *Sphericks*, which are perfectly well handled by *Theodosius*, a full insight into the principles of *Astronomy* will be necessary.

Mecha-

Mechanicks come next to be read, which are the Ground of a great part of Natural Learning; and afterwards *Opticks*, *Catoptricks*, and *Dioptricks*.

But none of these, except the Elements, can be fully understood until one is pretty well skilled in *Conick Sections*; and all these are made more easy by some tolerable skill in *Algebra*, and its application *Geometry*.

These foundations being laid, any one may with great ease pursue the study of the Mathematicks, as his occasions require; either in its abstract parts, and the more *recondite Geometry*, and its application to Natural knowledge; or in *Mechanicks*, by prosecuting the *Statics*, *Hydrostatics*, *Ballisticks*, &c. or in *Astronomy*, by its application to *Geography*, *Navigation*, *Gnomonicks*, *Astrolabes*, &c. But in most of these a particular order is not necessary. Any one may take that first which he is most inclined to.

I shall not offer you any advice concerning the choice of Books, but refer you (if you want any) to the direction of those who are eminent among you in this part of Learning. I ask your pardon for the omission of *Ceremony* in these papers, having followed rather the ordinary way of *Essay* than *Letter*; and wishing you good success in your studies, I am,

S. I R,

25 Novemb.
1700.

Your Friend and Servant,

A B R I E F
A C C O U N T
O F

Mr. JOHN GINGLICUTT's

T R E A T I S E

Concerning the

Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients.

I WAS born near the *Monument* of that dreadful Fire which consumed this august City, where my Mother, Mrs. *Judith Ginglicutt*, being soon after my Birth left a Widow, has continued to sell some Fishes of the testaceous Kind, which exert their stimulating Quality on the Constitutions of such as eat them, and in the Discourse of such as vend them. My Mother, by an assiduous and honest Traffick in the aforesaid Commodity, acquired wherewith not only to maintain, but liberally to educate me, her only Child.

When I became thoroughly acquainted with the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, I thought it incumbent upon me to do something towards the Honour of the Place of my Nativity, and to vindicate the Rhetorick.

rick of this ancient *Forum* of our Metropolis from the Aspersions of the Illiterate, by composing *A Treatise of the Altercation of the Ancients*; wherein I have demonstrated that the Purity, Sincerity, and Simplicity of their Diction, is no where so well preserved as amongst my Neighbourhood.

The Word *Altercation*, which properly signifies *debating*, has likewise been translated *scolding*; therefore complying with modern Barbarity, I have taken it in the most extensive Sense.

I propose publishing this my *Treatise* by Subscription; the Reasons which have induced me to do it at this time, are, *First*, To rectify a general mistake of the Moderns, who find fault with the acute Stile of the present political Disputations. *Secondly*, To administer Comfort unto such as think themselves abused on either Side, by shewing, that calling of Names is the true *Greek* and *Roman* Eloquence, and bearing such Appellations is *Greek* and *Roman* Virtue. *Thirdly*, To dissipate the Fears of some well-meaning People, who think our Liberty in Danger, which is impossible, as long as this truly ancient and polite Rhetorick subsists, which is both the Symptom and Cause of publick Liberty. *Fourthly*, To assist the promising Genius's which are daily rising in my native Country.

The Mistake of People who censure the plain Appellations and Epithets which the political Antagonists on each bestow on their Adversaries, proceeds from two Causes; the first is the not sufficiently distinguishing between Propriety and Truth of Speech: Propriety of Language is, when an Author maketh use of the Expression which is most apposite to his own Idea, but doth not suppose the Idea to be either absolutely true or false: Thus he who thinks, and calls his Adversary a *Rogue*, certainly speaks properly, tho' perhaps not truly; those Terms of Objur-

gation

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gation which so offend the Moderns, are only short and significant Words to express a complex Idea. Thus tell a Modern, *Sir, you have often deceived me*, it would only put him upon his own Vindication; but if you call him a *Cheat*, you run the Risque of a Drubbing: and pray what should make so wide a Difference between a Circumlocution and a Noun Substantive, which both express the same Thing? The second Cause of this general Mistake is Ignorance of the Languages and Manners of purest Antiquity, wherein this opprobrious Language (so much censured now-a-days) was quite familiar, as I have shewed through the whole Body of my Work. In the first Chapter I have settled the Notion of the Term *Barbarous*, which was constantly applied to every Thing that was not *Greek* or *Roman*, and ought still to retain the same Signification; in consequence of which, I have proved that the ceremonious, humble, low Manner of Speech and Address of the Moderns, their pompous Titles of Honour, Coats of Arms, and all the Jargon of Heraldry and Chivalry, are Gothick and Barbarous, introduced by the Fall of the Republicks of *Greece* and *Rome*. Did ever a Citizen of any of those Republicks say to his Equal or Superior, *Your devoted Slave*? On the contrary, the Dialect of those Republicks, where they call Things by their plain Names, is quite polite, as the other is unclassical and barbarous. Polite and Civil, the first a *Greek*, the second a *Latin* Word, signify what is customary in a well-ordered City or Commonwealth; and tho' the Ignorant may be forgiven, it is quite scandalous in Men of a liberal Education to find fault with calling of Names in publick Papers and Harangues, and much more so, to make them the Subject of Quarrels, which every Body knows is *Gothick*. In my *first Chapter*, I settle the original Right of this Sort of Altercation, which is most indefensible

defensible and unlimited in the Female-Sex amongst all Ranks and Degrees, except between old and young Women; the latter being supposed to want the Protection and benevolent Assistance of the former. *Secondly*, That there is no mutual Right of Altercation between different Sexes, except in the Matrimonial State. *Thirdly*, That the Right of Altercation subsists between Personages of equal Rank, Gods, Goddesses, Monarchs, Generals, and publick Orators; likewise between Republican Orators and Monarchs. *Fourthly*, Between the People of free Governments and their Magistrates; but not between Monarchs and their individual Subjects. I have shewn that Antiquity abounds with Examples of all those Kinds.

Homer has given us a very pompous and decent Representation of the Altercation of the Divinities in a full Assembly: *Juno* tells *Jupiter*, that he was quite insufferable, furly, and reserved as to her; tho' that Hussey, *Venus*, would get it out of him. *Jupiter* as sharply rebukes her for her Curiosity, and at last threatens her with a little corporal Correction; and which is most strange, poor *Vulcan* the Blacksmith seems to be the only civil Person in the whole Assembly (according to the modern Notion of Civility) for he speaks to his Mother not to disturb good Company. Another Time, when *Juno* was reproaching *Jupiter* for being hard-hearted to her, in not letting her get her Will of the *Trojans*, he tells her politely, *I wish you had Priamus and all his Children raw in your Guts*. *Neptune* rails at his Brother *Jupiter* most bitterly; *Let him*, quoth he, *govern his own Bastards, and not meddle out of his Province*. What a terrible Scuffle amongst those Deities, when *Jupiter* gave them Leave each to act according to his own Inclination in the *Trojan War*? What scolding, kicking, tripping up of Heels?

Minerva

Minerva calls *Mars* a *Blockhead*, &c.——*Apollo* calls *Neptune* a *Fool*, &c.——*Jupiter* all the while shaking his Sides with Laughter, well-judging that it was necessary to give the Divinities proper Opportunities to vent their Spleen at each other ; nor does it appear that there was ever any Offence taken at Words.

In this Chapter, for the Benefit of the Ladies, I have made a Collection of Epithets in use amongst the Divinities, proper on parallel Occasions ; for sure no Person of Quality can think herself abused in the Language of the Goddesses ?

Homer, according to his usual Propriety of Manners and Sentiments, introduceth his Heroes talking in the same Dialect. *Achilles*, the first Word, calls *Agamemnon*, *covetous*, *impudent*, *cunning Fox*, *Volpone*, as you might say (which, I have observed, has always been a fatal Word for raising Sedition) *Dog-ey'd*, *Deer-hearted*, *drunken Sot*. *Agamemnon* answers very sharply, *Begone with your Myrmidons, I will take your Wench from you in spite of your Teeth*. The Poet imagined no less than three scolding Bouts necessary to support this Episode, and makes *Jupiter* approve of the termagant Spirit of *Achilles* on all these Occasions. *Hector*, without any Offence, chides his Brother *Paris* (who by the way wanted not Courage) for being too handsome, well-dressed, and a Favourite of the Ladies, &c. *Ulysses* rebukes *Agamemnon* most sharply for proposing a Retreat, and *Agamemnon* thanks him for it.

This laudable Right of Objurgation descended to the Heroes of later Times, which they used with great Freedom in Terms, which for Time immemorial have been in Fashion in the Place of my Nativity.

Philip, King of *Macedon*, asserted this Right of Scolding as a Conqueror, after the Battle of *Chero-*
nea,

naa, indulged his Joy for the Victory by getting extremely drunk, dancing all Night in the Field of Battle, and going from Rank to Rank calling his Prisoners Names ; *Damades*, one of them, with the same decent Freedom, told *Philip*, *That he acted the Part of Therfites, rather than that of Agamemnon.* *Philip*, sensible that his Prisoner might still use his Tongue, which was not disarmed, was highly delighted with the Smartness of the Repartee, and for the sake of this *Bon mot* dismissed the Prisoners without Ransom, tho' by the way, there was not so much in it, for *Agamemnon* was both a great Scold and a great Captain.

When polite Learning revived in this Part of the World, about the Time of *Charles* the Fifth and *Francis* the First, both those Monarchs asserted their Right of Altercation : The Lye was given, but tho' the Language was quite polite, the Challenge was *Gothick*. There has been an Instance of the same Nature in our own Days, and I was quite ashamed to see Men of polite Literature censure the Proceeding.

I have likewise collected many of the polite Compliments of republican Ambassadors and Orators to Monarchs : That of *Demochares* the *Athenian* Ambassador, who, when King *Philip* asked him and his Colleagues, if there was any thing in which he could serve them, smartly replied, *Go hang yourself, that is the greatest Service you can do us* : And indeed tho' it sounds uncouth to a modern Ear, it was the greatest Compliment he could make ; for it was as much as to say, You must be the Terror of the *Athenians* as long as you live.

King *Philip* honoured *Demosthenes* with the Title of the *Rampart of Athens* (an Appellation superior to any yet bestowed upon our *Craftsman*) and yet *Demosthenes* was so far from being corrupted by his
Compliment,

Compliment, that he continued to exercise the Rights of his Function with his usual Politeness and Frankness. The Epithets he bestows upon Philip are *Perfidious, Perjured, barbarous Usurper ; a Cheat ; Wickedness in the Abstract ; a wretched Macedonian, born in a Corner of the World, where one could not so much as purchase a good Slave ;* that his Court (no doubt a very polite one) was composed of *Parasites, Prostitutes, Robbers, Bardasbes, good-for-nothing Rascals, Athenian Exiles, Mountebanks, Pantomimes (Harlequins) Ballad-makers that revelled and danced after an obscene Manner ;* that Philip himself was what we call a Sodomite, that his Son Alexander was an Idiot, &c. As for the *Jus Altercationis*, the mutual Right of Scolding amongst publick Orators, *Demosthenes* was so far from giving it up, or complaining of it, that he only reprimands the Orators on the other Side, for making their Exordiums of calling Names too long, and not coming sooner to their Motion. He distinguisheth judiciously between Accusation and Invective ; the first being the Allegation of a Crime punishable by Law, the last, some loose Reflections which People, in the Heat of Discourse, thought incumbent upon them to make upon their Antagonists. *Eschines* calls Heaven and Earth to witness, that none of the *Rogues* and *Wizards* of former Times ever come up to the Villainy of *Demosthenes* : He reproaches him for taking a Box on the Ear, and compounding it for thirty Marks ; that he was a Coward, and run away at the Battle of *Gheronæa* ; he calls him *wild Beast, Iron-head*, and tells him, That his Grandfather was a banished Felon, his Mother a barbarous *Scythian*, and himself a pitiful Attorney that took Money on both Sides ; a Hangman that had murdered his Landlord, &c. *Demosthenes* returns his Compliments with Cheat, Disgrace of human Nature, a poor Scrivener's Clerk, Pettifogger, Sesspool

Selfpool of Vice, how should you have any Learning? was not your Father Elpias's Slave, and your Mother a common Strumpet, till she had the Happiness to be kept by a Hautboy, and was afterwards known by the Name of the Old Witch? You pitiful Slave of a poor Schoolmaster, where all your Employment was sweeping the School, because you are used to drubbing yourself; poor wretched Stroller, you call me Coward, foolish, because I am not inured to such Dangers: if it was not for fear of offending against good Manners (for which I am noted) I would use you as you deserve, you impudent Wretch. By good Manners here is meant Sincerity, in Opposition to what we call Compliments, which would have been deemed an Abuse.

The Orators exercised the same Jurisdiction over their Audience. Demosthenes twits the Athenians often with the Simplicity of the Manners of their Ancestors; calls them a Parcel of lazy Drones, Framers of Votes and Resolutions, Newsmongers, Time-servers, Spendthrifts, Ragamuffins, who would do any thing for Money to spend in their Diversions. There is nothing gives a stronger Idea of the Politeness of the ancient Altercation compared with the modern Forms of Civility, than French Translations: That of a very learned Person skilled in both Languages runs thus, *Messieurs* (Gentlemen) *you are a Pack of Scoundrels*.

What relates to our present Circumstances are Speeches against Incendiaries and against Ministers, of both which I have made a choice Collection out of that Roman Orator Tully. I hope the Incendiaries will not disdain the polite Treatment of *Cataline and Company*, of being the Dregs, the Jakes, the Sink, the common Sewer of the Republick. Nor the other Side that of *Verres, L. Piso, or Anthony*, Men of the highest Dignity. I take *Verres*, (the Subject of a whole Volume of Orations) to have

have been much such a Man as a Governor of one of our Plantations or Factories, who, one may say, did not go over to learn the Language ; a Lover of fine Painting, Statues, &c. what one would now-a-days call a fine Gentleman, very avaricious, because expensive. *Tully*, who certainly knew the Rules of Decorum better than any Man in his Time, apostrophizeth this fine Gentleman in the usual Terms of Art, *wicked Fellow, Thief, Robber, Prevaricator, Traitor, Whoremaster, impudent, mad, audacious Fellow, Monster, Prodigy of Wickedness*. When he allows a *Neutrality*, in not attacking him on some of his Vices, it is only to save the Honour and Reputation of Families whose Wives and Daughters he had debauched, and the Amours of his Youth, because of their Turpitude : He tells him, *That the Villainies of all the condemned Criminals in the World could not equal the smallest Part of his Guilt*. He goes on with a Description of his Youth spent in Rioting, Whoring, and Drinking. What a Work doth he make with the spiriting away a Fidler ? There is not a Town in which *he had not a Whore, a Picture, or a Statue*. A great Part of some of the Orations seem to be a Particular of his Estate and Household-Goods. There is hardly a Vessel, Candlestick, Picture, Lamp, Statue, Carpet, &c. a Bribe received, or a Present given, but is mentioned by our Orator. *Why so many Pots of Honey ? Why so many Beds ? Had you as many Whores ?*

Then he falls upon his Person, and calls his Audience to observe the Impudence of his Looks ; tells you how he became the Favourite of all the Porters, Footmen, and Chambermaids ; not contented with his Censure of the Gentleman himself, he falls upon his Friends, Acquaintance, and Company, particularly a poor Fellow, one *Corbo*, that was dead, whom he calls all to naught : Then he tells the Judges,
that

that they had now an Opportunity to clear themselves with the People from the Infamy with which their whole Order was charged, and yet he was not called to the Bar, being before Men of Taste and Judgment, who understood the sacred inviolable Right of Liberty of Speech. What a polite, noble, plain Bluntness reigns through all those Oration's? Who could take it ill to be corrected in such well-chosen Epithets, and well-turn'd Periods?

His Oration on *L. Piso*, I think, far exceeds those upon *Verres*. In those genuine Flowers of ancient Rhetorick, it is much to be regretted that some of the first Sentences are wanting; however it begins bluntly enough: *Beast, don't you see how the Audience is offended at your impudent Countenance?* Then goes on with a Description of his Complexion, Beard, rotten Teeth, brazen Face, Stupidity, Impediment of Speech. The Orator, after having done himself Justice, and expatiated upon his own extraordinary Merits, tells him, That instead of Consul, he was the *Tomb*, the *Funeral-Pile* of the Commonwealth. *Thou Hangman, thou Temple-Robber, thou Clod of Earth; from what Brothel did thou come up in Patins (Soleatus) muffled up, with thy Breath smelling of the Stews?* It seems the great Subject of Quarrel was, *L. Piso* having ordered the Senate to leave off their mourning for *Tully*, when he was in Distress; he tells him, you answered, *Forsooth, with one Eye-brow turned up to your Forehead, and the other depressed to your Chin; that you did not love Cruelty; You did not love Cruelty, you Kennel-raker, you Gibbet-carrier; you a Consul, issuing out of a dark Cellar with a Dancing Wench; you forbid the People to mourn for me; could one have any Assistance from thee, thou Beast, Lump of rotten Flesh, Block, Trunk, Madman, Fool? When thy Colleague's House rung with Riot, and*
Noise

Noise, and Dancing, thou wast weltering (like one of the Lapithæ) in thy own Spew; so that no Body could tell whether thou drunk, vomited, or shit most. If I remember right, our Orator, in one of his *Philippicks*, describes much such another Evacuation of *Anthony* in the *Forum*, tells him how he vomited, where it was a Shame for a *Magister Equitum*, Captain-General of the Horse, to belch. It is much to be regretted, that our Language is neither strong nor copious enough to do Justice to this excellent Oratory in a Translation. I can appeal to all the Matrons in my Neighbourhood, if such Compellations as I have mentioned, are not far beyond our little sneaking Expression, *The unfortunate Gentleman at the Bar*. At the same Time, I need not be at much Pains to convince my *Readers*, that those who declaimed in this Stile, understood the Rules of *Decorum* and true Oratory; and those who suffered these Objurgations, did not want Courage, nor were ignorant of the Rules of Honour.

Anthony, in murdering *Tully*, was censured by the *Romans*, rather for being captious than revengeful; for not understanding common Modes of Behaviour amongst Gentlemen, more than for want of Generosity.

I own, that there is no reconciling most of this sort of Altercation, nor the Anger from which it proceeds, with the Christian Morals; yet many Presbyters, Bishops, Popes, and some recorded as Saints, have naturally fallen into it. But a Collection of their Epithets and Compellations would be too voluminous; and as they are rather in the sacred than political Stile, as *Little Devil*, *Imp of Satan*, *Curs'd Heretick*, &c. abounding with Anathema's, Curses, and Execrations, they are not so apposite to my Design. I shall only take the Liberty to observe, That if Gentlemen will not lay
aside

aside this captions, quarrellsome Temper, there will be an absolute Necessity of putting the Monopoly of political Altercation in the Hands of such of the Clergy whose Persons are sacred, and who are not tied down to the ridiculous, corrupt Maxims of *Laicks* in *Gothick Governments*. And any Attempts of this Kind are so far from being blame-worthy, that they ought to be highly applauded, as decent, convenient, and charitable.

My next Chapter is spent upon the Usefulness and Necessity of such Altercations in all Governments. First, as it allows the People the Means of working off their Passions in a Way which is least detrimental to the Commonwealth: The *Romans*, from their intimate Knowledge of human Nature, were so sensible of this, that they allowed even their Slaves their annual Season of Scolding: It is now by Custom grown to be Sabbatical in *Britain*; but if the Legislature should think it more proper to confine it to the Month of *December* and the *Christmas* Holy-days, according to the Custom of ancient *Rome*, no body could find Fault; provided there be Care taken of due Evacuations of the peccatical Bile in proper Seasons.

The same prudential Considerations induced the *Romans* to allow the Soldiers to sing abusive Ballads upon their General in the Procession of his Triumph, which no doubt prevented many a Mutiny. How much did the Soldiers endear themselves unto *Cesar*, by celebrating his filthy Amours on that Occasion?

There is some Footsteps of this polite Custom continue still in our Fleet; for the Seamen have a Privilege of Railing and Joking on their Officers at the Careening of a Ship; an Objurgation truly Classical in a double Sense.

As to Ministers, it is only a small Tax on their Power and Riches; a Sort of *Memento Mori*; a Warning

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Warning like the Barking of a Dog before he bites. It was the Saying of a great Man, *That there were but few Ministers who had not done something for which they deserved to be hanged*; and I believe there are hardly any that do not deserve some Classical Objurgation.

This Altercation contributes exceedingly to the Vigour of the Administration, like the Je-ho to loitering Horses, that lug along the Wheels of the Government.

It is of no less Benefit to such as censure, than to those that govern, in preserving their Purity of Manners, because (according to Tully himself) *the Title of an Accuser to his Right of Altercation is founded upon his own Innocence of those Crimes which he lays to the Charge of his Adversaries.*

The Price of the Book in Sheets is *Ten Shillings*, one Half to be paid down; only the Polemical Writers on each Side shall have one Copy *gratis*; and my Cousin *Ginglicutt* have two.

Receipts will be delivered at Mr. *Franklin's*, Mr. *Roberts's*, Mr. *Warner's*, Mr. *Peele's*, and at most of the Book and Pamphlet Sellers in *London* and *Westminster*.



A

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T O

MR. B R A U N D.

S I R,

LET mercenary Authors flatter the Great, and subject their Principle to Interest and Ambition, I scorn such sordid Views; you only are eminent in my Eyes: On you I look as the most useful Member in the Body Politic, and your Art far superior to all others: Therefore,

Tu mihi Mecænas eris!

O Braund, my Patron! my Pleasure! my Pride! disdain not to grace my Labours with a kind Perusal. Suspend a while your momentous Cares, and condescend to taste this little Fricassee of mine.

I write not this, to bite you by the Ear, (i. e.) flatter you out of a Brace or Two of Guineas: No; as I am a true Dumpling-eater, my Views are purely Epicurean, and my utmost Hopes centered in partaking of some elegant *Quelque Chose* toft up by your judicious Hand. I regard Money but as a Ticket which admits me to your delicate Entertainments; to me much more agreeable than all the Monkey-tricks of Rival Harlequins, or Puppet-show Finery of contending Theatres.

C 2

The

The Plague and Fatigue of Dependance and Attendance which call me so often to the Court End of the Town, were insupportable, but for the Relief I find at Austin's, your ingenious and grateful Disciple, who has adorned New Bond-street with your graceful Effigies. Nor can he fail of Custom, who has hung out a Sign so alluring to all true Dumpling-eaters. Many a Time and oft have I gazed with Pleasure on your Features, and traced in them the exact Lineaments of your glorious Ancestor Sir John Brand, vulgarly called Sir John Pudding.

Though the Corruption of our English Orthography indulges some Appearance of Distinction between Brand and Braund, yet in Effect they are one and the same Thing. The ancient Manor of Brand's alias Braund's, near Kilburn in Middlesex, was the very Manor-house of Sir John Brand, and is called Brand's to this Day, although at present it be in the Possession of the Family of Marth.

What Honours are therefore due to one who is, in a direct Male Line, an immediate Descendant from the Loins of that Great Man! Let this teach You to value your Self; this remind the World, how much they owe to the Family of the BRAUNDS; more particularly to YOU, who inherit not only the Name, but the Virtues of your illustrious Ancestor. I am, SIR, with all imaginable Esteem and Gratitude,

Your very most

obedient Servant, &c.

A

LEARNED DISSERTATION

O N

D U M P L I N G ;

Its Antiquity, Dignity, &c.

THE Dumpling-eaters are a Race sprung partly from the old *Epicurean*, and partly from the *Peripatetick Sect* ; they were first brought into *Britain* by *Julius Cæsar* ; and finding it a Land of Plenty, they wisely resolved never to go home again. Their Doctrines are amphibious, and composed *Party per Pale* of the two Sects before-mentioned ; from the *Peripateticks* they derive their Principle of Walking, as a proper Method to digest a Meal, or create an Appetite ; from the *Epicureans* they maintain, that all Pleasures are comprehended in good Eating and Drinking : And so readily were their Opinions embraced, that every Day produced many Profelytes ; and their Numbers have from Age to Age increased prodigiously, insomuch that our whole Island is overrun with them at present : Eating and Drinking being so customary among us, that we seem to have entirely forgot and laid aside the old Fashion of fasting : Instead of having Wine sold at the Apothecaries Shops, as formerly, every Street has Two

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or Three Taverns in it, lest these Dumpling-eaters should faint by the Way ; nay, so zealous are they in the Cause of *Bacchus*, that One of the chief among them has made a Vow never to say his Prayers till he has a Tavern of *his own* in every Street in *London*, and in every Market-town in *England*. What may we then in Time expect ? since by insensible Degrees their Society is become so numerous and formidable, that they are without Number. Other Bodies have their Meetings ; but where can the Dumpling-eaters assemble ? What Place large enough to contain them ? The *Bank*, *India*, and *South-Sea* Companies have their General Courts, the *Free-Masons* and the *Gormogons* their Chapters ; nay, our Friends the *Quakers* have their Yearly Meetings. Who would imagine any of these should be Dumpling-eaters ? But thus it is, the Dumpling-eating Doctrine has so far prevailed among them, that they eat not only *Dumplings*, but *Puddings* ; and those in no small Quantities.

The Dumpling is indeed of more antient Institution, and of *foreign* Origin ; but alas ! what were those Dumplings ? Nothing but a few *Lentils* sodden together, moistened and cemented with a little seethed Fat, not much unlike our Grit or Oatmeal Pudding ; yet were they of such Esteem among the ancient *Romans*, that a Statue was erected to *Fulvius Agricola*, the first Inventor of these Lentil Dumplings. How unlike the Gratitude shewn by the Publick to our modern Projectors !

The *Romans*, tho' our Conquerors, found themselves much outdone in Dumplings by our Forefathers ; the *Roman* Dumplings being no more to compare to those made by the *Britons*, than a *Stone-dumpling* is to a Marrow-pudding ; though indeed

indeed the *British* Dumpling, at that Time, was little better than what we call a Stone-dumpling, nothing else but Flour and Water : But every Generation growing wiser and wiser, the Project was improved, and Dumpling grew to be Pudding. One Projector found Milk better than Water ; another introduced Butter ; some added Marrow, others Plumbs ; and some found out the Use of Sugar ; so that, to speak Truth, we know not where to fix the Genealogy or Chronology of any of these Pudding Projectors, to the Reproach of our Historians, who eat so much Pudding, yet have been so ungrateful to the First Professors of this most noble Science, as not to find them a Place in History.

The Invention of Eggs was merely accidental, Two or Three of which having casually rolled from off a Shelf into a Pudding, which a good Wife was making, she found herself under a Necessity either of throwing away her Pudding, or letting the Eggs remain ; but concluding from the innocent Quality of the Eggs that they would do no Hurt, if they did no Good, she wisely jumbled them all together, after having carefully picked out the Shells ; the Consequence is easily imagined, the Pudding became a Pudding of Puddings ; and the Use of Eggs from thence took its Date. The Woman was sent for to Court to make Puddings for King *John*, who then swayed the Sceptre ; and gained such Favour, that she was the making of her whole Family. I cannot conclude this Paragraph without owning I received this important Part of the History of Pudding from old Mr. *Laurence of Wilsden-Green*, the greatest Antiquary of the present Age.

From that Time the *English* became so famous for Puddings, that they are called Pudding-eaters all over the World to this Day.

At her Demise her Son was taken into Favour,

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and made the King's chief Cook; and so great was his Fame for Puddings, that he was called *Jack Pudding* all over the Kingdom, though in Truth his real Name was *John Brand*, as by the Records of the Kitchen you will find. This *John Brand*, or *Jack Pudding*, call him which you please, the *French* have it *Jean Boudin*, for his Fame had reached *France*, whose King would have given the World to have had our *Jack* for his Pudding-maker. This *Jack Pudding*, I say, became yet a greater Favourite than his Mother, insomuch that he had the King's Ear as well as his Mouth at Command; for the King, you must know, was a mighty Lover of Pudding; and *Jack* fitted him to a Hair. He knew how to make the most of a Pudding; no Pudding came amiss to him; he would make a Pudding out of a Flint-stone, comparatively speaking. It is needless to enumerate the many Sorts of Pudding he made, such as Plain Pudding, Plumb Pudding, Marrow Pudding, Oatmeal Pudding, Carrot Pudding, Saucefage Pudding, Bread Pudding, Flower Pudding, Suet Pudding, and in short every Pudding but Quaking Pudding, which was solely invented by and took its Name from our good Friends of the *Bull and Mouth* before-mentioned, notwithstanding the many Pretenders to that Projection.

But what raised our Hero in the Esteem of this Pudding-eating Monarch, was his second Edition of Pudding, he being the first that ever invented the Art of broiling Puddings, which he did to such Perfection, and so much to the King's liking (who had a mortal Aversion to cold Pudding) that he thereupon instituted him Knight of the Gridiron, and gave him a Gridiron of Gold, the Ensign of that Order, which he always wore as a Mark of his Sovereign's Favour. In short, *Jack Pudding*, or Sir *John*, grew to be all in all with good King *John*; he did

did nothing without him, they were Finger and Glove; and if we may believe Tradition, our very good Friend had no small Hand in the *Magna Charta*. If so, how much are all *Englishmen* indebted to him? In what Repute ought the Order of the Gridiron to be, which was instituted to do Honour to this wonderful Man? But alas! how soon is Merit forgot? How impudently do the Vulgar turn the most serious Things into Ridicule, and mock the most solemn Trophies of Honour? for now every Fool at a Fair, or Zany at a Mountebank's Stage, is called *Jack Pudding*, has a Gridiron at his Back, and a great Pair of Spectacles at his Buttocks, to ridicule the most noble Order of the Gridiron; which Spectacles are a most ungrateful Reflection on the Memory of that great Man, whose indefatigable Application to his Business, and deep Study in that occult Science, rendered him purblind; to remedy which Misfortune, he had always a Squire followed him, bearing a huge Pair of Spectacles to saddle his Honour's Nose, and supply his much-lamented Defect of Sight. But whether such an Unhappiness deserves not rather Pity than Ridicule, I leave to the Determination of all good Christians. I cannot but say, it raises my Indignation, when I see these Paunch-gutted Fellows usurping the Title and Atchievements of my dear Sir *John*, whose Memory I so much venerate, nor can I always contain myself. I remember to my Cost, I once carried my Resentment a little farther than ordinary in furiously assaulting one of those Rascals. I tore the Gridiron from his Back, and the Spectacles from his A——e; for which I was apprehended, carried to Pye-powder Court, and by that tremendous Bench sentenced to most severe Pains and Penalties.

This has indeed a little tamed me, insomuch that I keep my Fingers to myself, but at the same Time

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let my Tongue run like a Devil : Forbear vile Miscreants, cry I, where-e'er I meet these Wretches ; forbear to ascribe to yourselves the Name and Honours of Sir *John Pudding* : Content yourselves with being *Zanies, Pickled-Herrings, Punchinellos*, but dare not scandalize the Name of *Pudding* : Nor can I, notwithstanding the Clamours and ill Usage of the Vulgar, refrain bearing my Testimony against this Piece of Injustice.

What Pity is it, therefore, so noble an Order should be lost, or at least neglected. We have had no Account of the real Knights of the Gridiron, since they appeared under the fictitious Name of the *Kit Kat Club* : In their Possession was the very Gridiron of Gold worn by Sir *John* himself ; which identical Gridiron dignified the Breast of the most ingenious Mr. *Richard Estcourt*, that excellent Physician and Comedian, who was President of that Society.

Quis talia fando temperet à Lachrymis ?

What is become of the Gridiron, or of the Remains of that excellent Body of Men, Time will, I hope, discover. The World, I believe, must for such Discoveries be obliged to my very good Friend *J—— T—— Esq*; who had the Honour to be Door-keeper to that honourable Assembly.

But to return to Sir *John* : The more his Wit engaged the King, the more his Grandeur alarmed his Enemies, who increased with his Honours. Not but the Courtiers caressed him to a Man, as the first who had brought Dumpling-eating to Perfection. King *John* himself loved him entirely ; being of *Cæsar's* Mind, that is, he had a natural Antipathy against meagre, Herring-gutted Wretches ; he loved only *Fat-headed Men, and such who slept o' Nights* ; and of such was his whole Court composed. Now it was Sir *John's* Method, every Sunday Morning,

to give the Courtiers a Breakfast, which Breakfast was every Man his Dumpling and a Cup of Wine; for you must know, he was a Yeoman of the Wine-cellar at the same time.

This was a great Eye-fore and Heart-burning to some lubberly Abbots who lounged about the Court; they took it in great Dudgeon they were not invited, and stuck so close to his Skirts, that they never rested until they outed him. They told the King, who was naturally very hasty, that Sir *John* made-away with his Wine, and feasted his Paramours at his Expence; and not only so, but that they were forming a Design against his Life, which they in Conscience ought to discover: That Sir *John* was not only an Heretic, but an Heathen; nay worse, they feared he was a Witch, and that he had bewitched his Majesty into that unaccountable Fondness for a *Pudding-maker*. They assured the King, That on a *Sunday* Morning, instead of being at Mattins, he and his Trigrimates got together Hum-jum, all snug, and performed many hellish and diabolical Ceremonies. In short, they made the King believe that the Moon was made of Green-cheese: And to shew how the Innocent may be belied, and the best Intentions misrepresented, they told the King, That he and his Associates offered Sacrifices to *Ceres*; when, alas! it was only the Dumplings they eat. The Butter which was melted poured over them, these vile Miscreants called *Libation*; and the friendly Computations of our Dumpling-eaters were called *Bacchanalian Rites*: Two or Three among, them being sweet-toothed, would strew a little Sugar over their Dumplings; this was represented as an *Heathenish Offering*. In short, not one Action of theirs, but what these rascally Abbots made criminal, and never let the King alone until poor Sir *John* was discarded. Not but the

King did it with the greatest Reluctance; but they had made it a religious Concern, and he could not get off on it.

But mark the Consequence : The King never enjoyed himself after, nor was it long before he was poisoned by a Monk at *Swines-head* Abbey. Then too late he saw his Error ; then he lamented the Loss of Sir *John*; and in his latest Moments would cry out, Oh ! that I had never parted from my dear *Jack Pudding* ! Would I had never left off Pudding and Dumpling ! I then had never been thus basely Poisoned ! never thus treacherously sent out of the World !—— Thus did this good King lament : But, alas ! to no Purpose, the Priest had given him his Bane, and Complaints were ineffectual.

Sir *John*, in the mean time, had retired into *Norfolk*, where his diffusive Knowledge extended itself for the Good of the County in general; and from that very Cause *Norfolk* has ever since been so famous for Dumplings. He lamented the King's Death to the very last ; and was so cautious of being poisoned by the Priests, that he never touched a Wafer to the Day of his Death : And had it not been that some of the less designing Part of the Clergy were his intimate Friends, and eat daily of his Dumplings, he had doubtless been made-away with ; but they stood in the Gape for him for the Sake of his Dumplings, knowing that when Sir *John* was gone, they should never have the like again.

But our facetious Knight was too free of his Talk to be long secure ; a Hole was picked in his Coat the succeeding Reign, and poor Sir *John* had all his Goods and Chattels forfeited to the King's Use. It was then time for him to bestir himself ; and away to Court he goes to recover his Lands, &c. not doubting but he had Friends there sufficient to carry his Cause.

But

But alas ! how was he mistaken ; not a Soul there knew him ; the very Porters used him rudely. In vain did he seek for Access to the King to vindicate his Conduct ; in vain did he claim Acquaintance with the Lords of the Court, and reap up old Civilities, to remind them of former Kindness ; the Pudding was eat, the Obligation was over ; which made Sir *John* compose that excellent Proverb, *Not a Word of the Pudding*. And finding all Means ineffectual, he left the Court in a great Pet ; yet not without passing a severe Joke upon them, in his Way, which was this : He sent a Pudding to the King's Table, under the Name of a *Court Pudding*, or *Promise Pudding*. This Pudding he did not fail to set off with large Encomiums ; assuring the King, That therein he will find an hieroglyphical Definition of Courtiers Promises and Friendship.

This caused some Speculation ; and the King's Physician debarred the King from tasting the Pudding, not knowing but Sir *John* had poisoned it.

But how great a Fit of Laughter ensued, may be easily guessed, when the Pudding was cut up, it proved only a large Bladder, just closed over with Paste : The Bladder was full of Wind, and nothing else, excepting these Verses written in a Roll of Paper, and put in, as is supposed, before the Bladder was blown full.

As Wynde in a Bladder ypent,
is Lordings promyse and serment ;
sain what hem lust withouten drede,
they bene so double in her falsheede :
for they in heart can think ene thing,
and sain another in her speaking :
and what was sweet and apparent,
is smotherlich, and eke yshent.
and when of service you have nede,
pardie he will not rew nor rede.
but when the Spynnel it is eten,
her curtesie is all forgotten.

This Adventure met with various Constructions from those at Table; some laughed, others frowned; But the King took the Joke by the right End, and laughed outright.

The Verses, though but scurvy ones of themselves, yet in those Days passed for tolerable: Nay, the King was mightily pleased with them, and played them off on his Courtiers as Occasion served; he would stop them short in the Middle of a flattering Harangue, and cry, *Not a Word of the Pudding*. This would daunt and mortify them to the last Degree; they cursed Sir *John* a thousand Times over for the Proverb's sake, but to no Purpose; the King gave him a private Hearing; in which he so well satisfied his Majesty of his Innocence and Integrity, that all his Lands were restored. The King would have put him in his old Post; but he modestly declined it, but at the same time presented his Majesty with a Book of most excellent Receipts for all Kinds of Puddings; which Book his Majesty received with all imaginable Kindness, and kept it among his greatest Rarities. But yet, as the best Instructions, though never so strictly followed, may not be always as successfully executed, so not one of the King's Cooks could make a Pudding like Sir *John*; nay, though he made a Pudding before their Eyes, yet they out of the very same Materials could not do the like; which made his old Friends the Monks attribute it to Witchcraft, and it was currently reported the Devil was his Helper. But good King *Harry* was not to be fobbed off so; the Pudding was good, it sat very well on his Stomach, and he eat very favourily, without the least Remorse of Conscience.

In short, Sir *John* grew in Favour in spite of their Teeth: The King loved a merry Joke; and Sir *John* had always his Budget full of Puns, Conundrums, and Carrawitchets; not to forget the Quibbles.

bles and Fly-flaps he played against his Adversaries, at which the King has laughed until his Sides cracked.

Sir *John*, though he was no very great Scholar, yet had a happy Way of expressing himself: He was a Man of the most engaging Address, and never failed to draw Attention: Plenty and Good-nature smiled in his Face; his Muscles were never distorted with Anger or Contemplation, but an eternal Smile drew up the Corners of his Mouth; his very Eyes laughed; and as for his Chin it was three-double, a-down which hung a goodly whey-coloured Beard shining with the Drippings of his Luxury; for you must know he was a great Epicure, and had a very sensible Mouth; he thought nothing too good for himself, all his Care was for his Belly; and his Palate was so exquisite, that it was the perfect Standard of Tasting. So that to him we owe all that is elegant in Eating: For Pudding was not his only Talent, he was a great Virtuoso in all Manner of Eatables; and though he might come short of *Lambert* for Confectionary-Niceties, yet was he not inferior to *Braund*, *Lubec*, *Pede*, or any other great Masters of Cookery; he could toss up a Fricassee as well as a Pancake: And most of the Kickshaws now in vogue are but his Inventions, with other Names; for what we call *Fricassees* he called *Pancakes*, as a Pancake of Chickens, a Pancake of Rabbits, &c. Nay, the *French* call a Pudding an *English* Fricassee to this Day.

We value ourselves mightily for roasting a Hare with a Pudding in its Belly; when, alas, he has roasted a whole Ox with a Pudding in his Belly. There was no Man like him for Invention and Contrivance: And then for Execution, he spared no Labour and Pains to compass his magnanimous Designs.

64 *A Dissertation on Dumpling;*

O would to Heaven this little Attempt of mine may stir up some *Pudding-headed Antiquary* to dig his Way through all the mouldy Records of Time, and bring to Light the noble Actions of Sir *John*! It will not then be long before we see him on the Stage. Sir *John Falstaffe* will then be a Shrimp to Sir *John Pudding*, when raised from Oblivion and re-animated by the all-invigorating Pen of the well-fed, well-read, well-paid C——— J——— Esq; Nor would this be all; the Pastry-cooks would from the Hands of an eminent Physician and Poet receive whole Loads of Memorandums, to remind them of the Gratitude due to Sir *John's* Memory.

On such a Subject I hope to see Sir *Richard* outdo himself. Nor *Arthur* or *Eliza* shall with Sir *John* compare. There is not so much Difference between a Telescope and a Powder-Puff, a Hoop-pettycoat, a Farthing Candle, a Birch Broom, and a Diamond ring, as there will be between the former Writings of this Pair of Poets and their Lucubrations on this Head.

Nor will it stop here: The *Opera* Composers shall have the other Contest, which shall best sing-forth his Praises. Sorry am I that *Nicolino* is not here, he would have made an excellent Sir *John*. But *Senesino* being blown up after the Manner that Butchers blow Calves may do well enough. From thence the Painters and Print-sellers shall retail his goodly Phiz; and what *Sacheverel* was, shall Sir *John Pudding* be; his Head shall hang elate on every Sign, his Fame shall ring in every Street, and *Cluer's* Prefs shall teem with Musick to his Praise. This would be but Honour, this but Gratitude, from a Generation so much indebted to so great a Man.

But alas! how much do we deviate from Honour and Gratitude, when we put put other Names to his Inventions, and call them our own? What is a Tart,
a Pie,

a Pie, or Pasty, but Meat or Fruit inclosed in a Wall or Covering of Pudding? What is a Cake, but a baked Pudding; or *Christmas* Pie, but a Minced-meat Pudding? As for Cheese-cakes, Custards, Tansies, &c. they are manifest Puddings, and all of *Sir John's* own Contrivance; Custard being as old if not older than *Magna-Charta*. In short, Pudding is of the greatest Dignity and Antiquity; Bread itself, which is the very Staff of Life, being, properly speaking, a baked White Pudding.

To the Satchel, which is the Pudding-bag of Ingenuity, we are indebted for the greatest Men in Church and State. All Arts and Sciences owe their Original to Pudding or Dumpling. What is a Bagpipe, the Mother of all Music, but a Pudding of Harmony? Or what is Music itself, but a palatable Cookery of Sounds? To little Puddings or Bladders of Colours we owe all the choice Originals of the greatest Painters: And indeed, what is Painting, but a well spread Pudding, or Cookery of Colours?

The Head of Man is like a Pudding: And whence have all Rhimes, Poems, Plots, and Inventions sprang, but from that same Pudding? What is Poetry but a Pudding of Words? The Physicians, though they cry out so much against Cooks and Cookery, yet are but Cooks themselves, with this Difference only, the Cook's Pudding lengthens Life, the Physician's shortens it: So that we live and die by Pudding; for what is a Clyster, but a Bag-pudding; a Pill, but a Dumpling; or a Bolus, but a Tansy, though not altogether so Toothsome? In a Word; Physick is only a Puddingizing or Cookery of Drugs. The Law is but a Cookery of Quibbles and Contentions. (a) **

**

(a) *The Cat ran away with this Part of the Copy, on which the Author had unfortunately lain some of Nathan Crump's Sausages.*

66 *A Dissertation on Dumpling;*

* * * * * is but a Pudding of * * * * *

* * * *. Some swallow every Thing whole and unmixed; so that it may rather be called a Heap than a Pudding. Others are so squeamish, the greatest Masterhip in Cookery is required to make the Pudding palatable: The Suet which others gape and swallow by Gobs, must for those puny Stomachs be minced to Atoms; the Plumbs must be picked with the utmost Care, and every Ingredient proportioned to the greatest Nicety, or it will never go down.

The Universe itself is but a Pudding of Elements; Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Republicks are but Puddings of People differently made up. The Celestial and Terrestrial Orbs are decyphered to us by a Pair of Globes or Mathematical Puddings.

The Success of War and Fate of Monarchies are entirely dependent on Puddings and Dumplings: For what else are Cannon Balls, but Military Puddings, or Bullets but Dumplings? with this Difference only, they do not sit so well on the Stomach as a good Marrow-pudding or Bread-pudding.

In short, there is nothing valuable in Art or Nature, but what, more or less, has an Allusion to Pudding or Dumpling. Why then should they be held in Disesteem? Why should Dumpling-eating be ridiculed, or Dumpling-eaters derided? Is it not pleasant and profitable? Is it not ancient and honourable? Kings, Princes, and Potentates have in all Ages been Lovers of Pudding. Is it not therefore Royal Authority? Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, have, Time out of Mind, been great Pudding-eaters: Is it not therefore a holy and religious Institution? Philosophers, Poets, and learned Men in all Faculties, Judges, Privy Counsellors,

Counsellors, and Members of both Houses, have, by their great Regard to Pudding, given a Sanction to it that nothing can efface. Is it not therefore ancient, honourable, and commendable?

Quare itaque fremuerunt Actores?

Why do therefore the Enemies of good Eating, the Starve-gutted Authors of *Grub-street*, employ their impotent Pens against Pudding and Pudding-headed *alias* Honest Men? Why do they inveigh against Dumpling-eating, which is the Life and Soul of Good-fellowship, and Dumpling-eaters, who are the Ornaments of Civil Society?

But, alas! their Malice is their own Punishment. The hireling Author of a late scandalous Libel, intituled, *The Dumpling-eaters Downfall*, may, if he has any Eyes, now see his Error in attacking so numerous, so august a Body of People: His Books remain unfold, unread, unregarded; while this Treatise of mine shall be bought by all who love Pudding or Dumpling, to my Bookfeller's great Joy, and my no small Consolation. How shall I triumph, and how will that mercenary Scribbler be mortified, when I have sold more Editions of my Books, than he has Copies of his! I therefore exhort all People, gentle and simple, Men, Women, and Children, to buy, to read, to extol, these Labours of mine, for the Honour of Dumpling-eating. Let them not fear to defend every Article; for I will bear them harmless: I have Arguments good Store, and can easily confute, either Logically, Theologically, or Metaphysically, all those who dare oppose me.

Let not *Englishmen* therefore be ashamed of the Name of *Pudding-eaters*; but, on the contrary, let it be their Glory. For let Foreigners cry out
never

68 *A Dissertation on Dumpling;*

never so much against good Eating, they come easily into it when they have been a little while in our *Land of Canaan*; and there are very few Foreigners among us, who have not learned to make as great a Hole in a good Pudding or Sirloin of Beef, as the best *Englishman* of us all.

Why should we then be laughed out of Pudding and Dumpling? or why ridiculed out of good Living? Plots and Politicks may hurt us, but Pudding cannot. Let us therefore adhere to Pudding, and keep ourselves out of Harm's Way, according to the Golden Rule laid down by a celebrated Dumpling-eater now defunct:

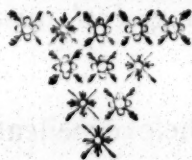
*Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he says:
Sleep very much; think little, and Talk less:
Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
But eat your Pudding, Fool, and hold your Tongue.*

PRIOR.

The Author of these excellent Lines not only shews his Wisdom, but his Good-breeding, and great Esteem for the Memory of Sir *John*, by giving his *Poem* the Title of *Merry Andrew*, and making *Merry Andrew* the principal Spokesman: For if I guess aright, and surely I guess not wrong, this main Design was, to ascertain the Name of *Merry Andrew* to the Fool of a Droll, and to substitute it instead of *Jack Pudding*; which Name my Friend *Matt.* could not hear with Temper, as carrying with it an oblique Reflection on Sir *John Pudding*, the Hero of this DUMPLEID.

Let all those therefore who have any Regard to Politeness and Propriety of Speech, take heed how they err against this Rule laid down by him who was the Standard of *English* Elegance. And be it known

known to all whom it may concern, That if any Person whatever shall dare hereafter to apply the Name of *Jack Pudding* to *Merry Andrews* and such-like Creatures, I hereby require and impower any Standers-by to knock him, her, or them down; and if any Action or Actions of Assault and Battery shall be brought against any Person or Persons so acting in pursuance of this most reasonable Request, by knocking down, bruising, beating, or otherwise demolishing such Offenders, I will indemnify and bear them harmless.



GULLIVER

Calligraphy Deciphered:

R E M A R K S

On a 18th. Book

R A A A A A

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

18th. Book

Gulliver Decyphered :

O R

R E M A R K S

On a late Book, intitled,

T R A V E L S

I N T O S E V E R A L

Remote N A T I O N S of the World.

By Capt. *LEMUEL GULLIVER.*

V I N D I C A T I N G.

The Reverend DEAN on whom it is maliciously Father'd.

W I T H

Some probable Conjectures concerning the Real
A U T H O R.

A

PREFATORY DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

DECYPHERING, &c.

*T*O omit all doubtful and critical Interpretations of the Word Decypherer, it may be defined according to the old English Saying, One who can tell a Man's Meaning by his Gaping: It is indeed commonly understood of a Set of Artists of Dexterity sufficient to find out the mysterious Meanings of Words, Syllables, and Letters; as may be seen in the 92d Page* of the Second Volume of Gulliver's Travels; and we know that decyphering is generally applied to the Interpretation

* Our Author here shews how these Artists may, if they fancy, interpret a Sieve to signify a Court Lady, a lame Dog an Invader, the Plague a standing Army, a Buzzard a great Statesman, the Gout a High Priest, a Chamber pot a Committee of Grandees, a Broom a Revolution, a Mouse-trap an Employment, a Bottomless-pit a Treasury, a Sink a Court, a Cap and Bells a Favourite, a broken Reed a Court of Justice, an empty Tun a General, a running Sore an Administration.

pretation of certain Cyphers or Characters made use of by Politicians in Plots, &c. yet we must beg leave to assure the courteous Reader, that there are several other Kinds of Decyphering, very agreeable to the original Import of the Word, as well as our Definition.

People use Characters, Hieroglyphicks, &c. to express as well as disguise their Intentions; and what one Man makes use of to conceal his Sentiments, another has Recourse to that he may be the better understood. As for Instance, when Members of a certain Society are very zealous in opposing the governing Party, very forward in making Speeches against Mal-administration, &c. the World knows that if these worthy Gentlemen were obliged to tell their Minds in few Words, they would generally amount to no more than one of these short and significant Sentences, viz. Pray Sir Robert give me a Place; I want Money; I must have that Employment, &c. But we beg the Reader to observe, that as Men often mean the same Things by quite contrary Expressions, so it is in this Case: For running all Lengths with Great Men, and receiving their Directions upon all Occasions, will frequently admit of the same Interpretations as opposing or railing at them.

As Men of Fire and sanguine Complexions are for carrying every Thing by Storm, you, phlegmatick Gentlemen love Wiles and Stratagems: And you shall sometimes see Bullying and Hecloring stand Candidate for the same Office with Fawning and Cringing. Now by means of the Art of Decyphering it is easy to reconcile these Contradictions.

But this is not confined to State Matters only, it is useful upon all Occasions, it is necessary in every Station; and as for the learned Professions they cannot subsist without it; so that Decyphering seems to be a Kind of first Principle or Key to the Sciences.

How should we be able to understand our Divines, who preach and write Pro. and Con, sometimes contend for the Faith, and sometimes make a Jest of it, if by this Art we were not enabled to find out that their Meaning is — Nolo Episcopari, i. e. Anglicè Lawn-sleeves.

Ask the honest Gentlemen of the Long Robe, why, in one Reign, they have strained the Prerogative of the Crown, and in the next pleaded for the Power of the People, and they will probably not deliver their Opinion. But if you decypher these Proceedings, they plainly signify — The Great Seal — Chief Justice — Barons, &c.

But of all Professions this Art is most necessary in Physick; the Doctors can decypher Peoples Distempers by their Looks, their Gestures, and even by their Excrements. When they see a young Lady look pale, and languishing, &c. they presently perceive that she, poor Girl, wants a Husband; though this sometimes discovers itself by contrary Symptoms, as Redness, Flushings in the Face, &c.

In short, was it not for Decypering we should be at a Loss in the most ordinary Affairs of Life. By what other Art could it be made out that Grumbling in the Guts signifies a Dinner? from whence the Learned derive that ingenious Saying, of a Man's Belly crying Cupboard, to omit other innumerable Instances.

From all which we hope the courteous Reader is fully informed what we mean by the Title of our Book; and that we have no Design to prove Mr. Gulliver a Traitor, though every body says he is disaffected.

Next Week will be published for the Information
of the Learned,

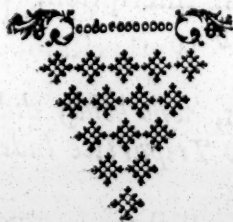
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GULLIVER

G U L L I V E R

D E C Y P H E R'D, &c.

A MAN need not be a Conjurer to see into some Folks, nor deal with the Black Art to find out who lives in *Burlington-gardens*, who has a Poetical *Villa* at *Twickenham*, and who snores under a Canopy once a Week in a certain *Cathedral* in his Majesty's Dominions.

I have somewhere seen (I think in the Gallery of *Luxembourg*) a sort of *Dutch Piece* of Three Figures like Men with an Inscription, which may be thus rendered in *English*:

*These are the Wags, who boldly did adventure
To club a Farce by Tripartite Indenture.*

The History of this Picture is given us, as follows, by the Memoirs written in those Times.

A certain Prince, Husband to a great Queen of a potent Kingdom, being one Day very ill of the Cholick, none of the famed Physicians of the Court or City could relieve him, when a Minister of State, a deep Scholar and profound Philosopher, bethought himself of an obscure *Scythian* of his Acquaintance, a Man of no great Skill in Medicine, but a merry Wag and a very dextrous Fellow at a Clyster: This Son of

Galen was immediately sent for, and, as good Luck would have it, delivered his Higness of a lusty T——. Now who but *Johnny* upon all Occasions (for that is the Name our Historian gives him according to our Language). Her Majesty dubb'd him Physician in Ordinary; the *Grand Treasurer* made him his Pot-companion, and the *Chief Secretary* took him into all his Pleasures, it is supposed to remedy the evil Effects of them; for we forgot to observe that he was a great Master in venereal Operations. Thus *Johnny* having acquired a little Reputation, began to look about him, and discover many very agreeable Prospects, and having Wit, good Nature, and several other conciliating Qualities, he soon became a Favourite at Court, and every body grew fond of his Acquaintance. Amongst the Rest of those who scraped Intimacy with him, there was a merry Fellow, who performed the Office of Sacrificer at the *Grand Treasurer's*, most expert at Libations, and the Art of alluring the common People to his Master by Omens, Predictions, and Odes, which he caused to be sung in publick Places; but as he was not one of the Figures in the Picture I am telling you of, I shall say no more of him in this Place, though you will afterwards find that he makes a considerable Part of our History.

The next Person our Physician grew intimate with, was a little, deformed, cross-grained Fellow, but very ingenious and witty, and in favour with the *Chief Secretary*. His Talent was Rhyming, and it is said he raised a great Fortune by turning an old Collection of Ballads into the Language of the Country, though some are so malicious as to say, that he did not really understand them himself, but got certain Druids to explain them, and so put them off for his own; this Wight, who they named *Peter*, had an intimate Friend, a very harmonious Fellow, and an excellent

Bagpipe

Bagpipe Player, to which he used to set Sonnets of his own making in the Pastoral Kind; he was the freed Man of a certain Lady of great Quality, who had given him his Liberty for several good Services; and her Ladyship being after troubled with Fits of the Mother, had often occasion for Dr. *Johnny*, who then being in Vogue, no body could be modishly sick without him. You may be sure Sympathy of Disposition and so favourable an Opportunity soon made an intimate Friendship between *Peter*, his Friend, and our witty Doctor; accordingly they made an Alliance offensive and defensive between each other. The Doctor was to cry them up at Court, and in return *Peter* was to make Lyricks in *his* Praise, and his Friend was frequently to persuade his Lady that she was sick, in order to promote *his* Business. Thus they went on prosperously, thriving like Jesuits by commending themselves, when an Accident happened, which obliged them to unite all their Forces for the common Service.

You must know *Johnny's* Success and Favour at Court gave great Uneasiness to the Brotherhood, but to no body more than to Dr. *Plausible*, who was the greatest Favourite with the Faction who opposed the *Great Treasurer* and *Chief Secretary*; and he therefore made it his Business to discredit our honest *Scythian*, alledging that he was no more to be compared to him than *Anacharsus* to his Master *Solon*, or the Brutishness of the North to the Politeness of *Athens*; for Dr. *Plausible* counted himself a great Philosopher, he greatly affected to appear learned, determined magisterially about Arts and Sciences, and got Abundance of Reputation by the Labours of his Hirelings, and in short was esteemed a great Critick and Virtuoso by many People as well as himself: But then he had two or three plaguy Foibles; he could not please his Wife, would sometimes wade out of his

Depth in Physick and Criticism, and might at any Time be flattered out of his Senses.

Johnny getting Information of these weak Sides of his proud Enemy, resolv'd to attack him in his own Quarters, and either kill or put him to Flight: Accordingly he summon'd his Allies to furnish their Quota; and though *Peter* and his Friend were but Parties in the Dispute, he, as some great Nations have done by their Neighbours, made them Principals in his own Quarrel, and be at most of the Expence of the Battels that were fought for his Advantage only. To this Purpose a Council was held, wherein, after Preliminaries settled, Ways and Means thought on, they unanimously agreed to attack the Doctor in the following Manner, which, it is thought, was concluded by the Instance of the *Chief Secretary*, who owed him a Spight for many Reasons, but the Memoirs of those Times only assign these Two.

The First was, that the *Secretary's* Lady being dangerously sick, and the Doctor called to prescribe to her, he had us'd his utmost Skill to recover her (for all agree that he was an honest well-meaning Man) and succeeded so well as to give good Hopes of the Lady's enjoying a good State of Health and long Life, which by no means pleas'd her Husband (for People did insinuate that he really occasioned her Illness); he having at that Time criminal Correspondence with the Wives and Sisters of certain *great Men*, who in succeeding Reigns became *First Ministers*. But what most irritated Mr. *Secretary*, was the Inclination he had for the Doctor's own Bedfellow, (who was not'd for Kind-heartedness to her Husband's Patients) which being whisper'd about, she was convey'd into the Country to be out of his Way, though it is hinted as if she found Means, notwithstanding this Precaution, to converse with him. However,

ever, this Watchfulness of the jealous Doctor occasioned Resentment in the Secretary, which, with the Injuries done to honest *Johnny*, and some Displeasure of *Peter* and his Friend, and the common Interest together, produced a Kind of Satyr or a Stage-performance called by the Moderns a Farce.

Here each Party had a fine Opportunity of being revenged of their several Adversaries; *Peter* abused the Wittlings of the Town, for not having Sense enough to Taste his Mock-Heroicks and his Friends Pastorals, who also introduced a Character to ridicule his former Mistress or Lady Duchess (as the Moderns term it) for refusing to support him in his Extravagancies as formerly; and *Johnny*, you may be sure, did not forget to set off his Antagonist in the most ridiculous Light, and to *bespatter* his Wife in Complaisance to the Secretary, who is said to have had reason to complain of her Kindness as well as her Husband's Injuries to him.

War was now begun with great Fury, and the Theatre was the Field of Battle; but notwithstanding that they attacked their Enemies with Crocodiles instead of Elephants, using *Hoop Petticoats* for Mortar Pieces, and Scandal for Bullets, Dr. *Plausible* and his Party raised such Power as to defeat their Enemies, and a Trophy was erected in Memory of their Victory; wherein the Three Champions, who clubbed for the Farce, were represented as in the Picture we mentioned to have seen in the Gallery of *Luxembourg*, with the Inscription under it that gave rise to this Digression. But now we re-assume our first Intention.

However, what has been said is not so foreign to our main Design, as most of the pretty Episodes of Modern Writers; for we hope to make it appear from unquestionable MSS. in the *Cotton and Bod-*

Gulliver Decypher'd.

Leian Libraries, and several others collated by our Friends the *Clarissimi* both at *Rome* and *Paris*, that Two of this Triumvirate, and the merry Pontiff of their Acquaintance, is the individual LEMUEL GULLIVER, whom we undertake to discover to the World. But first, we shall beg leave to assign some Reasons why it cannot possibly be written by the Reverend Dean, on whom it is maliciously fathered, or whom the Bookseller for his own gain insinuates to be the Author of it.

The First Reason for our Opinion in this important Matter is, that in the *Greek* Copies of this Work, there are all possible Marks of very early Antiquity, the Characters being the same with the *Inscriptio Sigea* lately published by a learned Antiquary; and it appears that the *Greek* Letter about which he and One of our learned Professors disputed, is not once made use of throughout the whole Work, as the Publick may be informed from the accurate Mr. *Hern* of *Oxford*, who collected the *Bodleian* MSS. for us. So that we may presume to affirm, without any Disparagement to the Reverend D——, that the Piece could not be his, since it is very probable that he cannot so much as read the Characters in which the Original is written (though in other Respects a good *Grecian*) and this he will assure any one of, that is curious enough to enquire, having never pretended to any great Skill in the Philological Way, though always a great Advocate for the Antients; thinking it best no doubt with his Master Sir *William Temple* to defend them in our own Mother Tongue, as being what is best understood by us.

Another Reason why this Book cannot be the D——'s is, that it plainly appears to be the Work of an Heathen or *Jew*, there being not one Word of true Christianity in it, but several ludicrous and obscene Passages.

Passages, which are shocking even to common Decency; and every Body is acquainted with the D——'s great Piety and Devotion, as well as his *Abhorrence* of Blasphemy and Irreligion.

A Third Reason why this Book cannot be the worthy D——'s, is the many oblique Reflections it is said to cast upon our present happy Administration, to which it is well known how *devoutly* he is attached and affected.

For Method Sake, we shall examine each of these Reasons severally, and prove them from undoubted Passages taken out of the Book itself, and diligently revised and compared with the Original; but first, by way of Prolegomena, or Preliminary Discourse, say something of the Design and Intent of the real Author or Authors of this Performance.

A learned Scholiast, who flourished about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, assures us, that this laborious Work was begun in the latter End of the Reign of the great Queen before-mentioned, at the Desire of her *Grand Treasurer* and *Chief Secretary*, and several others of her great Officers, in order to oppose the contrary Faction and abuse the succeeding Government: And that the Reader may form a true Notion of the Spirit of its Authors, he gives some Account of these Ministers from the Writings of their own Party.

“ The Grand Treasurer, says our Scholiast, (as a celebrated Author tells us) always held much deep Conversation with himself, had his Countenance chequer'd with Business and Design; was sometimes seen to walk very fast, with his Eyes fast nailed to a Paper that he held in his Hands; was a great Saver of Time; somewhat thick of Hearing; very short of Sight, but more of Memory. A Man ever in Haste, a great Hatcher and Breeder of Business, and

excellent at the famous Art of *Whispering Nothing*: An huge Idolater of Monosyllables and Procrastination; so ready to *give* his Word to every Body, that he never *kept it*; one that forgot the common *Meaning* of Words, but an admirable Retainer of the *Sound*. Extremely subject to the *Looseness*, for his *Occasions* were ever *calling him away*." * * *

* * * * *

Here, to our great Misfortune, is an irretrievable *Hiatus in Manuscript*. We have therefore no Account from our Scholiast of the Rest of the Ministers: But what we can learn from other Authors is this, namely, that the *Chief Secretary* was a young Gentleman of admirable Qualities, both natural and acquired; a most excellent Speaker, and one who had an uncommon Capacity for Business, but withal so enslaved by his Fears, that he was, at last, prevailed upon to quit his Party. * * *

* * * * *

The next in Power, though first in Rank, was the *Grand Chancellor*, one deeply skilled in the Laws, and an excellent Orator; but wholly governed by Avarice, which easily induced him to go over to the other Side for *valuable* Considerations. * * *

* * * * *

The last whom we shall have Occasion to mention as a great Promoter of this Work, was the *Commander of the Forces*, a Person whom all the celebrated Writers of those Times highly extol for his singular Humanity, Good Nature, and Generosity, having wasted, instead of making, his Fortune in his Country's Service; and yet at length he was forced to quit it for some Reasons of which History is silent; but it is generally agreed, that he
never

never did any Thing really to forfeit his Character, as the Rest of his Junto had done. For the *Grand Treasurer* is abused by many, as well as the forecited Author; though it does not appear from any Authors of good Credit, that he ever forfeited his Integrity, however he might act upon mistaken Principles: All the Writers of those Times allow him to be a Man of extraordinary Understanding, very learned, intrepid, and generous to a Fault, dying in Debt, though he had the Management of the publick Revenues for several Years; however his dark and intricate Way of dealing made the Generality of Mankind have a worse Opinion of him than he deserved.

This last Minister was the principal Promoter (as our Scholiast tells us) of the Piece we are now to examine, and the Pontiff *Martin* (for that was his Name in plain *English*) had the chief Hand in composing it, being his Creature and Domestick; though there is great Reason to believe that *Peter* and *Johnny* were concerned in it from several Peculiarities remarkable in their Writings, as hereafter shall be shewn, and from the general Current of Antiquity.

But before we produce any farther Proofs of their being the Authors of this Work, we must first prove negatively who is not, as we before promised, from Three different and undeniable Arguments, which are these:

First, From the Characters and Stile of the Original, which is unquestionable from what has been urged already.

Secondly, From the ludicrous, trifling, and obscure Passages in it. And

Thirdly, from the Reflections it is said to cast upon the present Government and Friends.

But

But though we have divided what we design to say into several Heads, to shew our Skill in *Analytick*, we hope the courteous Reader will not imagine us such dull Fellows to be methodical, since he may be assured that it is not our Design, having the general Current of Antiquity, as well as the Practice of the most approved modern Writers and Speakers, to support us in saying whatever we think fit as incoherently as we find necessary, notwithstanding the ungentle Schemes of the Schoolmen. So that if we lay down any Topick of Discourse, the Judicious must not expect us to speak to it any more than certain noted Speech-makers in both Houses, or the celebrated *Montaigne* in his Essays, or famous City Preachers, schismatical Orators, or Academical Lectures, whose Discourses will commonly serve for any Subject or Text in the Bible as well as that they undertake to handle, which, it must be granted, is a very ingenious Contrivance, and of very great Use to such as have but a small Stock.

Now I am talking of Persons, it puts me in Mind of the *Grand Treasurer's* Chaplain, for so we may call him, whatever his Title was in those Times; whether Secretary, Steward, Pimp, or Decypherer, for we have heard of considerable Pontiffs, who have supplied the Place of each of these great Officers, with very great Success and Advantage. Mr. *Martin*, you must know (for that was his Name, as we said before, according to our *English* Termination) was what the Country Folk call a jolly lusty Fellow, a most excellent Man at a Loin of Beef; and for Claret, few could match him; and then he was blessed with a sort of Grace for which a neighbouring Country is very famous, being never known to blush in his Life, but once, when discovered on his Knees in private. Our Author tells us, that he had Abund-

ance of Wit and Humour, that he generally employed it upon trifling Occasions, or to ridicule Religion, or libel the Government; never having produced any Thing in his own Profession, but what had served to make a Jest of it. He had an excellent Knack at composing merry Odes upon Matters of State, and of burlesquing the Hymns that were dedicated to their Deities; though some Writers attribute these rather to his Friend *Peter*, since more consistent with his Character as a Ballad-singer, and as not being of the Pontifical College, though he professed himself to be One of that Sect, whose Way of Worship was most absurd and superstitious: For *Martin*, *Peter*, and *John* differed from each other in the *Modes*, however they might agree in the *Essentials* of Religion; though the Criticks say, that *John* was the most serious, his Countrymen being generally inclined to *Enthusiasm*. Having now got our Three Wags together, let us leave them a little whilst we examine their Performance.

We shall not detain our Readers with Remarks upon the Title of the Book, or upon what the Publisher says to the Reader, since foreign to our main Design, which is to vindicate the Reverend D—, on whom it is maliciously fathered: Besides, every Body is now acquainted with *Curlism*, or the Tricks which Bookfellers put upon the World, in order to raise their Market.

The Account which the Author is said to give of himself and Family, his Travels, &c. are manifest Forgeries, not one Word of them being in the Original; so that they seem to have been added to the *English* Version by the Author of *Robinson Crusoe*, to enhance the Price, and other Reasons very obvious. We are told, indeed, that the learned B—y intends to favour the World with a Dissertation upon the

the Words *Gulliver*, *Lilliput*, and the Rest of the Terms made use of throughout this Piece, to shew that they are originally *Syriack*, but have been corrupted by the Copyists; and by this it is thought the *pious D* — means to prove, that the Queen we mentioned in the Beginning of this Book, was really the famous *Zenobia*, so remarkable for her Chastity, that she used to turn her Husband out of Bed the Minute she had conceived; which looks something like an Argument for Bigamy, were we not well assured of the D — Continnence and Self-Denial.

In this Dissertation it is demonstrated, that the Word *Emperor* in the *English*, is in the Original sometimes written ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣ or βασίλισσα; which some of the merry Fellows of *Trinity* in *Cambridge* will needs interpret *Queen Anne*, from whence others infer, that the Pretender is certainly meant by this Description of the Emperor of *Lilliput*; (Page 29.) “He is taller than any of his Court, which strikes an Awe into the Beholders. His Features are strong and masculine with an *Austrian* Lip and arched Nose, his Complexion Olive, his Countenance erect, his Body and Limbs well proportioned; all his Motions graceful, and his Deportment majestick. He also says this Prince lives chiefly upon his own Demefnes, seldom, except upon great Occasions, raising any Subsidies upon his Subjects, who are bound to attend him in his Wars at their own Expence.”

(Page 85.) The Account of Rope-dancing is much discanted on by the judicious and politick. “This Diversion is only practised by those Persons, who are Candidates for great Employments, and high Favour at Court. They are trained in this Art from their Youth, and are not always of noble Birth or liberal Education. When a great Office is vacant, either by Death or Disgrace (which often happens) Five

or Six Candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the Court with a Dance on the Rope, and whoever jumps highest without falling, succeeds in the Office. Very often, the chief Ministers themselves are commanded to shew their Skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their Faculty. *Flimnap*, the *Treasurer*, is allowed to cut a Caper on the strait Rope, at least, an Inch higher than any other Lord in the whole Empire. I have seen him do the *Somerfet* several Times together upon a Trencher fixed on the Rope——. The principal *Secretary* for private Affairs is, in my Opinion, if I am not partial, the Second after the *Treasurer*; the Rest of the great Officers are much upon a Par.

These Diversions are often attended with fatal Accidents, whereof great Numbers are on Record. I myself have seen Two or Three Candidates break a Limb. But the Danger is much greater when the Ministers themselves are commanded to shew their Dexterity; for by contending to excel themselves and their Fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly One of them who hath not received a Fall, and some of them Two or Three. I was assured, that a Year or Two before my Arrival, the *Treasurer* would infallibly have broke his Neck, if one of the King's Cushions, that accidentally lay on the Ground, had not weakened the Force of his Fall."

"There is likewise another Diversion, which is only shewn before the Emperor and Empress, and First Minister, upon particular Occasions. The Emperor lays upon a Table Three fine Silken Threads of Six Inches long; One is Purple, the other Yellow, and the Third White. These Threads are proposed as Prizes for those Persons whom the Emperor hath a Mind to distinguish by a peculiar Mark of his Favour. The Ceremony is performed in
his

his Majesty's great Chamber of State, where the Candidate are to undergo a Trial of Dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least Resemblance of in any other Country, of the old or new World. The Emperor holds a Stick in his Hands, both Ends parallel to the Horizon, while the Candidates, advancing One by One, sometimes leap over the Stick, sometimes creep over it backwards and forewards several Times, according as the Stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one End of the Stick, and his First Minister the other; sometimes the Minister hath it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his Part with most Agility, and holds it out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the Purple coloured Silk; the Yellow is given to the next, and the White to the Third, which they all wear girt twice round about the Middle; and you see few great Persons about this Court who are not adorned with one of these Girdles."

Your Dealers in Mysteries will certainly find out strange Meanings in this Description of Dancing upon Ropes and leaping over Sticks; and give a political Turn to every particular Circumstance of it. But how can Matters done so long ago affect us. But if they must needs be more modern, from thence we argue, that the Reverend *De—n* could have no Hand in them, since he is wholly devoted to Piety and Religion. A farther Argument of this is the following Relation, which the Author of the Book gives, of a Conference between him and the Principal *Secretary* of private Affairs.

(Page 70.) "One Morning he came to my House, attended only by one Servant, he ordered his Coach, to wait at a Distance, and desired me to give him an Hour's Audience; which I readily consented to on
account

account of his Quality and personal Merits, as well as the many good Offices he had done me during my Solicitation at Court. He began with Compliments upon my Liberty; but added, that if it had not been for the present Situation of Things at Court, perhaps I might not have obtained it soon. For, said he, as flourishing a Condition as we may appear to be in to Foreigners, we labour under two mighty Evils; a violent Faction at Home, and the Danger of an Invasion of a most potent Enemy from Abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above Seventy Moons there have been Two struggling Parties in this Empire, under the Names of *Trameckfan* and *Slameckfan*, from the High and Low Heels on their Shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alledged, indeed, that the high Heels are most agreeable to our ancient Constitution; but however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make Use only of low Heels in the Administration of the Government, and all Offices in the Gift of the Crown, as you cannot but observe. (Page 72.)—The Animositities between these Two Parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the high Heels to exceed us in Number; but the Power is wholly on our Side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the Heir to the Crown, to have some Tendency towards the high Heels; at least we can plainly discover One of his Heels higher than the other, which gives him an Hobble in his Gate. Now in the Midst of these intestine Disquiets, we are threatened with an Invasion from *Blefuscu*, which is the other great Empire of the Universe.—These Two mighty Powers have been engaged in a most obstinate War for Six and Thirty Moons past. It began upon the following Occasion. It is allowed on all Hands, that the primitive

primitive Way of breaking Eggs before we eat them was upon the larger End: But his present Majesty's Grandfather, whilst he was a Boy, going to eat an Egg, and breaking it according to the ancient Practice, happened to cut one of his Fingers; whereupon the Emperor, his Father, published an Edict, commanding all his Subjects, upon great Penalties, to break the smaller End of their Eggs. The People so highly resented this Law, that our History tells us, that there have been Six Rebellions raised on that Account; wherein One Emperor lost his Life, and another his Crown. These civil Commotions were constantly fomented by the Monarchs of *Blefuscu*; and when they were quelled, the Exiles always fled for Refuge to that Empire. It is computed, that Eleven thousand Persons have, at several Times, suffered Death, rather than submit to break their Eggs at the smaller End. Many Hundred large Volumes have been published upon this Controversy: But the Books of the *Big-Endians* have been long forbidden, and the whole Party rendered incapable by Law of holding Employments. During the Course of these Troubles, the Emperors of *Blefuscu* did frequently expostulate by their Ambassador, accusing us of making a Schism in Religion, by offending against a fundamental Doctrine of our great Prophet *Lustrog*, in the Fifty-Fourth Chapter of the *Blunderal* (which is their *Alcoran*). This, however is thought to be a mere Sham upon the Text; for the Words are these; *That all true Believers shall break their Eggs at a convenient End*; and which is the convenient End, seems in my humble Opinion to be left to every Man's Conscience, or at least in the Power of the Civil Magistrate, to determine. Now the *Big-Indian* Exiles have found so much Credit in the Emperor of *Blefuscu*'s Court, and so much private Assistance and

Encourage-

Encouragement from their Party here at Home, that a bloody War hath been carried on between the Two Empires for Six and Thirty Moons, with various Success; during which Time, we have lost Forty capital Ships, and a much greater Number of smaller Vessels, together with Thirty Thousand of our best Seamen and Soldiers; and the Damage received by Enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours.

The Reflections that will occur to every Reader, upon this Conference, is so obvious, that we shall not so much as hint at them, but proceed to the next remarkable Passage, in order to compleat our Quotations before we begin our Remarks or Observations.

The following Questions, supposed to be asked by a certain King, are not in all the MSS. Copies, so the Criticks are not agreed about them. — (Page 112.) “He asked me (says the Author) what Methods were used to cultivate the Minds of our young Nobility, and in what Kind of Business they commonly spent the first and teachable Part of their Lives? What Course was taken to supply that Assembly when any Noble Family became extinct? What Qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new Lords? Whether the Humour of the Prince, a Sum of Money to a Court Lady, or a Prime Minister, or a Design of strengthening a Party to the Publick Interest, ever happened to be the Motives in those Advancements? What Share of Knowledge these Lords had in the Laws of their Country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the Property of their Fellow Subjects in the last Resort? Whether they were always so free from Avarice, Partialities, or Want, that a Bribe, or some other sinister View, could have no Place amongst them? Whether those holy Lords [* spoke of, were
always

* *There are plain Marks of Novelty in this Passage.*

always promoted to that Rank upon account of their Knowledge in religious Matters, and the Sanctity of their Lives, had never been Compliers with the Times; while they were common Priests, or slavish prostitute Chaplains to some Nobleman, whose Opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that Assembly.”]

“† He then desired to know what Arts were practised in electing those I called Commoners: Whether a Stranger with a strong Purse might not influence the vulgar Voters to choose him before their own Landlord, or the most considerable Gentleman in the Neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that People were so violently bent upon getting into this Assembly, which I allowed to be a great Trouble and Expence; often to the Ruin of their Families, without any Salary or Pension? Because this appeared such an exalted Strain of Virtue and publick Spirit, that his Majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: (Page 114.) And he desired to know whether such zealous Gentlemen could have any Views of refunding themselves for the Charges and Trouble they were at, by sacrificing the Publick Good to the Designs of a weak and vicious Prince, in Conjunction with a corrupted Ministry? He multiplied his Questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every Part of this Head, proposing numberless Enquiries and Objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.”

These Passages which we have here cited are all that we find worth our Notice in the five First Chapters of this Work; though some think, that what is said of the *Galbet* or Admiral (*p.* 58) is meant of a great Man, who was once the *worthy D——*’s Patron;

† *This is likewise suspicious.*

tron; which is not at all probable, since he describes “him to be a *Person of a very morose and sour Complexion, though much in his Master's Confidence and well versed in Affairs;*” and we cannot imagine so considerable a Man to be capable of abusing his Benefactor, how common soever such Practices are now in the World.

Hitherto we meet not with any Footsteps of the Original from whence the Main of this Work is taken. It must indeed be acknowledged, that both the Diversion of *Rop-dancing and leaping over Sticks*, as well as the Account of the Quarrel about *breaking Eggs at the small End, and of the High and Low Heels*, is in some pretty ancient Copies, and a Friend assures us, that he has seen One in the *Harleian* Library, wherein all these Particulars were contained Word for Word; yet, as upon our applying to the late worthy Librarian we could not get a Sight thereof, we are apt to think they are not genuine: However, it must be owned, that they have an Air of Antiquity, since it is well known, that the Eastern Nations were much inclined to an *Allegorical Way* of Writing.

The Sixth Chap. (Page 92.) agrees, for the most Part with the Original, Allowance being made for false Renderings, by reason of the Difficulty of the Language, and for some Errors that have crept in by the Ignorance of Transcribers, in frequently confounding the Glosses with the Text; but this may reasonably be excused, since it happened to the Works of many great Men; particularly to *Origen's* famous Edition of the *Septuagint*, which is the Reason, no doubt, why so few, now a-days, understand the Bible, and that Men of Wit and Politeness never read it.

Distance of Time, indeed, makes it very difficult to guess what the Author means, when he says, *that*
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the common Size of the Natives of Lilliput is somewhat under Six Inches, and that there is an exact Proportion in all other Animals, as well as Plants and Trees. For this and the other fabulous Descriptions in this Book, we shall therefore refer the Curious to the Commentators upon *Petronius*, *Monf. Rabbais*, the *Tale of a Tub*, &c. who can find out secret Meanings in Books with which the Authors themselves were never acquainted.

As for the Account of their Learning, Laws, Customs, and Manners of educating Children, which we read in the following Pages of this First Part, it is perfectly agreeable to the *Greek*, and may serve for a useful Reprehension to us.

But by this Time we cannot Think, but that the courteous Reader is fully satisfied, that the Reverend D——we are vindicating, cannot possibly be the Author of this Part of the Book that is maliciously ascribed to him; which is so very trifling, that it is not to be imagined that a *serious* D——n, who has Religion, and the Good of Souls *so much* at Heart, could act so contrary to the Dignity of his Character, merely to gratify a little Party Malice, or to oblige a Set of People who are never likely to have it in their Power to serve him, or any of their Adherents. Doubtless he, *good Man*, employs his Time to more sacred Purposes than in writing Satires and Libels upon his Superiors, or in composing *Grub-street* Pamphlets to divert the Vulgar of all Denominations.

These Suppositions are altogether as absurd as if we were to see the Bishops and Judges playing at Leap-frog; whereas all this exactly tallies with the Character of One of the Persons, whom our learned Scholiast before-mentioned, proves to be concerned in this Book, in his Dissertation upon the Seventeenth

Line of the *Harleian MS.* where he relates this remarkable Story.

MARTIN, says he, was so addicted to Ribaldry and Lampooning, and trifling Compositions, to which he gave a very entertaining Turn by means of his uncommon Wit and Humour, that all the Books or Pamphlets of this Kind were fathered upon him; which made such an Impression upon the good Queen, who had a great Regard to Religion, that all the Interest of the *Grand Treasurer* and *Chief Secretary* could never prevail to raise him to the first Rank in the Pontifical College, notwithstanding their repeated Endeavours to promote him. Though it is said they had once almost obtained a *Congé d'Elire* for him, when an old Pontiff, for whom the Queen had the greatest Regard, came and assured her Majesty that he was a Contemner of the Gods, and had written professedly against Religion; so he was forced to content himself with a lower Office in a neighbouring Island, where he continued snarling at Mankind, libelling the Government, and ridiculing Religion as long as he lived.

It will here be necessary to tell the Reader, that most of our Observations upon this Work are taken from a MS. Book very fairly written in the *Syriack* Language, that is to be met with in the Library we have had often occasion to mention in the foregoing Remarks; the Title of it in *English* is the *Life of Scriblerus*, which though for some Reasons has never been made publick; and had it not been for our great Intimacy with the Librarian, we should never have been able to oblige the Publick with these curious Animadversions.

The next remarkable Passage is a Satire upon the *English Ladies*, in express Terms, which neither *Bentley*, nor any of the Criticks, will, I presume,

alledge is in the Original, since it is contradictory both to History and Chronology; for our *Bonducas*, with their embroidered Skins and broad Swords, were hardly known in *Greece* so long ago; and had the Author lived in this Age, and been acquainted with our *Hydes*, our *Harveys*, and infinite others not to be enumerated, he would not have asserted (Page 23.) 'That *their fair Skins appear so beautiful to us, only because their Defects are not to be seen without a magnifying Glass, &c.*

I am confident, that Lady *Mary* ** will vouch for the witty Dean, that he could never be Author of this Piece of Scandal, since it would be an Argument of his Ingratitude, as well as Want of Judgment; the Ladies, it is well known, purchase many a *Grub-street* Production for his Sake; witness the Story of the wild Youth, &c. though it is much they could imagine, that the Dean had so little Business or Regard to this Character, as to spend his Time in such Trifles: But some argue, on the other Side, that since Emperors have thought catching of Flies not unworthy of them, why may not Prelates play at *Push-pin*.

This Satire is continued (Page 85.) and levelled expressly at the *Maids* of Honour; but we may assure the World, that we never heard any great Harm of those of our *British* Court; though there goes a malicious Story of one of their Predecessors, how that searching for certain little troublesome Animals one Evening by Candle-light, she had the Misfortune to set Fire to her Smock, &c.—upon which a certain Duke is said to have written an excellent Ballad.

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** *The common Opinion is, That most of this Part of the Work is Peter's, from the Touches of Obscenity that are frequently met with; and particularly in the foregoing Passage.*

We find another modern political Interpolation (Page 58.) &c.

As also Pages 108, 109, &c. where an Account is given of the Lords and Commons, the Bishops and Judges; of which this is most remarkable, viz.

That the First are the Ornament, &c. of the Kingdom—worthy Followers of their renowned Ancestors, whose Honour had been the Reward of their Virtue, from which their Posterity were never once known to degenerate, &c. There are some who will needs have this Passage to be ironical, but with what Grounds, we leave it to the Reader to determine.

(P. 110.) The Commons, he says, *are all principal Gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the People themselves for their great Abilities and Love of their Country, &c.*

This Passage is for the most Part genuine, and must certainly be meant of some *Roman* Senate in the Infancy of the State; for it is ridiculous to expect an Assembly of this Sort in a wealthy and flourishing Nation; *Rome* herself grew continually more and more corrupt, in Proportion to the Increase of her Power and Riches. So that the following Queries are equally applicable to any prosperous Nation of the present or former Ages.

(Page 111.) First, “What Method is taken to cultivate the Minds and Bodies of our young Nobility, and how they spend the first and teachable Part of their Lives.” Why, *with their Mother's Chambermaids, an half-learned Tutor, and the more polite Groom and Footmen.*

Again, it is asked, “Whether the Humour of the Prince, a Sum of Money to a Court Lady, or a Prime Minister, or a Design of strengthening a Party, &c. were not the Motives for making new Lords, &c.” — Most certainly, they often have been, and will be:

And what is the mighty Inference from all this, but that every Government has *particular* Designs to bring about, and makes Use of proper Means to effect them.

Then Enquiry is made after their Knowledge in the Laws, &c. so as to enable them to decide in the last Resort. And as for the Objection of Avarice, Partiality, Want, and Bribes, they have doubtless had Place in all Reigns. Being *slavish prostitute Chaplains* is certainly a good Step *towards becoming an Holy Lord*; but it does not always succeed, as *some Folks* very well know by Experience; for the same Degree of Iniquity that can raise one Man to an *Archbishoprick*, cannot lift another above a *Deanery*.

The next Query is, *p.* 113. "Whether a strong Purse does not influence Vulgar Votes?" Yea, marry does it, as you may be informed from honest *Numps*, and his Friend at *Madrid*:— And the Reason of the Eagerness to get into this Assembly is, Interest, Ambition, Party, or Prejudice; so it has been, and so it will be; and People certainly *have Views of re-junding themselves for their Trouble and Charges*. As the World now stands, there is no living without Money, the Desire of bearing Rule is natural to us, and every Man is inclined to some Party, and liable to some Prejudices. This is undeniable, to omit other Instances, from the Elections into learned Societies; amongst whom, if any where, we might expect Candour and Impartiality: But I appeal to our Two Universities, whether their Candidates for Fellowships have any great Hopes from their Merit. A late Vice Chancellor knows very well, what Faction and Discord rages amongst them, what Wiles and Stratagems he has been forced to have Recourse to, to get a *Townsmen* himself elected; and it is remarkable, that the largest Society in either of them is the freest from these Disorders, because the Body of the Students are
not

not concerned in the Government of the Society : Whereas another Set of Gentlemen, who have a small Affinity with them, have never been able to agree with their Governor, because there may *something* be got by quarrelling

We come now to the Courts of Justice, where the the Author tells us, *p. 115.* that he was *formerly almost ruined by a long Suit in Chancery, though it was decreed to him with Costs, &c.* Here we must, with Grief, acknowledge, "that most unreasonably tedious are the Determinations of Right and Wrong ; that Advocates plead in Causes manifestly unjust, vexatious, and oppressive ; that Party and Politicks have been often of Weight in the Scales of Justice ; and that these Orators are not educated so much in the general Knowledge of Equity, as in national and local Customs ; and that, at different Times, some have pleaded for and against the same Cause." *p. 115.*

He falls, afterwards, upon the Management of our Treasury, &c. — saying (p. 115.) that it was a Mistake to compute the Taxes at Five or Six Millions, because they amounted to more than double ; (p. 116.) that he was at a Loss how a Kingdom could run out of its Estate like a private Person ; asking, who were our Creditors, and how we were to pay them ? — That he was amazed to hear of a mercenary standing Army in the Midst of Peace, and among a free People, &c. — That a private Man's House might be better defended by himself, his Children, and his Family, than by Half a Dozen Rascals picked up at a Venture, who might get more by cutting their Throats.

Every Body knows, that all this has been a common *Jacobite* Insinuation from King *William's Dutch Guards* to the last *Augmentation* ; but, to our great Surprise, it is of late very frequently in the Mouths

of a quite different Set of People, discarded Courtiers some call them, of whom we may truly say——

No King can govern, nor no God can please.

For unless they are concerned in the Administration, nothing goes right; and as to Religion, they are equally averse to all the Modes of it. *Hobbs, Harrington, Algernoon Sidney, and Buchanan* are their only Prophets; though some of them admit *Julian Johnson, Bishop Burnet, &c. * * * ** amongst the *Minores Prophetae*. The following Paragraph may serve for a Hint to these Gentlemen; where the Author, speaking of the Sectaries, says (p. 117.) that *he knew no Reason why those who entertain Opinions prejudicial to the Publick, should be obliged to change, or should be obliged to conceal them. And as it is Tyranny in any Government to require the first, so it is Weakness not to enforce the second: For a Man may be allowed to keep Poisons in his Closet, but not to vend them about for Cordials.*

What is said of Gaming, is no less than *Scandalum Magnatum*, “for many of our Nobility and Gentry (as he tells us, p. 118) spend great Part of their Time this Way; it often affects their Fortunes; and mean and vicious People, by this Art, arrive at great Riches, and keep the very Nobles in Dependance, who being habituated with such vile Companions, sometimes, learn and practise this infamous Dexterity upon others.” Any Man may be convinced of this who steps but into *White’s*, where he will see Numbers of these Wretches very familiar with Men of Quality; though he would suspect them to have returned from Transportation: The most notorious amongst these is an over-grown gloomy-looking Fellow, who flying from Justice in *Scotland* came barefoot to *London*,
where

where by Pimping, Cheating, Stock-jobbing, and such thriving Employments, he has amass'd a very great Estate, and is now a Companion to those who formerly would have been ashamed to entertain him as their Footman; and it is said, he was not long since condemned for a Rape, but that a certain great Man procured him a Pardon. From hence our Author might have observed, that few Errors in Government are so mischievous to Society as suffering such Miscreants to live with Impunity.

So that he might have spared his Recapitulation, *p.* 119. where he says,

“ That Ignorance, Idleness, and Vice are sometimes the only Ingredients for qualifying a Legislator; and that Laws are best explained, &c. by those whose Interest and Abilities lie in perverting them, &c. That our Institution is wholly blotted by Corruptions, &c. That it does not appear that any one Virtue is required towards the Procurement of any one Station among you, and much less, that Men are ennobled on Account of it; that Priests are advanced for their Piety or Learning, Soldiers for their Conduct or Valour, Judges for their Integrity, Senators for the Love of their Country, or Counsellors for their Wisdom.”

Now supposing all this to be true, should not the Author have followed the Advice which *Dionysius Halicarnassæus* (he tells us *p.* 123.) gives to an Historian, where he says, *I would hide the Frailties and Deformities of my political Mother, and place her Virtues and Beauties in the most advantageous Light.*

The Surprize he makes his fictitious King in, at his acquainting him with the Use of Gunpowder, and his Reflections thereupon, must be allowed to be admirable; and he thence makes this Inference.

“ A strange Effect of *narrow Principles, and short Views!* That a Prince, possessed of every Quality which procures Veneration, &c. should, from a *nice unnecessary* Scruple, whereof, in *Europe*, we can have no Conception, let slip an Opportunity of making himself absolute Master of his People.”

All Men must agree with him, where he tells us, p. 128. “ that he is against all *Mystery, Refinement, or Intrigue*, either in a Prince or a Minister; that he could not tell what is meant by *Secrets of State*, where an Enemy, or some Rival Nation are not in the Case: P. 129. And that whoever could make Two Ears of Corn, or Two Blades of Grass, to grow upon a Spot of Ground, where only One grew before, would deserve better of Mankind, and do more effectual Service to his Country, than the whole Race of Politicians put together.”

These, and several other Passages in this Book discover Abundance of the Spirit and good Sense of the Dean we are vindicating; and we should be apt to conclude them to be his, were they not to be found in the best *Greek* Manuscript Copies of this Work. Of the same Species are the following Particulars.

The Author speaking of the Laws, &c. of these People, says (Page 130.) — That their Laws were explained in the most plain and simple Terms, wherein they were not mercurial enough to discover above one Interpretation, &c. — (Page 132.) That their Style is masculine and smooth, but not florid, for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary Words, or using various Expressions, &c. — (Page 136.) That as to their Government, they have been troubled with the same Disease to which so many others are subject; the Nobility often contending for *Power*, the People for *Liberty*, and the Prince for *absolute Dominion*.

Hitherto

Hitherto *Martin* seems to go on without much Assistance from his Friends of the *Triumvirate*, and now Dr. *Johnny* begins to make his Appearance, giving us a Specimen of his Physicks and Mathematicks, whilst *Peter* levels his Talent at the Ladies.

We shall say nothing to the Account given us of *Gulliver's* Arrival at a certain Island in the Air, nor his meeting with People as tall as Spire-Steeple, or his conversing with Horses: The Narrative Part of this not being, as we before observed, in any authentick MSS. nor agreeable to what we find in the Life of *Scriblerus*; for considering the ridiculous Absurdity of these Travels, they can, at best, be designed only for a Satire upon those Writers that affect the marvellous and improbable, and upon the wild and monstrous Relations of Travellers; as *Don Quixote* was written to expose Knight-Errantry, and a famous Tale——to ridicule Religion. It is supposed to be with the same View, that a certain Orator reads Lectures in Divinity, and compiles Liturgies: For his Friend the *Terra Filius* lately assured us, *That the Performance at the Oratory was an admirable Burlesque upon Preaching and Praying*, for which Reason he designs it a Panegyrick in his next Edition.

And this puts me in Mind of an odd Observation made by an old Fellow in a Coffee-house; — “What the Devil, says he, (throwing down the Papers) have Religion and the Bear-Garden to do together? Why the Rascal tells us (taking up the Papers) at *Figg's Amphitheatre*,———*The Academical Lecture will be upon Job, &c.*——— Hold, hold, —— I mistake a Line or Two, but see how luckily Things hit, for certainly, Gentlemen, (continues he) *you must allow, that these Advertisements are very judiciously placed, being admirable Specimens of the Trials of Skill in Oxford-Road and Newport-Market.*

If our Judgment of Books was to be determined by their Success, *Gulliver's Travels* is certainly the best Piece that ever was written, except *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Seven Champions*, *Jack the Giant-killer*, and a few more; for it is very remarkable, that there have been several Thousands sold in a Week; and it is already translated into the *French* Language, in which we are told *Robinson Crusoe* has been very successful. But it is well known, that *Milton* went off, at first very slowly; that *Dean Prideaux* could hardly get a Purchaser for his *Connection*, &c. and that a famous Printer was lately undone by the *Bible*.

The Reason of this is, that there are more Fools than People of Judgment in the World; therefore a famous Poet was certainly in the Right, when giving an Account why his ——— *What-d'y'-call it* was hissed off the Stage, ——— *D———n them*, said he, *they have not Wit enough to take it*; for really the Farce was allowed to be a very uncommon Performance.

It is generally thought by the best Criticks and Commentators, that the *Triumvirate*, *Martin*, *Peter*, and *Johnny*, took a Hint from something of this Nature, and so adapted their Work to the Understanding and Capacity of their courteous Readers; and the Discerning of the present Age conjecture, that the Compilers from it have calculated their Additions and Improvements to the Meridian of modern Wits. But we would be glad to know whether *H——re* or *Bentley* have given it the reading.

If this Book were to be decyphered merely from a View of it, without any Hints or secret History, this would be a very natural Conclusion: We should be apt to fancy it the Production of Two or Three Persons, who want neither Wit nor Humour; but who are very full of themselves, and hold the Rest of Mankind

kind in great Contempt; who think sufficient Regard is not paid to their Merit by those in *Power*, for which Reason they rail at them; who have written some Pieces with Success and Applause, and therefore presume, that whatever comes from them must be implicitly received by the Publick. In this last Particular they are certainly right, for the superficial People of the Town, who have no Judgment of their own, are presently amused by a great Name; tell them, by way of a Secret, that such a Thing is Dr. *Swift's*, Mr. *Pope's*, or any other Persons of Note and Genius, and immediately it flies about like Wild-fire: But one of these Gentlemen himself can tell you, that his admirable *Essay upon Criticism* lay upon the Bookseller's Hands for some Time; and the Reasons for this are very obvious.

The Generality of the World are by no Means blessed with that Talent of Mind, or *Exactness of Judgment*, which is necessary to qualify a Man to pass a just Sentence upon every Thing that offers itself to the Understanding. Many a gaping Fellow is entertained with the Wit of *Jack Pudding* in *Smithfield*, who would receive no Satisfaction from Mr. *Booth's* Propriety of Action, or the Justness of Speech in Mrs. *Porter*: And we have known several young Girls read *Crusoe* with Delight, who could not relish *Sidney's Arcadia*.

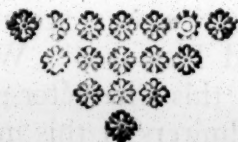
It must be allowed an extraordinary Piece of Condescension in great Men to stoop to the Capacities of the Vulgar, and to favour us with a *Layer of the Utile and Dulce together*; but a Man who might plead the *Excuse of Youth* in——96, *when taxed with trifling, taking a Liberty with his Pen, &c.* can have very little to say Thirty Years afterwards, for what *Ill suits with maturer Years, and a graver Character*. Such youthful Sallies in an old Fellow, must needs de-

serve a Rebuke from the Grave and Wise; though they may have been formerly delighted with his Wit and Humour.

But nothing is more intolerable than that Superiority which some *great Genii* assume over Mankind; who are not ashamed to tell us, that the Excellency of their Performances is *manifest* from the *Reception they meet with*; and that *those who approve them are a great Majority among the Men of Taste*. This, by a natural Concatenation of Thoughts, brings into my Memory, what is somewhere related of the celebrated *Sir William Temple*, of whom * *Bishop Burnet* gives us this Character: "He was a vain Man (says the Prelate) much blown up with Conceit, which he shewed too indecently upon all Occasions ——— He had a true Judgment in Affairs, and very good Principles in relation to Government; but in what related to Religion, he was very corrupt himself, and and endeavoured to infect all that came near him. He was a great Admirer of the Sect of *Confusies* in *China*, who were *Atheists* themselves, but left Religion to the Rabble. That all Things were as they are now, from Eternity, was one of his darling Notions; and his Practice was accordingly, Ease and Luxury and studied Pleasure." We shall not make any Application of this Character; however it may suit some of the Admirers of this mighty Man almost in every particular Circumstance. But proceed to our Story, which was this——*Sir William Temple*; and the famous *Lord Brumpher*, being Neighbours in the Country had frequently very sharp Contentions; like other great Men, one could not bear an Equal, and the other would not admit of a Superior. My
Lord

* See *Sir William Temple's Character* in *Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times*.

Lord was a great Admirer of Curiosities, and had a very good Collection, which Sir *William* used to undervalue upon all Occasions; disparaging every Thing of his Neighbour's, and giving something of his own the Preference: This by no Means pleased his Lordship, who took all Opportunities of being revenged. One Day, as they were discoursing together, of their several Rarities, my Lord, very seriously and gravely replied to him, "Sir *William*,——say no more of the Matter; you must at length yield to me,——I having lately got something which it is impossible for you to obtain:——For, Sir, says his Lordship, smiling,—my *Welch* Steward has sent me a Flock of Geese, and those are what you can never have; since all *your* Geese are Swans."



CRITICAL

F. M. A. R. 2

Capt. G. G. G. G. G.

C R I T I C A L
R E M A R K S
O N

Capt. GULLIVER's Travels.

By Doctor BANTLEY.

Published from the AUTHOR's Original MSS.

*Yethalonim Vualonyth fi chorathifima Comsyth,
Chym Lachchunyth mumys Thyalmiçlibari Imyschi.*

P L A U.

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T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

THOMAS MARLAY, Esq;

Lord Chief Baron of the Court of *Exchequer*
in *Ireland* and One of his Majesty's most
Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lord,

THE following *short Treatise* is particularly de-
signed for those who are Masters of Classical
Learning, and perfectly acquainted with the
Beauties of the antient Authors.

To a Person thus qualified I had a Desire to inscribe
it; and, after the strictest Enquiry, common Fame hath
directed me to you.

I do not pretend to have the Felicity of your Friend-
ship, nor can I hope to merit it by this Performance;
and contrary to the received Maxim of all Dedicators,
I will freely confess, that if any other Person might be
found, whose Virtues were as universally owned or
esteemed, or of whose Learning and polite Taste the
World conceived so high an Opinion, your Lordship would
probably have escaped this impertinent Application,
from, my Lord,

Your Lordship's
most Obedient, and
most Humble Servant,
R. B.

The NAMES of AUTHORS,
Whose WORKS are cited, and illustrated in the
following ESSAY.

Homer.

Appian.

Dion. Cassius.

Q. Calaber.

Eustathius.

Didymus.

Spondanus.

Clem. Alexandrinus.

Isocrates.

Strabo.

Plutarch.

Africanus.

Horace.

Virgil.

Juvenal.

Ausonius.

Statius.

Alexander ab Alex.

Gen. Dier.

Plautus.

Lucretius.

A. Gellius.

Suetonius.

Ælius Spartianus.

Jul. Capitolinus.

Angel. Politianus.

Pliny.

Ptolemy Georg.

Solinus Polyhistor.

Servius.

Chaucer.

Pope.

Malmfbury.

Randolphus.

S. Dunelm.

Rapin.

CRITICAL



C R I T I C A L

R E M A R K S

O N

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, &c.

THE *Travels* of Capt. *Gulliver* have been so much the Amusements of both Sexes for some Years past, that I need not acquaint the Reader, either with the Character of the *Author*, or his Book. However, I cannot forbear giving my Opinion of that Performance, and I shall endeavour to do it with all possible Candour and Conciseness.

Criticism, although so much decried by the Unlearned, and so injudiciously managed by some Writers, is an *Art* of infinite Advantage; because it directs the Judgments of those who might otherwise be misled, as well to disrelish Compositions which merit our Esteem, as to approve of those which are only worthy of our Contempt.

The *Antients* have received new Beauties from their Commentators, as Diamonds rough from the *Mine* derive new Lustre from the polishing.

Horace

Horace among the *Romans*, and *Milton* among the *Poets* of our own Nation, are held in just Honour: But, I believe, each of these eminent Authors owe many of their Works to the Labour and Learning of their Modern Publishers. Those Errors, which arose either from the Ignorance of *Copyists*, or the Conceit of *Interlopers*, or the Negligence of *Printers*, would be handed down to Posterity as a Reproach to the *Genius* of those great Men, if they had not been detected by judicious *Critics*, and accurately restored by their unwearied Application.

This may suffice as an Apology for my present Undertaking. I am far from denying Capt. *Gulliver* his allowed Merit, or envying him that uncommon Applause, which I must own he hath deservedly obtained:

[————— *neque Ego Illi detrachere ausim
Hærentem capiti multa cum laude Coronam.*]

HOR. Sat.

[Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
The Laurel, which he best deserves to wear.]

ROCH.

Yet, I think the World ought to be acquainted with some Particulars, which, as yet, have escaped the general Observation, and may be a Means to instruct us how to form a more equitable Judgment of the Merits and Defects of that Work.

I had Thoughts of publishing my Remarks on the Beauties and Blemishes of it, soon after its Appearance: But, the *Town* was then so universally prejudiced in its Favour, that I perceived it would be impossible to prevail with the Publick to alter its Opinion.

An agreeable new *Book* is received and treated like an agreeable young *Bride*: Men are unable to discern, and even unwilling to be told of those Faults in either, which are obvious enough after a more intimate Acquaintance. So that I may at present hope for more Attention to what I shall propose, than I could reasonably have expected in its first Success.

In a late Edition of *Gulliver*, printed by Subscription in *Dublin*, I observe an additional Letter from the Captain to his Friend Mr. *Symphon*, which was never before published.

He there complains of the various Censures passed upon his *Travels*, and particularly of that Part which treats of his Voyage to the Country of the *Houyhnhms*: That Nation, which he describes as the Seat of Virtue, and its Inhabitants as Models to all the World for *Justice, Truth, Cleanliness, Temperance, and Wisdom*, are (he says) reputed no better than mere Fictions of his own Brain; and the *Houyhnhms* or *Yahoos* deemed to have no more Existence than the Inhabitants of *Utopia*.

I readily own, that if we were to judge of the Manners of remote Countries by the Conduct either of our neighbouring Nations or our own, it might seem somewhat incredible, that Virtue could have any Kind of Esteem or Interest in any Part of the World. And therefore a Nation wholly influenced by *Truth* and *Honour*, might as justly seem a Prodigy to us, as the Speech and Policy of the Natives of *Houyhnhm* Land. And so far it might appear an imaginary Kingdom, rather than a real one.

But, as I think a good Author's Veracity ought not unjustly to be questioned, which might hinder all good Effect from his Writings; and as I am entirely unconcerned whether the *Captain's* Reputation might be more advanced by its passing for a *Fiction*,
than

than for a *Fact*, I shall undertake to convince the Learned, by sufficient Evidence, that such a Nation as he calls the *Houyhnhms*, was perfectly known by the Antients: That the Fame of their private and public Virtues was spread through *Athens*, *Italy*, and *Britain*; and that the wisest Poets and Historians of those Nations have left us ample Authorities to support his Opinion.

The first Author I shall cite is *Chaucer*; a Poet of our own Nation, who was well read in the antient Geography, and is allowed by all *Critics* to have been a Man of universal Learning, as well as of inimitable Wit and Humour.

The Passage is literally thus, as I transcribed it from a very fair antient Copy in the *Bodleian Library*, and compared it with other Editions in the Libraries of *St. James's*, my Lord *Oxford*, and Lord *Sunderland*.

[1] Certes [qd. John] [2] I nat denye,
 That, [3] touchende of the [4] Stedes countrye,
 [5] I was, as thylke old [6] cronycle saye he,
 [7] W long afore our [8] crysten ferythe,
 Ther [9] ben, as ye shull understonde,
 An [10] yle, [11] pcleped [12] Courtyr's londe,
 Ther, [13] nis, [14] ne [15] campynge [16] couetysy,
 Ne, [17] Lethere gotte, in [18] Sainctes gise;
 Ne, [19] seyn Spuire, lyche [20] browded Apr,
 Who maken [22] Goddes [23] boke a [24] Jape;

Re

[1] Certainly. [2] Do not. [3] Concerning. [4]
 Horses. [5] Read. [6] Chronicle. [7] Long before.
 [8] Christian. [9] There was. [10] Island. [11]
 Called. [12] Horses. [13] There is not. [14] Any.
 [15] Damnable. [16] Covetousness. [17] Nor leud
 Person. [18] Pretending Sanctity. [19] Silly. [20] Like.
 [21] Embroidered. [22] [23] The Bible. [24] A Jest.
 [25] Harlot.

He [25] Lemman uyle, mishandlynge Mouthes,
 He women, [26] brutell ware in sothe;
 He flattrer, He [27] unletter'd Clerke,
 Who [29] richen him, withouten [30] werke;
 For vice in thought, ne [31] als in [32] dede,
 Was never none in Londe or [33] Stede.

CHAUCER.

From this remarkable Passage it is evident, that the Nation of the *Houyhnhms* was commonly known to the antient Inhabitants of this Island, by the Name of *Stedlonde*, or *Steedland*; and that their Manners, which are indeed more copiously treated of by the Traveller, are yet described with great Strength and Beauty by the Poet.

It will be urged, perhaps, that *Chaucer* might have intended those Lines as a Description of some *European* Nation. To which I shall only answer; that *History* affords us too large a Detail of the Vices and Corruptions of other Countries to leave us the least Room to apply it to any Kingdom *abroad*; and, I believe, upon Enquiry it will appear full as unapplicable to our *own*.

But to proceed. Among the most celebrated Writers of antient *Rome*, we find that the *Houyhnhms* were held in the highest Esteem and Veneration, both for their Wisdom and their Virtue, and of this *Suetonius* gives us a convincing Instance.

From the Time of *Augustus Caesar*, *Rome* was evidently in a declining Condition. The Number of her *Patriots* was very small, and the Wisdom of her Senate extreamly decreased. Her *Consuls* were more

re-

[25] Harlot. [26] Brittle Ware. [27] Truly.
 [28] Illiterate Parson. [29] Enriching himself. [30]
 Labour. [31] Else. [32] Deed or Action. [33]
 Stede Land, or Houyhnhm Land.

remarkable for Intemperance, Oppression, and Avarice, than for military Virtue abroad, or an exact Distribution of Justice at home.

In this critical Emergency there happened to be a *Houyhnhm* resident at *Rome*, I suppose as an *Ambassador*; for the Historian tells us, that he had a * *Marble Stable* built by the Emperor, which was elegantly furnished with an *Ivory Manger*, and every Thing splendid or magnificent: That his Robes were of the richest Purple, that he had a particular Household and Retinue, maintained at the Emperor's Expence as the *Indian Kings* and *Ambassadors* have with us.

Out of a most unusual Deference, therefore, to the superior Abilities of this noble *Houyhnhm*, he was nominated to the Consulship: Because, by his Conduct, Advice, and Example, it was expected, that the antient Glory of *Rome* would be revived, and that he would make her once more the *Mistress* of the World.

Nor can I discover from the † *Annals* of those Times, that even the best *Roman Raboos* (Consuls I mean) had for many Generations made an equal Figure in that high Employment, or discharged it with Half so little Imputation of *Avarice*, *Injustice*, *Oppression*, *Insolence*, or *Tyranny*. How far our modern Magistrates, and *Middlesex Justices* might be profited by such an Example, may be a Subject worthy of our Speculation; but that being a little foreign to my present Purpose, I must decline it.

Caligula, as we are told by *Dion Cassius*, frequently invited his Consular *Houyhnhm* (whose real Name was

* *Equile marmoreum, & præsepe eburneum. & purpurea tegumenta, ac monile e gemmis, domum etiam, & familiam, & supellestilem dedit, quo lautius nomine, ejus invitati, acciperentur. Sueton. Cal. Sec. 55. & vid. Dio. Cass. in Caligul.*

† *Vide Ann. Ital. Casp. Sl. Barth. Cap. 17. Sec. 84.*

was *Lunbuybnhay*, but in *Latin Incitatus*) to * Supper, and treated him with more Ceremony and Veneration than he did the noblest Families of *Rome*. He had *Oats* served up in Gold Plate, and Wine in Golden Vessels; and the King himself swore by no greater Oath than the Health and Fortune of that *Honourable Creature*; which was as high a Degree of Respect as he could pay even to the *Father* of the *Gods*.

It is to be wondered at, indeed, that *Caligula* profited so little by those instructive Conferences which he held so often with that *wise Ambassador*; but we all experimentally know that nothing is so difficult as to mend a bad Nature; and it is demonstrated in the Conduct of *Nero*, who imbibed but little Morality and Virtue from the Wisdom of his Preceptor *Seneca*.

The same † Historian, whose Writings are of unquestionable Authority among the Learned, tells us further that *Caligula* assumed the Title of *High-Priest* ‖ of *Jupiter*, and having chose some of the wealthiest Families in his Kingdom to officiate at the Altar, he constituted a *Hcuymbnm* to be his *Colleague* in the *Priesthood*, as well to assist him in that Station, as to excite a greater Degree of Veneration to the Office, by the known Merit and Excellence of this *Partner*.

* Ἴππον γὰρ ὃν Ἰκίταλον ὠνόμαζε, ἐπὶ δείπτον ἐκάλει, χρυσᾶς τι αὐτῷ κριθᾶς παρέδωκε, καὶ οἶνον ἐν χρυσοῖς ἐκπώμασι πρᾶπινε. Xeph. D. Cass. Edit. a R. Steph. pag. 126.

Caneret in Stabulo assidue, & Maneret.

Sueton.

† D. Cassius, in Vit. Calig.

‖ Διὰ λῖόν τε αὐτὸν ὀνόμαζας, ἄλλοις τε πλεῖστοις αὐτοῖς, ἱερέας προσέθετο, καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ ἱεράτα, τὸν τε Ἴππον συνιερέα ὠπέφηνε. D. Cass. Edit. a R. Steph. p. 133.

In Imitation of this memorable Action, it hath been attempted in some Nations to introduce *Asses* into Offices of a like Nature; and, indeed, with tolerable Success and Advantage to those worthless Animals; although not extreamly to the Reputation of the Contrivers. But it is the peculiar Felicity of *this Nation*, that such an Experiment was never known to be made among us by the Directors of the *Priest-hood*.

Our next Testimonies are from the Writings of the divine *Virgil*.

That celebrated *Poet* having beautifully described the funeral Pomp which attended the Body of *Pallas*, the Son of *Evander*, who was killed by *Turnus*, introduces a *Houyhnhm* as chief * Mourner; and to raise the Character of this generous Creature, who it may be supposed was the favourite Companion of the deceased Hero, the Behaviour of *Acetes* is painted by way of *Contrast*.

The *Man* is represented as † *led* forcibly along, but the *Houyhnhm* walks lonely and disconsolate, with a Gait expressing a solemn, but a noble Concern: *Positis insignibus, it lachrymans*. The *Man*, by Turns beats his Breast, disfigures his Face with his Nails, and prostrates his Body on the Earth; *pectora nunc scædans pugnīs*, &c. while the *Houyhnhm* preserves a becoming Dignity and Majesty in Grief; the large Drops roll silently down his Cheeks, but he is guilty of no extravagant Signs of Sorrow, knowing them to

* *Post, Bellator Equus, positis insignibus, Æthon, It Lachrymans, Guttisque humectat grandibus ora.*

Virg. Æn. XI. lin. 89.

† *Ducitur infelix, ævo confectus Accetes, Pectora nunc scædans pugnīs, nunc unguibus ora: Sternitur, & toto projectus corpore terræ.*

Virg. Æn. XI. lin. 85.

be as unprofitable to the *Dead*, as unworthy of the *Living*.

The learned *Servius*, on this Passage, observes the judicious Conduct of the *Poet* in this Particular, who, by applying the Word * *Ducere* to *Acætes*, and *Ire* to the *Houyhnhm*, manifestly exalts the Character of the *Horſe* at the Expence of that of the old Warrior.

This inimitable † Author in the Sixth *Æneid* gives us ſtill a ſtronger Evidence of the Virtue and Piety of the *Houyhnhms*, by allowing them a Place even in || *Elyſium* among the Souls of illuſtrious Men : Nay he ſeems to hint, that the moſt perfect Degree of Happineſs, and the moſt honourable Employment of the Heroes in *Elyſium* was, the being a Kind of Attendants or ‡ *Grooms* to the nobler *Houyhnhms*. *Iſocrates* aſſerts, that to § ſerve and wait on the *Houyhnhms* is the moſt pleaſing Office in this World ; no wonder therefore that the *Poet* ſhould deſcribe it as the ſupremeſt Felicity in others.

Nor was this a ſingular Opinion of that Author ; for *Auſonius* the *Poet*, Præceptor to the Emperor *Gratian*, aſſirms it to be an univerſal Belief, that the Souls of *Houyhnhms* were never denied Admittance into *Elyſium* among the Heroes and Philoſophers ;

- *Equus* Lachrymabat, & ſponte ſequebatur
Cadaver : & bene, cum hominis ſit *Ire*, equi,
Ducere, Poeta elegantiffime hominem duci
Ait, de equo, it Lachrymans.

Serv. ad. lin: 85†

† Virgil.

|| ————— Paſſimque ſoluti

Per campos paſcuntur *Equi*. Lin. 652.

‡ ————— Cura, nitentes.

Paſcere equos, — ſequitur tellure reſpoſtos.

Æn. VI. Lin. 654.

§ Ἰπποδρεφεῖν τῶν εὐδαίμονες αἰῶν ἔργων εἶναι.

Iſoc. περὶ ζυγες.

which was much more than they believed, or had Reason to believe of their own Species. And this is manifest from an Epitaph wrote by this great *Poet* on a *Houyhnhm*, who, while he lived, preserved the highest Place in the Esteem of the Emperor; and it is placed by *Ausonius* among his Epitaphs of the Heroes.

* *Go, and be bless'd where endless Rapture reigns,
With Steeds immortal on Elysian Plains.*

It is no easy Matter to discover, whence the *Houyhnhm* Nation derive their Original.

Statius, in his † *Thebais*, seems to be in some Difficulty how to determine it. He mentions two of eminent Birth: ‖ *Arion*, whom he calls the Son of *Neptune*; and ‡ *Chromis*, who is distinguished as the Son of *Hercules*, and acknowledged to possess the whole ** Strength, Virtue, and Courage of his Father. However, in my Opinion, he seems to give the Preference to the first, although, without the least Appearance of being positive. Nor can I find, that even *Capt. Gulliver* himself, who had certainly the best Opportunity to make the Enquiry, hath furnished us with any Authority to ascertain it. A Lots that can never be sufficiently lamented!

Lucretius, an ancient *Poet* of great Fame, represents the *Houyhnhms* of so excellent a Nature, as to be inspired with the most tender Passions, and wounded

* ————— solatia fume sepulchri,
Et gradere *Elysios*, præpes ad *Alipedes*.

† Lib. VI.

‖ ————— *Neptunus* (& certa priorum fama) *Pater*.
Stat. Theb. Lib. VI.

‡ *Chromis*, fatus *Hercule* magno. Stat. ibid.

** ————— insignis

Viribus *Herculeis*, & toto robore *Patris*.

Stat. ibid.
with

with the same irresistible * *Darts of Cupid* as ourselves, which Description would appear absurd and unapplicable, if those Creatures were not as admirably qualified as the modern *Traveller* affirms them to be.

Besides, he compliments them for their *Understanding*, and honours a *Colt*, which I suppose he familiarly conversed with, and found of a promising *Genius*, with the Title of † *Learned*. The Beauty of this Author's Epithets, are what distinguish and recommend his Compositions: Nor can we justly imagine him capable of so great an Indiscretion, as to ascribe Learning to Creatures who had not the least Pretension to it; although that may be a prevailing Custom with modern Authors of all other *European* Kingdoms, as well as our own.

Yet, lest any thing should be wanting to justify the *Poet's* Expression, or strengthen his Authority, ‖ *Solinus Polyhistor* declares, that the *Houyhnhms* have both *Discretion* and *Judgment*. And with this the Testimony of ‡ *Pliny* agrees; that the Wisdom and Art of human Creatures are far surpassed by the § inexpressible Capacity of the *Houyhnhms*.

I have Reason to imagine, that they were not only *qualified* to excel, but that they actually excelled in all Arts and Sciences: For what can seem so entirely unadapted for *Dancing*, as the *Houyhnhms* natural Form, and the Disposition of their Limbs? And yet

* ————— *Equus florenti ætate Juvenus*
Pinnigeri sævit calcaribus ictus amoris.

Luc. Lib. V. Lin. 1074.

† ————— *Doctus equæ Pullus.*

Luc. Lib. III. Lin. 764.

‖ *Equis inesse discretionem & judicium constat.*

Cap. 47. Edit. H. Steph. in Not.

‡ *Artes hominum ab Equis victas.*

Plin. Lib. VIII. Cap. 42:

§ *Equorum inenarrabilia Ingenia.*

Plin. *ibid.*

F 3

† *Angelus.*

† *Angelus Politianus* cites a Passage from || *Aphricanus*, which intimates, that they were absolute Masters of that *Art* : The *Sybarites* (saith he) used to introduce *Houyhnhms* at their most splendid Entertainments, who, to the sound of an Instrument, would raise themselves erect, and dance in a most graceful Manner, moving their Forefeet with the politest Gesture, observing exactly the Time of the Music, and suiting the Motions of their Body to all the Variety of the Notes.

France, having little else to boast of, may glory in the Activity of her Natives ; yet, even in that Particular, we see *Horses* have arrived at as great a Perfection.

It must have been for some very extraordinary Merit, that the *Houyhnhms* were treated with such remarkable Honours by all the Monarchs of the known World. *Atheas*, a King of *Scythia*, contracted so intimate a Friendship with one, that he permitted ‡ no Hand but his own to dress and adorn him. A noble *Houyhnhm*, who lived in the Court of the Emperor *Verus* (but in what Station indeed I cannot positively affirm) * was fed with Raisins dried in the Sun, instead of *Oats* ; and happening to die in *Rome*, he was interred in the *Vatican* with great Solemnity. To another, *Adrian* erected a Monument in Form of a † Pillar,

† In Lib. Miscellan.

|| *Sybaritæ*, *Equos* in convivia introduxere, qui, audito *Tibiæ* Cantu, statim se tollent arrectos, & pedibus ipsis prioribus, vice manuum, gestus quosdam *Chironomiæ*, motusque ederent ad numerum Saltatorios. *Aphr.* in Cestis.

‡ *Atheas* Rex *Scytharum*, equum ipse pexuit, & manibus suis ornavit. *Alex. ab Alex. Lib. VI. Cap. 8.*

* Equo passas uvas, & nucleos, in vicem hordei, in præsepe ponebat, cui mortuo sepulchrum in Vaticano fecit.

Jul. Capit. in Vit. Veri.

† Ἀποθανόντι γὰρ αὐτῷ, δὲ τάφον καίσεσκεύασε, καὶ στήλην ἔστησεν, καὶ ἐπιγράμματι ἐπέγραψεν.

D. Cass. Xiph. Edit. a R. Steph. pag. 247.

Vide

Pillar, on which he caused an Inscription and Epitaph to be engraved.

Another, was resident in *Rome* in the Time of *Julius Caesar*, whose Hoofs were of a very uncommon Form ||, resembling the Toes of a human Foot. He was thought to be of so much Consequence at that Time, that the *Empire* of the *whole World* depended upon him.

Universal Dominion being promised to him who should be Master of the *Houyhnhm's* Person, *Caesar* took Care never to part from him, and the Success answered the Prediction.

It may be objected, perhaps, that he acted unworthily when he permitted *Caesar* to ride him: I will not pretend entirely to justify his Conduct; but what he did, was no more than what *Rome* herself, and all the World beside submitted to, as well as the *Houyhnhm*.

I cannot leave this Subject without taking Notice of a Story related by *Aulus Gellius*; because I think it both very pertinent to our present Subject, and worthy of the Observation of the Curious.

Bucephalus, who was certainly a captive *Houyhnhm*, * brought into *Macedon*, would permit no Person to mount him but *Alexander*; whom however he condescended to carry, more as his *Companion* than his *Master*. His martial Spirit and generous Friendship

Vide etiam, Ælius Spart. in Vit. Adriani. Et Alex. ab Alex.

|| Utebatur Equo insigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in morem digitorum fissis ungulis. Cum Haruspices Imperium Orbis terræ Domino pronuntiaffent, magna cura aluit, nec patientem Sessoris alterius. *p imus* ascendit.

Suet. in Jul. Sec. 61.

* By *Philonicus*, a *Thestalian*, and sold for *Thirteen Talents*.

PLUT. in Vit. Alex

were shewn upon many Occasions, but they were signalized in this one.

When *Alexander* was engaged against *Porus*, and too warm in the Pursuit of Victory, the noble *Houyhnhm*, conscious of the Danger of his Friend (for I could not with any *Classical* Propriety call him his *Master*) and † half-expiring with the Wounds he had received, rushed impetuously through the thickest Ranks of the Enemy, conveyed his Friend beyond the Reach of the Arrows, and then expired with all the Pleasure and Constancy of a *Hero*. In Honour of which generous Behaviour, and to perpetuate the Memory of it, we are told by *Strabo*, and *Ptolemy*, that *Alexander* having obtained a complete Victory, built a City, and called it ‡ *Bucephale*.

Agreeable to this Notion of the disinterested Friendship of the *Houyhnhms*, is a Passage in * *Oppian*, where, enumerating their various Virtues, he says,

*True to their Friend, by Love of Virtue led,
Alive, they guard him, and lament him dead.*

And also in † another Place,

*Unerring Nature, on the Houyhnhm Kind,
Conferred a human Heart, and reasoning Mind.*

† *Moribundus tamen, ac prope jam exfanguis Equus, è mediis hostibus regem, vivacissime cursu retulit, atque ubi cum extra tela extulerat, illico concidit; & Domini superstitis securus, cum sensus humani solatio, animam expiravit.*

A. GELLIUS. Lib. V. Cap 2.

‡ By some Geographers it is called *Bucephalon*, and by others *Bucephala*.

* Καὶ πολέμοισι πεσόντα μέγα γενάχῃσιν ἑταῖρον.

OPPIAN. de Ven. Lib. I. ver. 227.

† Ἴπποις μὲν περὶ ἅλλα φύσις πόρε τεχνήσσα,

Ἡμέριων κραδίην. ὃ γήθεσιν αἰολὸν ἦτορ, &c.

Ibid. Lib. 223.

Which

Which, to me, seem a sufficient Acknowledgment of the high Opinion which the *antient Greeks* conceived of the Virtue and Wisdom of the whole *Houyhnhn* Race.

Captain *Gulliver* mentions the exalted Chastity of both Sexes with high Encomiums. † *The Violation of Marriage* (saith he) *or any Unchastity was never heard of.* This singular Perfection sufficiently distinguishes them from human Creatures; and plainly evinces, that the Descriptions given of this Nation in the antient Authors cannot possibly be applied, with the least Shew of Justice, to any other People whatsoever.

I might produce many Passages from the wisest *Greeks* and *Latins*, to confirm the Traveller's Testimony, and to prove that it was the received Opinion of the World, many Ages before he happened to live among that chaste and virtuous People: But I shall only refer to one *Writer*, whose Authority is unquestionable, and whose Judgement must be of great Weight with many learned Readers.

This excellent Author is *Oppian*, who celebrates the *Houyhnhn*'s Chastity with as much Zeal as *Gulliver* himself. And in his * first Book, speaking of their Manners, he hath these remarkable † Lines, thus, almost literally translated,

*Pure from the Vice of ev'ry human Brute,
Their Guide is Nature; Virtue their Pursuit;*

† Chap. 8. Pag. 350. Dub. Edit. 1735.

* De Venatione.

† Εξοχα δ' αὖ τίσι φύσιν, τόδε πάνπαν ἄπιστον
Ες φιλότῆτα μολεῖν, τὴν ἔδεμς, ἀλλὰ μενεσιν
Αχρεῖσι μύτων, καδάρεθ' δὲ ἱράνοισι κυθήνης, &c.

OPPIAN. LIB. I. v. l. 239.

*Those leud Delights, by Men so highly priz'd,
To them disgustful, are by them despis'd;
To Hymen's Rites none faithless, or unjust,
None pine diseas'd by Luxury or Lust;
Pure are their Pleasures, as their Passions chaste,
Their Study, Health; and Temperance, their Feast.*

Clemens Alexandrinus contributes greatly to confirm this Description of the *Poet*; for he says, the † *Egyptians* express *Generosity* of Mind, *Chastity*, and the Spirit of *Honour*, by the Hieroglyphic of an *Horse*.

The last Authority I shall produce, to support my Opinion, is *Homer*, who introduce a *Houyhnhm* || sharing the Affliction of *Achilles* for his Friend's Misfortune, and with a Spirit of Divination presaging the Death of the *Grecian Hero*.

*Mean Time, at Distance from the Scene of Blood,
The pensive Steeds of great Achilles stood,
Their Godlike Master slain before their Eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human Miseries.*

————— *Along their Face.*
The big round Drop cours'd down with silent Pace.

And as to their * prophetick Capacity, he says,

‡ Αἰγυπθίοις ἀνδρείας τε, καὶ παρήσιας σύμβολον, ὁ Ἴππῳ.
Cl. Alex. Strom. L. 6.

|| Ἴπποι δ' Ἀιακίδαο, μάχης ἀπ' ἀνέουθεν ἔοντες,
Κλαῖον, &c. —————

————— δάκρυα δὲ σφιν
Θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χάματις ῥέει, &c.

Hom. II. xvii. Lin. 437.

* ————— Ἀλλά, σοὶ αὐτῷ

Μόρσιμόν ἐστι, θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἴφι δαμῆναι.

Hom. II. xix. Lin. 417.

The

*The gen'rous Xanthus first ———
 Seem'd sensible of Woe, and droop'd his Head,
 Then thus he spake : The Fates thy Death demand,
 Due to a mortal, and immortal Hand.*

Pope's Homer.

Besides these convincing Authorities from *Homer*, *Calaber Quintus* † draws so lively a Picture of the Tenderness and Friendship of the *Houyhnhms*, as entirely determines the Argument in their Favour.

I think *Homer* too wise an Author to write any thing absurd or ridiculous : and therefore, if he had not known it agreeable to *Reason* and *Experience*, that a *Houyhnhm* should have more Discretion and Inspiration than the Hero of his *Poem*, he certainly would not have left us such a Description of the precipitate Fury of the *one*, and generous Sorrow and Sagacity of the *other*.

Besides, what can be more evident than that the *Houyhnhm* Language was perfectly understood by the antient *Greeks*, as the *Irisb* (which hath the nearest Similitude of Sound and Pronunciation to that Language) is intelligible to many curious Persons at present. And, if *Achilles* had not been intimately acquainted with the *Houyhnhm* Dialect from his Education under *CHIRON* the *Centaur*, I am confident he would have found much more Difficulty to interpret the *Courser's* Prophecy, than the celebrated *Poet* seems to allow.

And this I think a *new Discovery*, which the learned World, at least, should gratefully acknowledge. For even the best Commentators upon *Homer*, *Eustathius*, *Pope*, *Didymus*, and *Spondanus*,

† Οὐδὲ μὲν ἄμβροτοι Ἴπποι ἀτάρβεσθ' Αἰακίδαο
 Μῖνον ἀδάκρυτοι παρὰ νήσι.

have never been able to assign a proper Reason for the Education of *Achilles* under *Chiron*: But, like all other Illustrators, they diligently avoided what required great Labour and Learning to explain.

Whereas it is now demonstrable, that, as our *English* Nobility intrust the Education of their Sons to *French Preceptors*, who are capable of instilling no other Sort of Knowledge into their Pupils, but that of a foreign Language; so the only Design of Antiquity, in having *Achilles* educated by a *Centaur*, was to make him a Master of the *Houyhnhm* Language, in which his Death was to be foretold to him; and, without this Precaution, the Courage of the *Hero* in despising the Danger which impended, the Strength of the *Houyhnhm's* Prediction, and the Poet's beautiful Description of both, had been considerably diminished and impaired.

It may be objected to the generous Notions of those Creatures, that they dishonourably submitted to be harnessed to a *Chariot*,

To which I shall only answer, that unjust or tyrannic Usage is a much greater Reproach to those who offer, than to those who endure it. And, as we have Reason to conclude those *Houyhnhms* to be *Captives*, we cannot wonder they were put to the most slavish Employments.

The Antients were expert at contriving disagreeable Offices for their Captives: * Some were condemned to draw Chariots; and † some to attend, while their Masters repeated *dull Verses*, and other execrable Compositions. So that, probably, those *Houyhnhms* of *Achilles* had their Choice of both Punishments, and with great Wisdom endured *bodily* Fatigue rather than the Torment of disgusting their

* Captivus ut duceret currus. I.

† Porrecto Jugalo, Historias, Captivus, ut audit.

HOR. Sat. III.

Under-

Understanding and Taste. And it may still lessen their Dishonour, if we recollect, that || *Sesoftris* had even *Kings*, who were his *Tributaries*, annually harnessed to his Chariot; and a † *Monarch* of our own Nation employed *Kings* as *Watermen* to row his State-Barge.

Thus have I, by the best Classical Authority, demonstrated my Assertion, that the Nation of *Houyhnhms* was well known to the Antients of *Greece*, *Italy*, and *England*; that their Virtues were universally known and admired; and that the most potent Princes of the Earth have been proud of their Friendship. So that the *Great Modern Traveller* need be under no Manner of Uneasiness at the Censures of the World; since the learned Part of Mankind must, from these Authorities, be effectually convinced that he might have been actually an *Eye-witness* of all he hath attested.

I know many who believed his Account of the *Houyhnhms* to be merely fabulous, and who extolled his Invention, as supposing such a Nation to exist only in his own Brain. And how far he might be pleased to have his *Imagination* commended at the Expence of his *Veracity*, I will not determine: But, I think, in Justice to the World, as well as himself, he ought to have prevented this *Criticism*, and frankly acknowledged the *Truth* of his Narration, although it might have somewhat lessened his Reputation as an Author.

I do not doubt but this will clear *Gulliver* from another severe Imputation, which he lay under, for debasing Human Nature by making *Men* inferior to *Horses*; because, in the Treatise, it is so plain, that *Antiquity* professed to be of a very different Opinion,

|| Alex. ab Alexandro Dier. Gen. Lib. VI.

† Edgar the Peaceable. Vide Malmshur. S. Dunelm. Randulphus, Hoved. and Rapin, F. Ed. 106.

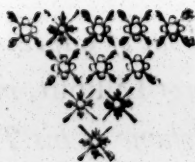
and it is so manifest, that the whole History is a *Fact* and not a *Fiction*, that if we think Mankind disgraced by the Comparison, it is to their own *Vices*, and not to the Traveller's *Relation* we ought to impute it.

I hope, and expect, that all future Commentators will copy the Example I have given them in this *Critical Essay*; and that hereafter they will be at least as studious to shew their own Learning, as to illustrate their Author.

I am pretty well assured that the Judicious will readily join with me in Opinion; and I must own, that I account it the highest Honour to the *Critic*, and the surest Test of his *Genius*, to demonstrate the *Truth* and Existence of those Things, which the whole World beside determine to be *false* and *fictitious*.

Cambridge, Jan. 26,

1734-5.





An ACCOUNT of the
STATE OF LEARNING
 IN THE
EMPIRE OF LILLIPUT;
 Together with the
HISTORY and CHARACTER
OF
BULLUM the Emperor's Library-keeper.

*Faithfully transcribed out of Captain Lemuel Gulliver's
 General Description of Lilliput, mentioned in the 69th
 Page of the First Volume of his Travels.*

AS I always had a strong Inclination to Reading
 from the Time I first went to *Emanuel* College
 in *Cambridge*, and had gone through the most valu-
 able ancient Writers; during my stay in *Lilliput*, I
 was very inquisitive about the State of Learning in
 that Nation, and received the following Information
 upon that subject.

In

In former Ages, the Government of the Island *Blefuscu* was, in many Respects, like what we call a Commonwealth, and for a long Time flourished both in Arms and Learning, whilst the *Lilliputians* were a barbarous People; at this Time many excellent Books were wrote in Oratory, Pöetry, History, and Philosophy, but the *Blefuscudians* having at length lost their Liberties and Form of Government, which was changed into an Empire, Learning decayed amongst them very fast; the faster by reason of hot Disputes which arose concerning the proper Manner of dressing and eating Eggs; and in these the whole Studies of all the learned Men of that Age were consumed.

The first Emperor of *Blefuscu*, that he might ingratiate himself with his People, whom he had enslaved, undertook an Expedition against the Island of *Lilliput*, which being then governed by several petty Kings, ignorant of the Arts of War, was by Degrees subdued to the Empire of *Blefuscu*. During this Intercourse between the two Nations, the *Blefuscudian* Language, was very much changed by the Mixture of the *Lilliputian*; and those Authors who wrote in the old Language were neglected, and understood by very few.

In process of Time the *Lilliputians* grew weary of Subjection, flung off the foreign Yoke, set up an Emperor of their own with great Success; and ever since have been a distinct Empire from that of *Blefuscu*.

As they were an ingenious People, and blessed with a Race of good Emperors, they soon excelled their Neighbours in Learning and Arms; they got together all the old *Blefuscudian* Books, their Emperor founded a *Gomflastru*, or Seminary, with different Schools, to instruct their Youth in the old

Ble-

Blefusculian Language and Learning; and from thence chose their *Nardacs*, *Glumglums*, and *Hurgos*, and the Emperors had themselves a large Collection of these Books in a Library belonging to the Palace.

Thus the *Lilliputians* flourished in Politeness and Literature for some Ages; till at length, by the Plenty of a long Peace, they also grew corrupt, gave themselves up to Idleness, Luxury, and Intriguing, and fell into Controversies about breaking their Eggs; the old *Blefusculian* Books were laid aside, and nothing regarded but Eggs and Politicks. The *Gomflastru* indeed continued, each School had its *Mulro*, or Governor and Scholars; but the Taste of the Age being changed, they only turned over the old Authors to amuse themselves, and enjoyed the moderate Revenues bequeathed to them by former Emperors. The present Emperor indeed had endeavoured to bring them into Esteem again; he increased their Possessions, and gave a noble Present of Books to the *Gomflastru*; but having a debauched inconstant People to rule over, and being kept in continual Alarms of Wars by his Neighbours, he had not Leisure to perfect his good Intentions.

I was at this Time in his Favour, and when he heard that I had been inquisitive about these Affairs, he very graciously desired me to look into his Library, and sent Orders to the Keeper of it to use me with great Respect, and to present me with Five hundred Books, such as I should choose.

Accordingly, upon a Day appointed, I went to the Library, which I took a View of in the same Manner as I had done of the Rest of the Palace, by lying down and looking in at the Window: The Building was ruinous, the Inside dusty, the Books many in Number, but scattered about in great Disorder; the
Library-

Library-keeper, whose Name is *Bullum*, was alone stalking amidst the Rubbish. As soon as he saw my Face at the Window, he made his best Bow, and began his Speech to me, which, as I was afterwards informed, he had taken a great deal of Pains about, knowing me to be in the Emperor's good Graces. Most Part of what he spoke was unintelligible to me, by a ridiculous Mixture of the *Blesfusculian* Language; and what I did understand was fulsome Flattery, and Compliments that nothing mortal could deserve.

This was very dull Entertainment to a Man of my Modesty, and thereupon finding his Speech would be long, and that he was forced to strain his Voice to make me hear at that Distance; I thought it would be a Kindness to us both to put a stop to him, which I did, returning him Thanks, in few Words, for his great Opinion of me, and desired to see him next Day, that I might choose out the Five hundred Books which the Emperor had given me.

Bullum, as I heard afterwards, was in great Wrath, and loaded me with many opprobrious Names for refusing to hear his Speech out, and daring to treat a Man of his Learning with so little Respect. However, he stifled his Resentment a little for the present, and came to me at the Time appointed.

I desired him to shew me a Catalogue of the Books, and to give some Account of what they treated of, that I might be able to make a Choice. He replied, that he had not troubled himself to bring a written Catalogue, but that he had one in his Memory, and immediately he repeated to me the Titles of a vast Number of old *Blesfusculian* Books, and run on with a great Fluency of Speech, until he was out of Breath.

It was a Pain to me to forbear Laughing, to hear *Bullum* sputter out so much Jargon; at last I told him,

him, that I was not in the least wiser for what he had said, because I understand not a Syllable of the Language he spoke: At that, as he stood on the Table before me, he put out his Under-Lip, and staring me full in the Face, said, with a great deal of Contempt, *Not understand Blefuscudian! What do you understand?*

I was a little discomposed at this Treatment; but not knowing then what Interest he had at Court, I resolved to use him civilly; and replied, that I understood eight or nine Languages, if there was any Merit in that; but that none of the Books in his Library would be of any Use to me, that were not written in *Lilliputian*. *Lilliputian!* says he, *I cannot repeat the Titles of many of them, but I will send you Five hundred in a few Days:* And thus he left me.

I was very impatient to receive this curious Present; but *Bullum* broke his Word; for about this Time my Interest at Court began to decline. I could not prevail upon him to deliver the Books to me: At last, after much Importunity, he came to me himself, attended by a Servant, with only Five Books.

I was surprized at this, and asked, if the Rest were upon the Road: He answered, that since he had seen me last, he had spent some Days in carefully perusing the Emperor's Orders; that he had discovered the Word *Hundred* to be an Interpolation, and that the true Reading was *Five* Books, which, in Obedience to the Emperor, he had brought me.

I had indeed been put off so long, that I suspected I should have had none, and therefore agreed to have the Five Books, designing to have made my Complaint afterwards, but *Bullum* had another Trick to play me. It was the Custom he said, for all Strangers to make him a Compliment in Writing, which he desired me to comply with, and then he would deliver
the

the Books to me. He had brought the Form, which I was to transcribe and sign with my own Name. The Words were these:

“Be it known to all Men, That *Bullum* the Great Library-keeper to the Emperor of *Lilliput*, and *Mulro* in the *Gomflastru*, is a Man of vast Erudition and Learning; all Parts of the World ring with his Praises; and whilst I was honoured with his Acquaintance, he used me with singular Humanity.”

Quinbus Flestrin.

Out of an earnest Desire to get Possession of the Books, I submitted even to this Demand of *Bullum*, who then ordering them to be flung down before me, turned nimbly upon his Heel and left me. He had picked out for me the Five worst Books in the Library, according to his Judgment; but when I came to peruse them with a Microscope, (the biggest being a Folio about Half an Inch long) I found they were curious in their Kind, but treating of Subjects that *Bullum* was not conversant in. There was,

1. A Collection of Poetry.
2. An Essay on Humility; necessary for all *Lilliputians*, who are very much inclined to think well of themselves, and meanly of others.
3. A Dissertation upon *Tramecsans* and *Slamecsans*, or High-heel'd and Low-heel'd Shoes.
4. A Bundle of Controversies concerning the primitive Way of breaking Eggs.
5. The *Blundecral*, or *Alcoran*.

These Books I brought safe with me to *England*, and design either to publish them, or else to present them to the University which I had once the Honour to be a Member of.

But

But to return to *Bullum*. I was amazed at his Behaviour towards me, especially considering I was a *Nardac*, to which title he generally paid a profound Respect. This made me desirous of getting an Account of his History and Character, which, having something extraordinary in them, I shall lay before my Reader.

Bullum is a tall raw-bon'd Man, I believe near six Inches and an Half High; from his Infancy he applied himself, with great Industry, to the old *Blefusculian* Language, in which he made such a Progress, that he almost forgot his native *Lilliputian*; and at this Time he can neither write nor speak two Sentences without a Mixture of old *Blefusculian*: These Qualifications, joined to an undaunted forward Spirit, and a few good Friends, prevailed with the Emperor's Grandfather to make him Keeper of his Library, and a *Mulro* in the *Gomflastru*; though most Men thought him fitter to be one of the Royal Guards. These Places soon helped him to Riches, and upon the Strength of them he soon began to despise every Body, and to be despised by every Body. This engaged him in many Quarrels, which he managed in a very odd Manner; whenever he thought himself affronted, he immediately flung a great Book at his Adversary, and if he could, felled him to the Earth; but if his Adversary stood his Ground and flung another Book at him, which was sometimes done with great Violence, then he complained to the Grand Justiciary, that these Affronts were designed to the Emperor, and that he was singled out only as being the Emperor's Servant. By this Trick he got that great Officer to favour him, which made his Enemies cautious, and him insolent.

Bullum

Bullum attended the Court some Years, but could not get into an higher Post; for though he constantly wore the Heels of his Shoes High or Low, as the Fashion was, yet having a long Back and a stiff Neck, he never could with any Dexterity creep under the Stick which the Emperor or the Chief Minister held. As to his dancing on the Rope, I shall speak of it presently; but the greatest Skill in that Art will not procure a Man a Place at Court, without some Agility at the Stick.

Bullum, vexed at these Disappointments, withdrew from Court, and only appeared there upon extraordinary Occasions, at other Times he retired to his Post of *Mulro* in the *Gomflastru*, there he led a gloomy solitary Life, heaped up Wealth, and pored upon the old *Blefusculian* Books. It might have been expected, that from so long an Acquaintance with those admirable Writers he should have grown more polite and humane; but his Manner was never to regard the Sense or Subject of the Author, but only the Shape of Letters, in which he arrived to such Perfection, that, as I have been assured, he could tell, very near, in what Year of the *Blefusculian* Commonwealth any Book was written; and to this, and to restoring the old Characters that were effaced, all his Labour was confined.

Upon these Points he had wrote several Books, some in the *Blefusculian*, and some in the mixed Language; and whenever he had finished a Book, he presented it to some great Man at Court, with a panegyric Oration; so contrived that it would fit any Man in a great Post; and the highest Bidder had it.

Whilst I was in *Lilliput*, he proposed to publish a new *Blundecral* or *Alcoran*; and, that he might do something uncommon, he began at the End, and
designed

designed to have wrote backwards ; but the *Lilliputians*, some liking the old *Blundecral*, others not caring for any, gave him no Encouragement ; and therefore he desisted from that Project.

As this Nation was very much divided about breaking their Eggs, which they generally eat in publick once a Day, or at least once in seven Days, I desired to know how *Bullum* behaved himself in this Particular ; and was told, that he was thought to have an Aversion to Eggs, for he was never seen to eat any in publick, but Once or Twice in a Year, when his Post obliged him to it : At those Times he gave Orders to have them served up to him ready dressed, and the Shells and Whites being carefully taken off, he gulped up the Yolks in a very indecent Manner, and immediately drank a Bumper of strong Liquor after them to wash the Taste out of his Mouth, and promote the Digestion of them.

When any one represented to him the ill Example of this Practice, his Answer was, Tha this Modesty would not let him devour Eggs in publick, when he had so many Eyes upon him ; That he was not yet determined at which End he ought to break them ; That the Shells and Whites were insipid, and only fit for Children : But for the Eggs themselves, he was so far from hating them, that he had a Dish at his own Table every Day. But whether this was Truth, or if they were at his Table, whether he eat of them or not, I could never learn.

Bullum was always of an haughty Mind, and, in his own School, took a great deal of Pleasure in mimicking the Actions of the Emperor. Thus, he got a little Stick, and used to divert himself in seeing his Scholars leap over and creep under it, as he held it between his Hands. Those who performed best were rewarded, sometimes, with a pompous
Title

Title in the old *Blefusculian* Language, signifying MOST LEARNED, MOST FAMOUS, MOST ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH, or the like: Sometimes with little Sugar-Plums; and sometimes only with the Promise of them.

In Dancing on the Rope he took great Delight himself; and this was the only bodily Exercise he used. Those who had been Eye-witnesses, informed me, that he could cut a Caper very high, but that he did it in a clumsy Manner, and with little Delight to the Spectators, who were in continual Apprehensions of his falling, which sometimes he did very dangerously.

It was observed, that he danced best in his own House, but that he never danced before the *Gomflastru* with Success. When he first came to his Place of *Mulro*, he did nothing but dance and cut Capers on the Ropes for a Year together: As this was a new Sport in this Part of the Island, he got a great deal of Money by it; but striving to leap higher than ordinary, he fell off from the Rope, broke his Head, and disordered his Brain so much, that most People thought it would incapacitate him for his Post of *Mulro*: However, at length, he pretty well recovered; he himself says, he is as well, or better, than he was before his Fall: But his Enemies think his Brain is still affected by it.

Some Years after, the present Emperor, in a Progress through his Dominions, came to the *Gomflastru*; and *Bullum*, without being asked, was resolved to divert his Majesty with his Performance on the Strait Rope; up he mounts, and Capers bravely for some Time; at last, endeavouring to shew the utmost of his Skill, in the Midst of an high Caper, he reached out his Right-Hand too far, which gave him a terrible Fall.

Most

Most People imputed it to his over-reaching himself; but he laid the Fault partly upon the Robes he was obliged to wear before the Emperor, which, as he said, entangled his Feet; and partly upon the Malicioufness of a By-stander, whom he accused of pulling the Rope aside, as he was in the Midst of his Caper: However that was, poor *Bullum* broke his Leg, and was carried to his own House, where he continued lame about Two Years, not being able to shew himself in Publick all that Time; and it was thought he would never have recovered, if the Emperor at last had not taken pity on him, and sent one of his own Surgeons to him, who cured him immediately.

After all these Misfortunes *Bullum* could not forsake his beloved Diversion; but, as soon as he was recovered, he forgot all that was past, and danced again in his own School every Day; where, by his frequent Falls he so bruised himself, that it was believed they would come to a Mortification: Besides, he dances so long upon the same Rope, that through Age and Rottenness, and his great Weight, it must break at last; and the Emperor would scarce lend him a Surgeon a second Time; which indeed would be in vain, for he can never leave off the Sport, though he performs worse and worse every Day; so that in all Probability he will break his Neck for a Conclusion.



T H E
STATE QUACKS,
OR THE
POLITICAL BOTCHERS;
Being a Description of the
STRANGE OCCURRENCES
OF THE
PRESENT TIMES.

IF ever *any* Year might justly be called a Year of WONDERS, this seems with the greatest Reason and Authority to lay Claim to the Appellation, and supersede the Titles of all that have gone before it: The surprizing Revolutions and Events; the Advancement of some, and Catastrophe of others: These raised to the highest Pitch

Pitch of Honour, whilst others, humbled from the very Height of Power as well as Grandeur are sunk into the lowest Abyfs of Contempt and Scorn, look so like Paradoxes, that Posterity will scarcely credit the Report, and Futurity will believe the History to be nothing but a *mere Romance*.

Could Antiquity retrieve, or succeeding Ages anticipate their Fate, could our Ancestors throw off the Chains of Corruption, break open the Prisons of their Graves, bid Defiance to the universal Conqueror of Mankind; again converse with Matter, and take Cognizance of Human Affairs; or could the Children that are yet unborn, the Progeny of yet unbegotten Ages, reverse the Order of Nature, and be indulged with a Personal Knowledge and Information of the Transactions and Occurrences of this present Age; how would they be confounded with Admiration, and scarce give Credit to themselves! Nothing that is already past, would seem wonderful to the former, nor would any Thing, that the Womb of Futurity can produce, be surprising to the other.

But yet the most unaccountable of all is this, that Men, not Things, are principally affected with these Occurrences, and though a general Transformation has passed upon most, if not all, yet few or none are sensible of the *Metamorphosis*: Nor has the Contagion spread itself only amongst Men, but the softer Sex are infected; neither is this or that Order of Rank of People, but Clergy and Laity, High and Low, Rich and Poor, Wise and Foolish, Old and Young; in a Word, the Distemper is become Epidemical and Universal; and even I myself, whilst I am writing must acknowledge, that I am tainted with it, and that this very Piece, like Cause

and Consequence, is the genuine Product of the same Original.

It is true, all Persons are not alike infected, nor is the Transformation so complete in some, as others; but, like the Production of Animals after the universal Deluge, so ingeniously described by *Ovid*, that great Master of Poetry and Invention; when the Mud, being impregnated by the Warmth of the Sun, brought forth living Creatures of various Kinds and Forms; he is pleased to tell us, that whilst some Part of the same Creatures remained undigested Clay, the other was endowed with Life and Motion; others were only formed, but were not quickened or enlivened in any Part, whilst some again were complete and perfect in both Respects.

Whether the *Metamorphosis*, written by the celebrated Author, were merely the fictitious Product of a fruitful Brain, contrived only for Amusement and Diversion, or whether they were allegorical, pointing out the Manners and Behaviour of Men, matters not; it is sufficient nothing in them is more incredible, or affords more proper Subjects for Speculation, than the present Treatise, and yet not a Syllable is to be found herein, which will not stand the Test of Reason, and comes no way short of a Demonstration.

For though these Changes and Transformations are not Corporal, and on the Bodies of Persons, but on their Minds, yet are they real and self-evident in Conversation; and what renders them the more surprising in themselves (I mean the Frequency of Examples) does yet in Practice abate the Wonder and diverts our Observation.

What is more common, and yet what can be more amazing in itself, than to see the Tribe of *Levi* forgetting their Duty of Gospel-Teachers,
even

even in their Pulpits, raising a Discourse of Politick^s from a Text of Scripture that means nothing of it? And on the contrary, to find a Cobler in his Stall, or a Taylor on his Shop board, encroaching on the Sacerdotal Office? And what a diverting Spectacle is it, to see a Priest in his Canonical Habit, transformed into a Peripatetick *Bibliopola*, or into a *Mercury*, hurrying, with his Gown-sleeves stuffed with Pamphlets, from one Bookseller's Shop to another's, laying down his Sixpenny Packets and academical Nonsense to be exposed to Sale?

What a pleasant Sight is it to see such a One pursuing the Hawkers and Halfpenny Pamphleteers from one End of the Town to another, hunting them through all their Holes and Corners; and not content with this, betraying his Friends and Acquaintance, that he may acquire the honourable Character and Title, as well as Office, of *Informer-General*; raising the Trophies of his Victories on the Ruins of the Tribe of Half-crown Scriblers and Authors, whilst his own elaborate Performances cannot find a Chapman, but must be printed for the Author, and the very first Edition disposed of in a Lump, after indefatigable Pains, to furnish waste Paper to a Chandler's Shop?

What glorious Triumphs are these, that though he cannot, as a Minister of the Gospel, beat down the Kingdom of Satan in the World, nor expel Sin out of the Souls of Sinners, yet he can drive the scurvy Authors out of their Holes, forcing them to flee for Shelter from one Garret to another, whilst the bawling Promoters of low-priced Nonsense feel the Weight of his informing Vengeance, and may read their Indictments written on their Backs in sanguine Characters, by the unmerciful Hands of an insulting Beadle? What Transports must it raise in

such a Soul to hear his miserable Captives groan in secret Dungeons? And what exalted Joys must this afford, to think that their Voices must be no more heard in our Streets?

How surprizing is it to see one Man stepping out from behind his Counter, putting himself at the Head of 100,000 Men, and over a Dish of Coffee engage the *French* and *Spaniards*, giving them a total Rout, killing 50 or 60,000 in the Field, and pushing the rest into a River; sitting down before the Gates of *Paris*, or carrying it Sword in Hand; entering *Madrid* in Triumph, ravishing the Golden Treasures of *Peru*, and then return home laden with Spoils and Honours.?

How diverting is it to see a poor Botcher, who was scarce ever so happy as to see Twenty Shillings of his own Money, and it may be knows not how to make Use of so many Pence to the best Advantage, managing the vast Treasure of the Nation, and from an humble Stall, where his Employment was, to refit those Vestments which old Age had impaired, and to patch up those Dilacerations, which were below the Dignity of a Taylor to concern himself about, put on the Stile and Office of Lord-Treasurer of *Great-Britain*, reforming the Abuse of the Treasury, and botch up all the Mismanagements of the publick Cash?

What Merriment must it afford, to see the Ladies handling Politicks with the same Nicety as they do their Snuff-boxes, or inspect Affairs of state with as much Concern as they do their Looking-Glasses, to regulate a misplaced Patch, or recompose a disordered Curl?

Words are nothing but Wind, and therefore I shall leave these Talkers to the Care of our Astrological Doctors, who may, at their Leisure, resolve these

these following lawful Questions by their noble Art and Skill, viz.

Whether this Distemper be not the Cholick of the Brain? Whether it is likely to prove mortal or not? Whether it proceeds from some malevolent Aspects and Conjunctions of the Planets? Whether it is convenient for Persons so infected to go into Conversation, and these, contrary to the Rules of good Manners, to belch and break Wind in the Faces of the Company?

I shall now proceed to such as have distinguished themselves by their Labours; and as it is impossible to enumerate all, so I shall confine myself to such who are most popular, as being agreeable to my first Intention. And here, not to break in upon the Rules of good Manners, or invert the Order of Precedency, which by immemorial Custom, as well as Claim, belongs to the Tribe of the Scaramouches, as being the Descendants of a very ancient and noble Family; for, as they assert, the first Founder was no less Person than one of the Twelve Patriarchs, noted for some Quality, which was none of the best, and which seem almost inseparable from their Tribe; and to prevent farther Clamours, I shall begin with them. Now though it seems difficult to assign the Post of Honour to any particular Person amongst them without disgusting others, yet I shall adventure to begin with the Leader of their forlorn Hope, who had sufficient Courage, or rather *Affurance*, to bid Defiance to a Kingdom.

Don Henrico Furioso, de Monte Igna Vomante, and One of the Fathers of the Inquisition, Priest of the Order, &c. a most celebrated Author. No sooner can you lay your Finger on One of his Performances, but the Lightning flashes in your Face; for, like *Jason's Bulls*, which fed on nothing but Salt-petre,

Sulphur, and broken Thunder-bolts, and breathed Fire and Death, so these are full charged with Anathema's, the dreadful Curses and Imprecations from the infernal Regions. The very Titles are big with rolling Thunder, and strike the Reader with Horror and Amazement. And as those Bodies which are hurried with Violence and Impetuosity seldom keep a regular Motion, so you will find him to be excentrick in all his Writings, Rage breaking through the Bounds of Modesty and forcing Grammar, Idiom, and Christianity itself to flee before it. This is the mighty He, who is a Match for a *Sanhedrim*, and whose Picture does adorn the *Roman Palaces*; who can open the Eyes of Thousands, and make them plainly perceive the *Church's non-existent Danger*; this is the mighty *Atlas* to support her Weight, the invaluable *Achilles*, whose single Arm is self-sufficient to protect her from, and defend her against the most violent Attacks of schismatick Enemies; the crafty *Ulysses*, whose Policy alone can discover all the chimerical Plots that are contrived against her, and whose Eloquence can maintain her Cause against all Opponents who are *in nubibus*, with the utmost Strength of argumentative Raillery and the Rhetorick of *Porta Billingsgensis*.

This is that learned He, who scorns to be confined to antiquated *Priscian's* Directions, or *Lilly's* duller Rules; but with a magisterial Authority refines the Idiom of his Mother-tongue, enlarging its former Bounds, by giving uncontrouled Liberty to Speech and authorizing genuine Nonsense, to trample down the Fences that have been made against it, that so his Language may run parallel with his exalted Notions, and both keep equal Pace with his extensive Learning; which, rather than want a Quotation from a *Roman* Author to maintain his Hypothesis,

Hypothesis, can forge it upon the Anvil of his own fruitful Invention, and produce it without a Blush.

This is He, whose extensive Charity for the Preservation of the Being and Oeconomy of the Church-militant whilst on Earth, and her Tranquillity and Repose when triumphant in Heaven, has passed a damnatory Sentence on all schismatick Rebels and false Brethren; leaving them to the Direction of the Devil and his Angels.

This is that *Oedipus*, whose Wisdom can reconcile inconsistent Opposites, and teach Passive Obedience and Non-resistant Principles to despise Government, and fly in the Face of sovereign Authority, with this Proviso, that those who put this in Practice are true Sons of *High-Church*, and have Wit enough, like himself, not to discover what that *High-Church* is, till a favourable Opportunity presents. Their late Disappointment has left this as yet a Mystery; but we need not doubt, had *Perkin* gotten the Ascendant, we had by this Time been informed at the Expence of our Brains, and *High-Church French* Dragoons had instructed us in the Articles of their Faith by *Apostolick Blows and Knocks*.

Segnior Luca Hot Spurri di Monte Capitoline, may justly challenge the second Place; an incomprehensible Author, who for many Years successively hath sent forth his annual Systems of High-Church Divinity to the no small Edifications of the judicious Rabble: This is that experienced Champion, who taking his Advantage of the Time, in the coldest Season of the Year puts the Trumpet to his Mouth, sounds an Alarm, and calls the Sons of High-Church to their Arms; and though he never fails to lay hold of every Opportunity to beat up the Quarters of schismatic Enemies, or to fall upon their advanced Parties, when or wherever he meets with them, yet

then especially they feel the powerful Efforts of his victorious Invectives, and his vigorous Attacks oblige the weaker Forces of his Adversaries to flee before the invincible Squadrons of triumphant Raillery and incorrigible Scurrility.

Whilst other Authors clog the weary Press with unwieldy Volumes, the painful Labours of Retirement, and immense Products of forty or fifty Years, exhausted by nocturnal Lucubrations, which at last, notwithstanding all the Embellishments of Learning and Philosophy are lost to the major Part of Mankind, his incomparable Tracts are comprized in a little Bulk; and Physicians Itinerant, notwithstanding their specious Pretences of Charity for the Poor, fall vastly short in that excellent Disposition, and of our unparalleled *Italian Doctor's* Perfections on that Respect: for although they may now and then give a single Remedy out of Ostentation and Policy, to promote a Trade, yet the Packet is never sold under Two-pence, and if diseased Persons want that Sum they must want the Cure also; but he, good Man, willing that all should partake of the Fruits of his indefatigable Labours, and most profound Skill, desires, like the Successors of *St. Peter*, no more than a single Penny; and besides what his Charity prevails upon him to bestow *gratis* in indigent Patients, who cannot reach that Price, to stir up Charity also in other well affected Persons to bestow their Benevolence this Way, he sells his Divinity-packets by the Dozen for a smaller Price.

These are the dull Productions of Midnight Studies, when the melancholy Hours pass heavily away, and the Brains are stupefied with a Surcharge of extended Thoughts; and every Sentence is forged with Pain and Difficulty; the Vivacity of the
Animal

Animal Spirits being mortified by the insufferable Drudgery of unsupportable Cogitation.

These were not the jejune Performances of an empty Stomach and a Body macerated with uninterrupted and corroding Meditation, or debilitated by too frequent and almost quotidian Abstinence; these are not the Offspring of a Brain disturbed, and perhaps almost distracted with Thoughts and Care, for an half-starved Carcase, and a numerous craving Family, where Want and Penury appear in every dreadful Form that Necessity can suppose; and every Object fills the dismal Scenes of Ruin with additional Horror, and heap Vexation on the desponding Wretch.

But these are the vigorous Results of sublime Prosperity (exalted above the Reach of injurious Fortune) and a Mind freed entirely from anxious Care, elevated to the highest Pitch of Vivacity, and supported by the generous Influence of the noblest Wines. These are not the dull phlegmatick Efforts of drowsy Hours and tortured Nights, wire-drawn with Violence and Fatigue from a Genius spent and enervated by a Surplusage of Toil and Misery; but the Rhapsodies of the brightest Hours and the clearest Thoughts, the Ecstasies or Raptures of an exalted Soul, carried beyond the Abilities of Nature, the Flights of unrestrained Zeal, and the Efforts of High-Church Charity.

Charity, did I say? It deserves a more refined Character, which will permit not one supposed *Republican Antimonarchical* Sinner to have a Residence in the Bosom of the Church, or to be within a Possibility of Salvation, till he recants his Errors, and avows his High-Church Principles; nay, which will not allow the least Corner in Heaven to those, who are not full Conformists to their Notions, but

sends the *Non-Cons* in a Lump, though his Father was in that Number, to the Pit of eternal Perdition and endless Misery.

Don ——— *Pictorio di albo Sacello*, must be acknowledged an Author no ways inferior in Zeal and Courage to the former, but superior in the absolutely necessary Talent of Assurance: I am not ignorant that amongst the Men of Modesty and Moderation, as they call themselves, this is thought to be nothing less than Impudence and a brazen Front; but allowing what the sheepish Pretenders to Modesty assert is Truth, yet in some Cases Men must be allowed to make a Virtue of Necessity; and even that must be confessed to be no mean Acquirement.

Whatever is attempted by this Author, is certainly performed with an Air of Bravery and Resolution above his Fellows; Who is that hardy He, who like him, durst set himself in Opposition, and bid open Defiance to Law and Supreme Authority? Whatever some Persons may account him, and endeavour to blacken his Character, as though he were too well affected to the *Romish* Church, I think it is false, past Contradiction, for the following Reasons, *viz.* It is plain he is not for Works of Supererogation, for if so, he would not have kept so close to the Book of Canons, and have took his Audience to Witness, *that he had done all that was enjoined him*, as he thought, though some were of Opinion, and believed, that He *had left undone those Things that he ought to have done*, as well as *done those Things which he ought not to have done*. Nor is he, in the next Place, for the Doctrine of Merit, lest they should carry him where they would not, and make him an Antipendium to the Triple Tree.

The Performance of this Author, if they fall short in Eloquence and polite Language of some others

others of that Tribe, they certainly make Amends for it in their Warmth and Vigour. Not a Sentence, nay, scarce a Word can drop from his Pen, but what is armed with Death, and every Paragraph carries Hell and Damnation with it.

This is He, who like a certain Astrological Conjuror, that lives in a Blind Alley, dares take upon him to be a Counsellor of Counsellors to Kings and Princes : But his principal Talent lies another Way, viz. Inflaming the Populace from Principles of *Passive Obedience*, and making *Non-resistance* break forth into Outrages, Riots, and Disorder.

This is He, who can reconcile flat Contradictions to a Miracle, and whose Pupils are so well instructed, that they can tell a *Whig* by the Make of his Peruke, or the Sitting of his Band, and are so zealous for the above-cited Doctrines, the Traditions of these Fathers, that in Compliance with, and Practice of them, no Authority is sufficient, no Place or Time sacred enough to restrain the Emotions and Violence of their intemperate Zeal and headstrong Passions.

Satire was always by the Ancients held in great Veneration ; but the Manner of its Performance has been various, according to the prevailing Humours of the several Ages, or the Inclinations and natural Bias of the Authors ; and at this Day it is not less practised than in any preceeding Times, but with this Difference, that as in every foregoing Age some one particular Method of satyrizing was generally in Repute and Practice, whilst the others were disregarded, now every Sort prevails and seems to stand upon an equal Foot.

Some pursue the plain and open Method of exposing Persons as well as Things ; but yet keeping within the Bounds of Truth : This Sort, however,

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is not in Esteem with high Tantivee Scaramouches, who reject it as fit for none but Pedants, Puritans, and Fanaticks; but make Choice of that which is set off with all the Rhetorick of Slander, Calumny and Detraction, invidious and false Reflections, groundless Jealousies and Surmises, with Names of Odium and Distinction, and a vast Heap of Epithets, as unintelligible to most Part of their Readers, as impertinent to their Purpose, and as false in Fact as they are scandalous and injurious to the Persons against whom they are directed; but to manage this Sort rightly, it is necessary that the Words themselves naturally fall into an harsh, strong, and violent Sound, which, as they are confusedly thrown together, may not only strike the Ear like Thunder, but raise the Passions, and hurry the rational Faculties into Confusion; of this Sort, none is a greater Master than *Don Piñtorio*, nor is there any that has equal Felicity of Genius this Way with himself, every Sentence throughout his Performances abounds with hyperbolical Examples of it.

Another Sort, which indeed in all Ages has been admired, but few has had Ability to practise, and not many more to understand, is that, which carries in it a sharp and pungent, but close, and, to vulgar Persons, unperceivable Censure and Reproof; that is, in reality, the most refined and genuine Sort of a Satire, but beyond the Capacity of most Men, and allowed to none, but those of exalted Reach and Judgment.

A Fourth, much in Vogue in a neighbouring Country, and of which we very seldom see an Example here, is done by Painting. *Don Piñtorio* has given us the noblest Instance of this Kind, without which the World had never known, *What*, or *Who Judas* was. I know, some have censured him herein,

as though he had embraced the *Pythagorean* Philosophy, and held the Transmigration of Souls; but such abstruse Points being too sublime for my meaner Abilities, and Comprehension, I must refer it to the Learned to discuss; with this one Remark, that this is the only Time, within the Sphere of my Knowledge, that *Judas* was represented as a dignified Clergyman of the Church of *England*.

These forementioned Gentlemen having, for several Years, made it their principal Business to mend the State; I refer it to the Reader's Judgment, when he shall have impartially examined their Productions, how well they have performed their Task; or whether they have not been excentrick in this Affair, with respect to their Office, as well as mistaken in their Politicks; and have, instead of mending the State, kindled those Animosities amongst the People which will not be easily extinguished.

Monfieur Richardo Index Expurgatorio may here justly challenge a Place: a pretty pert Boy, who though he has not yet left off his white Frock, nor got out of his Primmer, may, in Time, come to be something more than ordinary; he can already go on an Errand; fetch and carry as well as a Spaniel; can watch his bigger School-fellows; tell when they play Truant, or game for more than Farthings; if they steal their Exercise, or get any one else to write it for them; inform against them if they tell naughty Stories, or find Fault with the Rules of the Schools, or the Behaviour of the Ushers: If they have any naughty Books or Ballads, or offer to sell them to others.

His Diligence is very remarkable, having caused several, in the Petty-form, to be severely whipped for this Practice, and, to put it past Contradiction, laid out the Farthings which were allowed him to buy

buy his Breakfast, and now and then a few Apples, in Half-penny Pamphlets, and then told One of the principal Ushers of the School; so that playing at Pitch and Hustle, and trading in Half-penny Books and Ballads, is quite and clean ruined in the lower School, where it was only practised.

Nay, he has ventured to accuse some bigger Boys in the upper School, for talking against some of the Orders of the School, and instead of minding their Lessons, or making their own Exercises, writing of new Orders, and Reasons for putting them in Practice; for which One of them was, by One of the head Ushers, ordered to be tied fast to the Block, that he might not stir Hand or Foot, till the Matter should be thoroughly examined; he having suggested, that this was a Plot carried on by the great Boys of the School against some of the Ushers, to turn them out of their Places.

His Attainments and Modesty are no less remarkable than his natural Abilities; for though, as I told you before, he was not out of his Primmer, yet, in that, he can read as well as a Parson; and by his Industry has made a Shift to learn to write, and his Modesty is so great, that he would not inform his Master, by Word of Mouth, of these ill Practices amongst his School-fellows, but wrote them in Two Letters, and got One of the Ushers, with whom he could be free, to go with him to One of the head Ushers and deliver them.

It must be allowed, that considering his Standing in the School, the Composure of these Letters are extraordinary; it is true there are some Places that are false Grammar, and others, where the Idiom may be sometimes amiss; some again are a little incoherent, and the Sense somewhat obscure, perhaps hardly Sense; but the worst of all is, that some
Things

Things are downright Fibs, which has spoiled a good old Proverb, That *Children and Fools tell Truth* : But what would you have of him, Gentlemen ? He is but a Child, and when he grows bigger, or comes to be a Man, which will be *a long while first*, he will have more Wit, and leave off this naughty Trick of Fibbing, mend all his other little Faults, and write correctly ; and as he designs to be a Parson, for now and then he will be aiming at it and does it prettily, if he be encouraged, may, in Time, make an extraordinary Canon, for he is already a super-excellent Blunderbuss.

To conclude, if he be not taken off from his Book, he may in Forty Years more arrive to as great a Pitch of Learning as the famous *Shan of Morgan*, and be able to write and spell his own Name with very little Help.

The next Author, Mr. *Busy-Man*, is a Sort of amphibious Person, not easily to be placed in any Class, like some Creatures, that live both on Land and Water, and are so frequent on both, that it is hard to say which Element they more properly belong to.

At first, I was inclined to thiuk him a *Spanish* Scaramouch, and that he was President of the Fathers of the Inquisition ; but on second Thoughts I was induced to alter that Opinion : Had he been a *Spanish* Scaramouch, and Head of the Inquisition, or but an *Examiner* in that Office, he must have touched on nothing but religious Affairs, which is always the Pretence, whatever is the Cause of the Prosecution ; and Heresy is the Crime objected to the Prisoner, though his Money is his real Fault. But if he is a true blue Scaramouch, then *High-Church* is the Word, let the Cause be what it will ; and it is for her Sake, that he intermeddles with Affairs of State,

State, and pretends to mend, or rather botch up, all the Mismanagement thereof: But whether the Character of a Scaramouch will hold good with a weekly Scribler, is somewhat difficult to determine; and therefore I shall conclude he is a Sort of *Otter*, a stinking Creature, that lives either on Land or in the Water, either Church or State, used to neither, but pernicious to both.

Had he been an *Examiner* legally instituted, he must have been so in some particular Court, or Office; but he that thrusts himself in for a public *Examiner*, is a publick Nuisance, and deserves to be treated like a common *Pick-pocket*, or a *Busy-body* in other Men's Matters, especially by the State; which is examined into by this authoritative Interloper, by whom the Ministry is catechised, and before whom they stand corrected.

But for once, let us examine our *Examiner*, and enquire into his Merit and Ability, and I fear we shall find him *wanting*, and altogether unfit for such an Office. His Front is always charged with a Scrap of *Latin*, which makes him pass for an extraordinary Scholar with the Ignorant, who understand nothing of it; and sometimes serves to puzzle the half-learned Scaramouches, and hackney Sribblers of the Town; this contains the most Part of his Learning, if not the Whole; and when you have read the *Motto*, you have all that is worth Notice. The Affronts and Indignities he offers *Priscian* in every Paper, are too many to reckon up, unless the Author were better worth the Labour, and so obvious, that every Reader that is not supinely indolent, or stupendously ignorant, may remark them. Were a Jury of Criticks to sit upon him, and bring in their Verdict, before an impartial Judge, the Consequence would be dreadful; nor could he have

Recourse

Recourse to any Thing, but what his Clan, not many Years since, prescribed to the Whigs, I mean *Prayers and Tears*.

His Religion and Manners are Two Twins, that go Hand in Hand, and in the Judgment of Charity must be allowed to be *none of the best*. He is very free with his Maker, and by his Practice one might be induced to believe, that either He never learned the third Commandment, or had gotten an Indulgence or Dispensation for the Breach thereof. For good Manners, it is questionable if he ever had any; but certainly, if he had, he left them behind him, when he was took from School, or lost them at the University, together with the small Stock of Learning that he carried thither. But if he has lost Learning and good Manners, it must be allowed he has acquired other Accomplishments which are more *modish*, viz. Raillery in the most virulent Manner, and Scurility in his Language to the last Degree: That Party must be brought to a low Ebb, that can find no better Patrons to defend them; but, I think, it is past Contradiction, that the Patron and Language are both as good as their Cause; and that Raillery and foul Language is all they have left to defend themselves withal.

I shall take my Leave of this saucy, impertinent Author, only observing, that he is full of the *true Spirit of High-Church*, and can manage the argumentative Part as well as the best of them; which is, by impudently *denying* known Truths, and positively *asserting* known Lies! for it is no Sin, with such Persons, to speak against their Conscience.

And now *Don Quixot* comes upon the Stage of Action; a Man of singular Courage and Ability; had he not risen in this Critical Juncture, for the Deliverance of the *Tories*, what had become of them,
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is more than I durst take upon me to assert : Every Day that he comes forth is an Execution Day ; he is singly more than a Match for the adverse Party, and at every Stroke of his Paper-weapon lays Three or Four of the *Whig* Champions sprawling at his Feet ; every Day some or other of them are sacrificed by his Hand to the infernal Lake, whilst he, triumphant, bears down all before him.

It would be criminal to question this doughty Hero's Learning ; it is parallel to his Courage, and beyond the Capacity of *Whigish* Principles to comprehend. He never accosts his Adversaries, but with true and genuine *Roman* Language, which must strike Terror into all Opponents. The Classics are his Familiars, and at his Command obsequiously incorporate, and twist themselves with his Discourses ; so that his Performances and Religion are undoubtedly of a Kind, and both allied to *Rome* by the strictest League and Covenant.

His Zeal is too ardent to be described by Words ; and were it not engaged in such a Cause, might stand in Need of some Correction and Restraint ; it is undeniably somewhat immoderate, and to his Heat must be ascribed those Escapes, which *Whigish* Criticks may Censure as his Faults.

But consider the wonderful Exploits he is engaged in ; do Men in Passion and the Heat of Battle stand for polite Language, or correct Speech ? How invidious is it to send the Gentleman, because somewhat warm, back again to his Spelling book, or oblige him to consult his Accidence, to make true Concord ? Discord is what he is engaged in, and how opposite is this to Concord ? What Business hath he with *Syntax*, who is so busily employed in dividing between *Whig* and *Tory*, betwixt *High* and *Low-Church* ; nay, dividing the *Whigs* from this World,
and

and sending them by wholesale to another ? Why should he be strictly tied up to Idiom, who cannot strictly be called a *Briton* ? It is but just, as well as generous, to make Allowance in these Respects to Foreigners. His Soul, his Religion is *Roman* ; his Interest and Inclinations *French* ; his Tongue is *Barleduck* ; and, can you in Conscience desire a Gentleman, under these Disadvantages, to write or speak true *English* ? Discourse him in his Mother-tongue, and then see how he will manage you : As it is, he is more than a Match for the best of you, and every Day one or more of your Number falls before him ; and without Controul, he rides Lord Paramount, and *Controller* over all.

And now it is high Time to draw towards a Conclusion ; Multitudes might have been added to these wonderful Persons already named, to whose indefatigable Pains in correcting the State, how much the Publick is indebted, is beyond my Capacity to determine : But, whatever former Ages may boast as to the Number and Capacity of Statesmen, this may, undoubtedly, claim the Preference in both Respects ; for never were there, as is manifested from the few foregoing Instances in this Kingdom, at one Time, *so many, and so accomplished Politicians.*

AN



A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
S I C K N E S S and D E A T H
O F

DR. W --- D W --- R D ;

As also of what appeared upon opening his Body.

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

By Dr. T E C H N I C U M.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

I Heartily condole with you and the Rest of the *Literati*, on the Death of our dear Friend Dr. *W-dw-rd*, and have transmitted, according to your Desire, a brief Account of his Illness and behaviour before he died, and the most remarkable Phenomena upon Dissection: When he first published his *State of Physick, &c.* no Man was more vivacious
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and alert, from a keen Appetite and a good Digestion, he entertained the Hopes of a long Life, and promised himself that his *Laſſeals* were very numerous. On the other Hand he was ſatisfied, from the Redundancy of his Discoveries, that he was the *Columbus* of the Faculty, and the greateſt Genius that ever appeared in it ; that he ſhould have Statues erected to him, and his Works be tranſlated into all Languages. But when he found, poor Gentleman, his Miſtake, that his Writings were the Jeſt of the Town and Country, and admitted even into the Farce of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, he began to loſe, in ſome Meaſure, his indelible Sort of Kindneſs for the Children of his Brain, and to lament the Unhappineſs of diſtreſſed Merit. I obſerved, that *Garth's* Diſpenſary, which he quoted at Random in his Illneſs, was of mighty Conſolation to him, not upon the Account of the Morality of the Piece, but becauſe it highly delighted him to conſider, that if a Satire was levelled againſt the whole Profeſſion, any ſingle Member might endure it with greater Patience and Reſignation. However, that the Doctor might not ſtand alone in Controverſy, he and I compoſed a little Tract, which we thought would have demolished the Triumvirate : For though neither of us alone were able to encounter our Antagoniſts, yet the Cauſe muſt neceſſarily be ſucceſſful, from ſuch a formidable Confederacy of Wit, from the united Talents of a Mathematical Divine, and a Foffiliſtical Practitioner.

But this Stratagem failing alſo, and the Pamphlet being returned on our Hands by the Bookſeller, the Doctor grew immediately chagrined and melancholy. I cannot ſay, indeed, but after the firſt Attack of his Diſeaſe, he would ſhew, at Intervals in Converſation, a Serenity of Temper entirely diſpaſſionate, which might be conſtrued by his Enemies perhaps the moſt conſumate

consummate Impudence. In Company with his own Fraternity he carried on the same Air of Unconcern, took Place of his Juniors, as he has confessed, and seemed extravagantly full of Glee, that he was arrived in a Circle, as it were, to his old Station, and likely to rejoice again in the Capacity of a Foreman. But his Distemper grew upon him by Degrees, and began to be attended with Phænomena that were not genuine and usual. What to call it I could not learn from his Physicians, nor is it at all material; for all Diseases arising from an Exuberance of the biliose Salts, there is no Occasion for Divisions; nor is there any Difference, according to the Notions of our departed Friend, between the Cause of an Apoplexy, or *Furor Uterinus*. It is plain that, by his over-great Solitude and Grief, the Salts, which served for his Digestion, were otherwise employed; and the Phlegm becoming stagnate, the Salts increased in Number, and by the Steam of their Collections occasioned an Inflation of the Stomach. According, therefore, as the Organs were incommoded and embarrassed, he was affected with a Variety of Symptoms; sometimes he would have a Faintness and Swooning on him, and be pusillanimous and dejected: I have seen him throw himself into a Difficulty of Breathing, by pouring forth a Torrent of rugged Epithets upon his Adversaries; but upon an accidental Closure of the Upper Orifice of the Stomach, he would begin to whoop and hiccough, and be troubled with Choakings, Startings, and Strangulations. The Fur and Foulness of his Tongue were remarkable, and his Belchings were sour, noisome, and foetid, though generally nothing else but Wind. His Aspect was convulsed into a Grimace, yet the Heat and Flushing of his Face was never intense enough, as I perceived, to make him blush. The Salts indeed, being a little over-heated, excited something

thing bordering upon that harsh, uneasy, and offensive Sensation called a Fever : And in fine, Sir, the Bile being highly vitiated, annoyed the Organs, indisposed the Frame and made such a Confusion and Perturbation in his Brain, as to bring on Madness and Deliria. His Power of Thinking was so depraved, perverted, and confounded, that every Thing he uttered for the last Ten Days, was nothing else but the confused Images of Things and Persons he had been engaged with. Laughing, Weeping, Anxiety, and Suspicion, were the kindest Symptoms ; for he would frequently foam at Mouth, bite and bark like a mad Dog.

Dr. Byfield, Dr. Tripe, Elkanah Settle, and my Lord Peterborough, were mostly the Objects of his Rage ; but if he spoke a Line of Sense, he would run immediately into a Hotch-potch, as he used to call it, concerning *Graduates, Creeds, Processions, Reliques, Extreme Unction, Gotham Correspondence, Father Grueber, the Devil, and the Pretender.*

While he retained his Senses he would be satisfied with nothing but his own Method, and he had, every Day, for above Twenty Days together, a Clyster, a Purge, and a Quart or Two of Oil. His Physicians, as he approached his latter End, directed him some other Medicines, which he sometimes took, but even in his Ravings would call aloud for an Emetic, and be impatiently craving after Oil.

He took a Vomit the very Day he died, nay, almost the very Minute ; and, as he was expiring, let fall the large Cockle-shell of Sack-whey out of which he used to drink.

I have been, Sir, more particular in this Relation, to obviate the Misrepresentations of Two different Sorts of People. Some there are, who have had the Folly to declare that the Doctor died immediately of a Fright at the Appearance of the late Meteor ;

others again, with an Impudence never to be paralleled, affirm him now to be alive. To the First I answer, that it is irrational to suppose such a Phenomenon could be terrible to one who has been always prying into Grottos and Vulcanos, and the Wonders of the Creation. It is true he saw it, but at that Time was incapable of giving any tolerable Account of it. In short, he was out of our Order long before, and departed this Life on the first Instant, which, whether ominous or not, I shall not take upon me to determine.

To the Second there is nothing scarcely can be said; for a Man must be lost to all Modesty and common Sense, who will affirm a Thing, which, if he will but go to *Gresham*, is in his Power to contradict. With these very Eyes, I declare to you, I saw him make his *Exit*, which I will attest upon Oath, if required: But I need not, Sir, be at the Pains to convince you, or any Man, who is acquainted with my Character, and knows what Regard the Court of Equity has for my Veracity. I speak this with the more Warmth, because I am satisfied, notwithstanding our *Verbum Sacerdotis* is pawned for it, that there are some who will still insist upon his being now living; and I design to caution a certain Bookseller near *St. Paul's*, who, I hear, has more than once reported it; for as I am his Executor, I am told it will bear an Action. What will still indeed confirm the World in this Notion, is, that some about him, who thought every Thing he said must necessarily be good, have already printed all the Rhapsody of his Deliria. This, however, is my Comfort, though I shall see him personated, and several Pieces published under his Name, yet as his Language and Ideas are inimitable, the wiser Part of Mankind must discover the Imposture.

I shall

I shall give you a full Account of his Works in a little Time; I am scarce, as yet, Master enough of his Physick, in which he mostly followed the *Germans*: This I am sure, he was a good Naturalist, and very communicative of his Fossils: In his Religion I had, you know, well grounded him, and he seemed to exceed myself in the Belief of those Principles I had instilled.

He was a true Philosopher in Temper, and as he desired not to want, so he never abounded in his Circumstances. I shall get but a very Trifle by his Kindness to me; I believe his *Knicknackatory* may defray the Expences of his Funeral, and pay the Druggist for *Ipecacuanha*; and I hope the Chariot and Horses will discharge the other lesser Matters. His Oilman (for an Apothecary he seldom used) ought to be very reasonable in his Bill, considering what Advantages accrued to him from his Recommendation. I heard him say not long ago (and no Man was more punctual in his Arithmetick) that in the Course of his Practice he had administered 20,473 Vomits, 756 Hogheads, 4 Gallons, and a Pint of Sack-whey, and above 50 Ton of Oil.

But before I take Leave, it will be expected I should say something for the Satisfaction of the Ladies, who will be inquisitive of what Sex he died: The Account of his Dissection will inform them in that Particular; and although from the Softness of his Voice something may have been suggested to his Disadvantage in their Esteem, yet I know not whether that Constitution is not more eligible that inclines one to the Gout of *Italy* and *Spain*, and gives a Man a stronger Relish for the more manly Pleasures of those warmer Climates.

His Body pursuant to his own Desire was opened by Mr. Marten, in the Presence of three or four

foreign Virtuoso's: The Complexion of the Skin was party-coloured, and had something of the *Tar-nish* and Sully natural to a Jaundice. We first viewed the *Abdomen*: The *Musculus Rectus* continued fleshly to the very Middle of the *Sternum* before it began to be tendinous, as is observed in the *Simia*; (a) which Contrivance of Nature no Doubt facilitates the *rigling Motion* of that Animal. The *Omentum*, the main Fund of the Fat, which should have been the Guard against the Attacks of the *Biliose Salts*, was perished, dissolved, and quite gone. The *Stomach* appeared extremely inflated, and plainly made such a Pressure upon the *Curb of the Aorta*, that there was scarce any Passage left through the descending Trunk. In the Cavity of the *Stomach*, as an ocular Proof of his Doctrine, presented itself an incredible Quantity of *Bile* sufficient to produce that *Modulation upon the Brain* which he gave the first Hint of to the World. The inner Surface was entirely smooth, not a Footstep of the *Velvet Tunicle* remaining: This was perhaps from the constant Use of drinking Gallons of Sack-Whey with his Vomits. The Aperture of the *Pylorus* was very extraordinary, it was big enough to admit a Man's Thumb; and indeed while he continued sensible, he often said, so it would be found upon Dissection: For in all that Time he observed, that the *Pylorus* never would close, so as to give him the Refreshment even of a Slumber. Towards the *Pylorus* within the *Stomach* was placed a fleshly Substance, resembling, though set at a greater Distance, that in the *Hog-kind* (b); to which *Species*, especially the *Tajacu* or *Opossum*,

(a) Blasius de Anatom. Simiæ.

(b) Grew's Comparat. Anatom. Blasius de Anatom. Porci.

(c) this

(c) this *Phænomenon* is so peculiar. Anatomists look upon this as a *Stopple*, which is of great Service in the Closure of the *Pylorus*. (d) Hence another Reason may be deduced for his Want of Sleep, this Instrument not being in him situated near enough to act a Part in this Affair.

Throughout the whole Tract of the Intestines there was nothing very remarkable, besides an exceeding Flatulency, and great Gluts of *vitiated Bile*: There were also large Quantities of *Oil* floating about, undigested and unaltered. At the *Anus* was a *Ficus* of an uncommon Magnitude. To the *Rectum*, near the *Verge of the Cloaca*, adhered a Pouch full of a glandulous Juice, much like what the Naturalists describe in the *Hyæna Olorifera*, the *Rattle-Snake*, and the *Pole-Cat*; and which, no Doubt, imparted that Fragrancy he used to remark in his very Excrements: Though when the Discharge was more than usual, this extraordinary Perfume might possibly turn to a common Stink, as has been observed in other Animals. (e) The *Cæcum*, as happens always in a certain *Race of Creatures*, was entirely wanting. (f) The Mesentery was very frumose, and the Lacteals obstructed to that Degree, as to be visible: One of them, which seemed to be the last allotted for the Period of this great Man's Life, had its Orifices impacted by three or four large Globules of the *Biliose Salts*.

The Liver was immensely big, divided into seven Lobes and tinged with *Bile*; the Gall-Bladder was of a Size proportionable, indeed very near equalling

(c) Dr. Tyson, Phil. Transact. n. 153.

(d) Dr. Tyson, Phil. Transact. n. 153.

(e) Ibid. n. 144. 153. Blasius Anatom. Erutor.

(f) Blasius.

that of an Ox. From the *Ductus Chodelochus*, beside the Branch that enters the *Duodenum*, we discovered upon a nicer Enquiry, another inserted immediately into the Stomach itself. The Stomach was of a triangular figure, (g) large, tense, and in some Places scirrhose; abounding with a thick heavy *Atra Bilis*. The Urinary Organs were all sound, and were so far from having any rank Smell in them, that the few Contents there were left in the Bladder, very near approached the Nature of *Oil*. I shall, out of Decency, omit any Description of the Parts of Generation, only that the *Testes* were mostly hid in the Groin (h).

In the *Thorax*, the *Thymus* was found to be as big as usually it is in a *Calf*. The Heart was very flabby, and for the most Part unsound and rotten: Upon the left Ventricle appeared a very virulent Ulcer. The Lungs were *cramped, streightened*, and much *incommoded* by the bearing up of the Diaphragm; occasioned by the great Inflation of the Stomach. Upon the same Account, the Back, during the last Days of his Illness, was very much up, and appeared somewhat *gibbose and humped*.

Upon opening the Brain, there were evident Marks of the cruel *Ravages and Depredations* of the *Bilious* Principles. The *Dura Mater* was fretted, and wholly unstrung; the Circumvolutions in the *Cerebrum* all obliterated, and the Surface quite plain and even; which Doctor *Willis* has observed to be the Case of some *particular Persons* (i). The *Vacuities* in his *Venter* were large to an uncommon Degree. The *Pineal Gland* was perfectly flaccid, so that it seemed to have been incapable for some Time of giving any proper Directions to the Will. However,

(g) *Elasius*.(h) *Ibid*.(i) *Anat. Cereb. c. x.*

Death of Dr. W—dw—d. 175

the Nervous System was tense, and peculiarly adapted for *Vibration*.

I thought this Account would be acceptable to you, both as it might give some Light to Mankind into the Causes of Distempers, and more particularly likewise as it might be of great Use to confirm the *Doctrines* laid down by our late dear departed Friend.

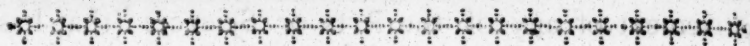
April 4, 1719.

I am, Yours &c.



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T H E



T H E
L I F E A N D A D V E N T U R E S
O F

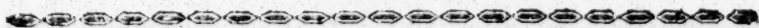
Don Bilioso de L'ESTOMAC.

Translated from the Original *Spanish* into *French*;
done from the *French* into *English*.

With a Letter to the College of *PHYSICIANS*.

*I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the Heart or Brain,
The plainest Man alive may tell ye,
Her Seat of Empire is the Belly;
From whence she sends out those Supplies
Which make us either stout or wise.*

Anno 1719.



To the College of Physicians in London.

Gentlemen,

DUBLIN.

WE so seldom trouble you with any of our Writings from this Side of the Water, that I hope the present will be the easier excused; for as we live in an Island which has very little Share in the Management of the grand Affairs in the World, we have the least Curiosity in prying into them; and this perhaps produces that Indolence of Temper in us, that we rarely make Noise enough to be heard by our neighbour Nations, and therefore

scorn

scorn to listen to their Secrets; if by chance an Improvement of any of the Arts or Sciences (that has stood the Test of the *English* Criticks) appears here in publick, it is received with an entire Submission, and we reckon it as binding on us, as your *English* Acts of Parliament: Indeed, if the Truth or Usefulness of any such Improvement be controverted among you, we generally take the strongest Side, and so live in perfect Harmony and Peace among each other; whether it be that our Possessions being small and pretty much on a Level, or whatever else may be the Reason, we religiously agree not to invade or disturb each other's Property. Gentlemen, if some among you had followed these pacific Maxims, you had saved yourselves the Trouble of this Epistle, and me the Expence and Trouble of buying and reading Dr. W.'s State of Physick.

The Beginning of this ingenious Performance put me in Mind of *Don Quixote's* good Squire *Sancho*, whose favourite Maxim was, that the Belly kept up the Heart, and not the Heart the Belly. I will not say the Doctor stole this Notion from that merry Gentleman, because I believe I shall prove presently that the Author of *Don Quixote* was also the Author of the State of Physick; for upon dipping a little farther into the Book, I observed such a romantick Air through the whole, and a Manner of Writing so different from any Physician I ever read, that I immediately concluded Dr. W. must be that young Physician, who, enquiring of Dr. *Sydenham* what was the best Book in Physick, was told *Don Quixote*. Upon these Reflections, and reading a little further, I recalled to mind that I had read a great many Passages of this State of Physick in some Romance or other; and was so prepossessed of the Truth of it, that with infinite Labour, though with Pleasure, I read over all

Don Quixote's Library; but to my great Grief in none of these could I trace the Doctor; at last, by pure Accident, I found an old *French* Manuscript translated from the *Spanish*; the Title is, *Les Aventures Don de Bilioso de L'Estomac*. I was as proud of this Discovery as *Thales* or *Pythagoras* of theirs: I cried *Εὕρηκα*, and if I had not been a better Christian than either of them, would have sacrificed an Hecatomb. In short, this is the very Book I sought for, and upon Examination I found the State of Physick to be a mere Transcript from it, excepting that the Author has broke the Thread of the History in several Places, and now and then mistaken (for want of *Spanish*) the Sense of the Author. When the Transports for my new Discovery were a little abated, I began to reflect with the deepest Melancholy on the deplorable Condition of the State of Physick (not the Doctor's State of Physick) in these Kingdoms, if such Practices as these shall go unpunished. What in the Name of Goodness could possess this Gentleman to endeavour to impose a Romance on us for a Treatise in Physick, unless he designed to banish this Science out of *England*, as *Cervantes* did Knight Errantry out of *Spain*? I have heard indeed that some Chymical Enthusiasts have maintained that *Homer's Iliad* and *Odysey*, nay the Bible itself, contained nothing but the Secret of making the Philosopher's Stone, and the Grand Elixir: That *Homer's* Rules for Fighting, and the holy Precepts in the Scriptures for the Conduct of our Lives, were but so many Processes for making these grand *Arcanums*; but sure none of these Adepts were so mad to attempt making Gold by one or the other; and I am plaguily mistaken if the Doctor makes any by my Manuscript; yet after all I confess I pity this poor Gentleman's Case, he thirsting after Knowledge, and from his Youth upward solicitous for the publick Good, earnestly

neftly and gravely desired *Sydenham's* Advice; Read *Don Quixote*, fays the jocose Doctor. The Biliose Salts being very predominant both in Quantity and Quality in this poor Gentleman's Constitution, and (unhappily for him) the Instruments of Cogitation so confounded the cogitative Faculty, that he did not distinguish Jest from Earnest; and his Passion for his Author became so exorbitant (curse on all Biliose Salts) that he neglected all other Books but Romances ever after. How these hellish Salts impose on the Organs of Sense, produce lufory Visions, and represent Actions, Persons, and Things, that no where exist but in these delusive Operations and Impositions, this unfortunate Gentleman is a melancholy Instance.

But to return to my Manuscript, I really have not Time to transcribe it, and am too fond of it to part with it; however, that you may not suspect any Imposition, I have here sent you the Heads of the several Chapters, and refer you to the Pages in the State of Physick. The only Recompence I desire of you, Gentlemen, is, that you will reimburse me the Money I laid out in purchasing the Doctor's Translation, considering I have the original Manuscript by me, and that the Money will be but a Trifle among you all; besides, I hope I shall not disoblige Dr. W. by thus publickly declaring the true Father of this Child, which has been so great a Reproach to him, since it will save him the Trouble of maintaining another Man's Brat; and I therefore expect he will send me all the Novels, and Romances of his writing, which (I don't question) may be easily got.

The Life and Adventures of Don Bilioso de l'Estomac, &c.

Chap. I. **O**F *Don Bilioso's* Birth. How when his Mother was with Child of him, contrary to other Women, she grew big about the Shoulders, her *Sternum* became prominent, and her Back gibbous, her Belly all this while continuing as lank as a Virgin's. How she died in Labour, and how *Don Bilioso* was miraculously preserved by being cut out of her Stomach. *Vide* State of Physick, *p.* 91, 92.

Chap. II. Concerning *Don Bilioso's* Education; how he was nursed in a Coal-pit, and of his strange Inclination of travelling under Ground; of his Conversation with Spirits, and how he studied the *Black Art*. *Vide* Natural History, *p.* 3, 4.

Chap. III. How *Don Bilioso* ravished the incomparable and beautiful *Donna Phlegma*, and how they lived together like Dog and Cat, and she bore him afterwards several very unlucky Children; *p.* 92. And of an ancient Prophecy of above Two thousand Years, foretelling what great Mischief he, his Wife, and Children, should commit in the World, *p.* 90.

Chap. IV. How *Don Bilioso's* Children committed several mad Pranks, and how he reclaimed them by gentle and soft Means, oiling their Sides very well, and liquoring their Boots, *p.* 81.

Chap. V. In this Chapter is related the wonderful Prowess of the gallant *Don Bilioso*; how he destroyed

stroyed Thirty Fleas that attacked some distressed Damsels, and how they miraculously escaped being flea-bitten; and how a Lady got out of his Hands with a whole Skin. *p.* 86, 88.

Chap. VI. How that cruel *Don Putrido Salino*, by the Advice and Assistance of *Donna Phlegma*, most barbarously flea'd and fetched off the Skin of several innocent People's Mouths and Throats. *p.* 89.

Chap. VII. How *Don Bilioso* and *Donna Phlegma* quarrelled in Church; how they were confined in an Organ Loft for disturbing the Congregation; how by Art Magick they got into the great Organ Pipe, and how they made greater Emotions, Colluctations, and Pertrubations than before; as also how they set the whole Church a spewing. *p.* 95.

Chap. VIII. *Don Bilioso's* Advice to his Friends about frying Pancakes; how to prevent them from rising into Blisters, and how there is no trusting to the common Receipts. *p.* 96.

Chap. IX. How he taught an intelligent Surgeon to set Bones and cure Bruises; how he quarrelled with a strange Knight for not telling him his Secrets; and how out of Spight he told Secrets which no one would listen to. *p.* 101, &c.

Chap. X. How *Don Bilioso* made *Donna Diarrhæa* dead drunk; and how when he had his Will of her, he turned her out of the Back Door; *p.* 104. Also how he and *Donna Phlegma* lacerated her great Capillary Vessel, and left her bathing in Blood, *p.* 105. and when she awaked, how they twitched and jerked her Buttocks, until they made her dance without Musick. *p.* 106.

Chap. XI. How *Don Bilioso* and *Donna Phlegma* were taken up by the Inquisition as Conjurers, for giving People the Stranguary, Stoppage of Urine, bloody Urine, and spitting Blood. *p.* 106 and 108.

Chap..

Chap. XII. How *Don Bilioso* was set at Liberty by the Giant *Variolas*, and how they entered into a strict Friendship.

Chap. XIII. How the Giant *Variolas*, after his Friendship with *Don Bilioso*, contrary to all Laws of Humanity, treated a great many honest People very cruelly, especially *Don Bilioso's* Friends; laming some, blinding others, and downright murdering the most part; though he let a great many Rogues pass unmolested. *p.* 111, 112, &c.

Chap. XIV. In this Chapter you have related Two Instances of *Don Bilioso's* great Humanity; how he tore up a Nettle by the Root for blistering a Child's Cheek, and how he fainted away at seeing a Girl's Nose bleed. *p.* 114 and 125.

Chap. XV. How *Don Bilioso* gave a Dose of *Opium* to a troublesome Bed-fellow, and after he was asleep, with what Caution and Humanity he attacked him behind, and made an Evacuation in his Body. *p.* 129, 130.

Chap. XVI. The pleasantest Chapter in the whole Book: How *Donna Diarrhœa* put the Giant *Variolas* into such a Fright, that he be-sh—t himself: How *Don Bilioso* persuaded him not to wipe his Br—ch, lest Part of the excluded Excrement might be repelled into the *Anus*: *Periculosa plenum opus oleæ.* *p.* 131 ad 138.

Chap. XVII. How *Don Bilioso* at a publick Tournament descants on the Use and Choice of Arms; he proves beyond Contradiction that blunt Swords make deeper and more dangerous Wounds than the sharpest and best pointed; that a little Oil will make a Feather as sharp as a Razor; that he had killed more Knights with that Weapon, than *Achilles* with his Spear, or *Hercules* with his Club; he challenges the Giant *Variolas* to a Tilt; *Don Bilioso* is dismounted; his

his Cruet of Oil broken, and his Cloaths dirtied
p. 138, ad 150.

Chap. XVIII. *Don Bilioso's* Opinion of a Council of War; he shews plainly it must be attended with very fatal Consequences, unless the General Officers are all of a Size; of the same Complexion; if their Swords are not of an equal Length; and finally, if their Armour bear not the same Devices. p. 150 ad 156.

Chap. XIX. This Chapter treats of a Thousand important Impertinencies, which, though very ridiculous, are notwithstanding highly necessary for the right understanding many things in this History. p. 110.

Chap. XX. *Don Bilioso* encounters with a strange Knight, for rescuing a distressed Damsel from the Giant *Variolas*; p. 159. He raises the Ghosts of Two Enchanters, his old Friends, to his Assistance. The strange Knight carries off the Damsel from them all; *Don Bilioso* left in a Pertrubation, &c. p. 171.

Chap. XXI. The strange Knight by his Valour and Conduct recovers a Youth from *Variolas*; *Bilioso* more enraged than ever; p. 172. He proclaims the strange Knight a Coward for protecting Children and Infants. In this Chapter is also shewn, that the Giant and *Don Bilioso* were great Lovers of Boys. p. 182.

Chap. XXII. Here *Don Bilioso* very ingeniously exposes the Craft and shifting Tricks of Women: He proves from the Delicateness of their Frame, and Tenderness of their Constitutions, that they are better able to endure Hardships than Men are, they having more Holes to creep out of than Men. p. 185 ad 183.

Chap. XXIII. *Don Bilioso* very artfully endeavours to persuade the strange Knight to confess he had murdered and eaten the Women and Children he had rescued from the Giant *Variolas*. p. 188.

Chap.

Chap. XXIV. How *Don Bilioso* arrived at a strange Island, where Six Times as many went out as came in every Year; and how, notwithstanding the Island grew more populous, and also notwithstanding the Increase of the People, there was more Beef, Plumb-Pudding, and Custard, and strong Beer consumed than was ever known before. *p. 102 ad 198.*

Chap. XXV. How that Giant *Variolas* arrived in the same Island, and in One Year devoured Three thousand One hundred Thirty-eight Men, Women, and Children; *p. 191.* As also how *Don Bilioso* grew so fat upon picking the Bones, that his Armour grew too little for him; and how for Grief he turned Friar, and preached, and prophesied, and foretold the Day of Judgment. *p. 109 ad 201.*

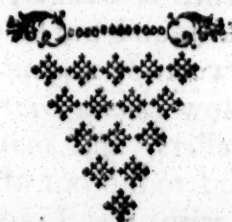
Chap. XXVI. How *Don Bilioso* came back to his native Country, turned Scavenger, swept the Streets, set up a Dairy, and found out a great *Arcanum* to keep Milk Vessels sweet. *p. 209 ad 211.*

Chap. XXVII. How *Donna Diarrhoea* used to put Tricks upon Travellers, and make them lose their Way; how she used to slip out of the Back Door, wipe her Br—ch with the Linen hanging in the Back-side, and how *Don Bilioso*, by his discreet Management, prevailed on her to go out at the Street Door. *p. 211, 212.*

Chap. XXVIII. In this Chapter you have a learned Dissertation on the Use and Virtues of Brooms, and some useful Instructions about sweeping Kitchens; that it is better not to sweep them at all, unless you sweep them well, for that they will but grow the dirtier; and that it is necessary to put the Pots, Plates, and Dishes in Order before you begin. You will also find it here fully proved, that the Ancients swept their Kitchens oftener than the Moderns, though they did not dress so much Meat. *p. 112 ad 128.*

Chap.

Chap. XXIX. How *Don Bilioso* turn'd Mountebank; he tumbled, cut Capers, and walked the Slack Rope; but being not perfectly Master of his Trade, his Foot slipped, and he unfortunately broke his Neck, to the Admiration of all Spectators. *p. 201 ad 209.*





THE MOST
WONDERFUL WONDER,
 THAT EVER APPEARED,
 To the WONDER of the
BRITISH NATION.

BEING

An Account of the Travels of Mynheer VETERANUS, through the Woods of *Germany*: And an Account of his taking a most monstrous SHE BEAR, who had nursed up the WILD BOY: Their Landing at the *Tower*: Their Reception at Court: The Daily Visits they receive from Multitudes of all Ranks and Orders of both Sexes.

WITH A

DIALOGUE between the Old SHE BEAR, and her FOSTER SON.

To which is added,

Viri Humani, Salfi, & Faceti Gulielmi Sutherlandi, Multarum Artium & Scientiarum Doctoris Doctissimi,
 DIPLOMA.

Written by the Copper-Farthing DEAN.

NO People on Earth are so inquisitive, and so fond of Rarities as the *English*, except the *Leigeois*, who, by the Consonance of Humour and Manners,

Manners, seem to be descended from us; whoever knows their History, and is acquainted with that of *England*, will readily give into my Opinion. This I have thought necessary to say by way of Introduction; for to fall *de but en blanc*, as the *French* say, or as we *English*, flap-dash, upon the Subject, without preparing our Reader by some little introductory Discourse to raise his Curiosity, gain his Attention, and bespeak his Favour, would shew an Author ignorant of the modern Way of Writing. I, who am now pretending to that Title, shall endeavour to observe all Decorums, and prove by the little Treatise I have undertaken, that I aim at nothing more than giving the Town a polite Entertainment wherein I shall never deviate One single Step from the Paths of Truth, which is so strictly followed by all Writers, since the Example set us by *Gilbert Burnet*, Bishop of *Sarum*, that neither Party, Passion, nor private Pique can make an *English* Author guilty of, even an Equivocation. I would be understood, however, to except Jesuits and Jacobites, for they are known to be incorrigible in their Hatred to that exemplary pious Man; and so great is their Rage, that I verily believe, had he ever given into Flattery and Falshood, Two Vices which filled his righteous Soul with Horror, they would have embraced Truth and Plain Dealing. But it is not my Business here to examine the Principles of any Party or Faction; nor does it become an Author of a refined Taste and polite Education, to expose the Faults, Slips, Mistakes, Errors, or Inhumanity of our Neighbours, or to criticise their Morals.

I shall therefore come to the Subject Matter, without detaining my Reader any longer, since I suppose him of himself able to make all necessary Reflections, and it would be arrogating to myself a Superiority of Judgment,

Judgment, should I pretend to make them for him. Be it known then, That Mynheer *Veteranus*, a *Dutch Gentleman*, who keeps a Gin-shop in *Amsterdam*, hearing the kind Reception the wild Boy met with here in *England*, and of the great Care taken for his Instruction in the Principles of the Christian Faith, thought he could not do a more acceptable Piece of Service to this generous Nation, than that of enquiring out, and bringing over the Bear to whom the Care of his Infant State was committed. And knowing that the generous *English* would not suffer him to lose either his Pains or Expences, if he succeeded in his Search and Endeavours to serve them, he left *Amsterdam*, resolving to hunt all the Woods of *Germany* but he would find her out. To this End, he took a young Child with him, and having prepared his Toils, towards the Evening, in a certain Forest, he made the Child cry, thinking that the Nurse, being accustomed to these Infant Ejaculations, would be allured by them. The Success answered his Intentions; for a She Bear made up to the Place whence the Child's Cries proceeded, and was taken in the Toils. No sooner had he, with the Men who accompanied him, muzzled her, so that she could do no Mischief, but he offered the Child to her Dugs, whom she, without Reluctance, nay, with a visible Tendernefs, suffered to draw her Milk, and endeavoured, though too straitly muzzled, to caress it with her Velvet Tongue. Mynheer, to try her farther, took the Child away; whereat she began to grumble in a frightful Manner; roar she could not, for the above-mentioned Reason. Mynheer therefore being fully satisfied, was hoisting her into a Cart brought to carry her off, when he was surprized by an uncommon Sight, a Child of about Two Years old, with his Nose to the Ground, and followed by
some.

some Bears Cubs, came galloping upon all four in Search of the Dam and Nurse, whom they followed by the Scent. This Sight made the *Dutch* Gentleman fear he had not the real Nurse of the *English* wild Boy; but One of his Huntsmen told him it was a Confirmation that she had nursed the *English* Gentleman; for, says he, when a Bear has once brought up an Infant, they grow so fond of Children, that they never rest contented without One for the Entertainment and Diversion of their Cubs; and they will venture their Lives to steal One from the neighbouring Villages. Satisfied with what he heard, Mynheer *Veteranus* ordered the Child and Cubs to be taken, which was no hard Matter, for they would not quit the Dam. He then made the best of his Way Home, overjoyed, that he could be so serviceable to the *British* Nation (for which the *Dutch* in general have an inviolable Affection, as is demonstrable in all their Actions) he took Shipping afterwards with his Prize, and safely landed at *Tower-Wharf* the First of this Month; though some have falsely reported, that he was here Four Months before. However, he was no sooner arrived, than he received the Thanks and Compliments of all the Nobility, who had the Honour of waiting on him, to whom he shewed this Rarity *gratis*. A certain Person of Distinction purchased his whole Cargo, the Bear with her Cubs and their Foster-Brother; and sending for the wild Gentleman, he shewed him the old Bear. The Lad no sooner saw her, but, with Tears of Joy, he embraced his dear Nurse; who on her Part gave as great Demonstration of Fondness, hugging him, throwing herself on her Back, and opening her Legs offered him the Tet, which he sucked as heartily as if he had never been weaned: He unmuzzled her, and it is impossible to express the
Joy

Joy which appeared in the Eyes of both. The Cubs and new-found Infant were brought in, but the *Englisb* Gentleman would not suffer them to approach; and indeed the Fondness the Bear shewed for the Recovery of her former Care, made her neglect her Cubs and new Nurfing. The Purchaser of her is a Man of a great Estate, and a *Scotch* Gentleman (whose Father is a Merchant of Sloes, Blackberries, Cyder, and Arsenick, in the City) being by, he desired him to take Care of these Cubs, which the Bear had neglected, and he would pay him handsomely for their Board. Since which Time, the Bear has been shewn to all the Court; and we hear that a Den, in which formerly was kept One of the most monstrous She Bears that ever the Woods of *Germany* produced, is now preparing for her Reception. The Bear's First Fit of Tendernefs for her recovered Darling being over, she seemed by her Looks to enquire for her Young. The *Englisb* Gentleman who is her Interpreter, asked for them by her Orders. They were brought and the young Gentleman told his Foster Mother in her own Language, that great Care should be taken both of her Cubs and Nurfing; and that a Gentleman who was to have an Apartment joining to hers, had the Care of civilizing and bringing them up; which, as he was a *Scotsman* by Birth, none could perform with more Care, Skill, and Tendernefs. As the *Englisb* wild Gentleman did me the Honour to interpret to me the Dialogue between him and his Nurse partly by Words, partly by Signs, I shall here give it the Reader *verbatim* without Addition or Diminution.

Bear

Bear. **M**Y dear human Cub, how have I regretted your Loss, how could you leave so tender a Mother?

Boy. I was ravished from you, my dear Mother, by the barbarous Creatures of my own Kind; who have inclosed me, as you see, in these Hides stript off some innocent Beasts; and deprived me of the natural Use of my Fore Legs.

Bear. What Title has this Beast which goes erect on Two Legs contrary to the Order of Nature, to deprive us of our native Liberty?

Boy. The same they have to tyrannize over one another, the Power to do it: The Beast called Man has the Vanity to imagine himself the Head of the Creation; that every other Creature is subservient to him, and made by the Sun for his Use; and that he alone has the Benefit of Reason and Expression.

Bear. I find he is but a very silly Animal. Let him consult Experience (for Reason I suppose he has none) and see which has most Claim to Superiority, the Two-legg'd, or the Four-legg'd Beast. Turn a Man loose to me, to a Tiger, or a Lion, and let him shew his Excellence. He seems to me the most imperfect Piece of the Creation; for the Sun has given him neither Hair to cover him, nor Teeth nor Claws to defend him. Has he a Scent to find out his necessary Food?

Boy. They feed upon Animals weaker than themselves, as Lambs, Fowls; and, by their Treachery, they kill and eat the Bull and Cow. They carry it fairly with them, and there is a Sort of Compact between these Beasts: The Beast Man, in the Summer, cuts the Grass, and lays up Provision for the Beast Bull against the Winter; and the Beast Bull helps him, by working, to lay up a Store for himself. But when Man is hungry, he takes an Opportunity

portunity, and kills and eats the undesigning innocent Bull.

Bear. Monstrous! I see the Horse in Friendship with them; are they as treacherous to him?

Boy. I cannot tell; but they tyrannize over him because of their Numbers; for otherwise, the Horse is much the braver Beast. But they have an Invention of killing Creatures with Fire; which makes those Beasts who know them stand in Awe of them.

Bear. Since you have been some Time among the Beasts of your own Species, you are certainly able to give me their Character.

Boy. That is a difficult Matter; for hardly One of them knows his own; and I have heard Men themselves say, that it is the greatest Wisdom for a Man to know himself. Man is a very Contradiction; he prides himself as superior to the Beasts, and yet when he would exaggerate in his own Praise, it is by shewing that he is equal to some or other of them in the Gifts of Nature. Their Comparisons are with Beasts of different Species from their own, and when they boast of their Strength, Subtilty, or Innocence, they immediately allude to the Lion, Serpent, and Dove, and so on in all other Perfections. Man stripped is the most defenceless and most sheepish of all Animals; but when he is decked with Birds Feathers and Sheep's Wool, and laid over with a shining Earth, which they adore as we do the Sun, and has perfumed himself with the Excrements of a *Civet Cat*, his Pride makes him look with Contempt on every other Animal; as if the Pillage of different Beasts had the Power to change his Nature. Their Judgments are so weak, that they will put one Man to Death, and extol another to the Skies, for one and the same Action. The glittering Earth I mentioned

is their God ; it is almost of the Colour of the Fox, and so zealous are they in their Adorations of this their Deity, that they offer one another up in Sacrifice, in which by mutual Wounds both Priest and Victim fall. They are so fickle in their Temper, that they resolve one Thing this Minute, and the contrary the next ; and their Hatred is so violent when provoked, that they will wish the most cruel Mischiefs even to themselves ; nay, they go farther, and put themselves to Death.

Bear. Ridiculous Animal which pursues Annihilation ; but I observe there is a Subordination among them : For one Man I see is followed and attended by a Number of others who obey his Orders. Is that Man stronger or wiser than his Fellow Beasts, that he has so many Jackals about him ?

Boy. Not at all. It is very probable he is the weakest of the Pack.

Bear. Whence then this Observance ?

Boy. He is blessed with the Favour of their God : You must know their Deity is divided into innumerable small Particles, and he who possesses the greatest Number of these, is the most honoured by the Rest of his Species, and followed and waited on by them, to gather up such Particles as he is obliged from time to time to scatter : For such is the Nature of their God, that it cannot rest long contented in one Place ; though a Man whom the Sun killed not long since, had chained and fettered their great God of all, which they call by the Name of *Million* ; this God of theirs I never saw. I can give you no farther Account, having been so small a Time among them, and not as yet well enough acquainted with their Manner of Expression ; for they use many Words to which they join no *Idea*. These are I fancy imaginary Deities ; as Justice, Honour, Religion, Truth, Friendship.

ship, Loyalty, Piety, Charity, Mercy, Publick Good, and many others which commonly fill their Discourse; but what is meant by them I cannot yet discover, though I have a strong Notion they have no Meaning at all, and are only employed to give a Grace to their Conversation, because they sound pleasant to the Ear, and run glibly off the Tongue.

Bear. But what do these Human Beasts keep me here for?

Boy. I believe it is to admire you; for you may observe a great Number come to look at you. They take me to be something above their own Species, for the finest of the Men will caress me: but it is not strange; I have had the Advantage of your Tongue to lick me into Form, and your Milk to rear me. There is one Thing which will make you wonder; the She Man carries about her the Skin of the Virile Instrument, but to what End I cannot find out.

Bear. If it is to admire me, well and good; for they cannot do it without abating very much of the Opinion they conceive of themselves: But I shall not long be easy under this Confinement; though I am treated with no harsh Usage, and even as the more noble Beast, for they attend and provide for me without any Care on my Side.

Boy. It is this I believe makes the Horse and Dogs suffer the Insults they meet from Man; for, all Things rightly considered, Man who provides for the Horse's Sustenance, who keeps him clean, carries away his Dung, and waits upon him when he has any Ailment, is no more than Slave to the generous Beast. As to the Dog, I have seen the She Men treat him with so much Care, Tenderness, and Deference, that I am apt to think they worship him; they take him into their Bosoms, kiss, fondle, and caress him, provide the best Entertainment for him; serve him before themselves;

selves; and never suffer him to set his Foot to the Ground, but carry him in their Arms, and are diligent Attendants on him. They pay the same Respect to the Monkey. I was one Day in Conversation with one, who told me he thought himself happy that he had such a Number of careful Slaves, who even prevented his Wishes, and provided so well for him not only all the Conveniencies of Life, but also what might gratify the Senses; that he was satisfied the Rest of his Species, had they a true Notion of Men, would condescend to converse with and take upon them the Government of that passive Animal. This is the Monkey's Way of thinking; though Man thinks quite differently, and boasts that the Monkey is his Slave.

Bear. Why? does the Monkey do any thing for Man?

Boy. Nothing; but when the Monkey laughs at the ridiculous Actions of that Beast, he laughs again at his Gestures: The Monkey I just now mentioned found but one Fault with his Condition, which is (said he) my Slaves are so incorrigibly stupid, that when they do any thing to displease me, and I shew my Resentment by Gesticulation, for I do not know their Language, they immediately fall a laughing,

Their Discourse was here interrupted by some Company; for the Bear would not seem too free with the Boy, lest Man might have a mean Opinion of her the Condescension.

Viri Humani, Salsi, & Faceti Gulielmi Sutherlandi, Multarum Artium & Scientiarum, Doctoris Doctissimi, DIPLOMA.

U B I Q U E gentium & terrarum
 From Sutherland to Padanarum.
 From those who have six Months of Day,
Ad Caput usque Bonæ Spei;
 And further yet *si forte tendat*
Ne ignorantiam quis pretendat.
 We Doctors of the merry Meeting,
 To all and sundry do send greeting:
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc presentem nostram chartam,
 Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum
 At home *per nomen Bogsie notum,*
 Who studied stoutly at our College,
 And gave good Specimens of Knowledge.
In multis artibus versatum
Nunc factum esse doctoratum.
 Quoth P R E S E S, *Strictum post examen*
Nunc esto Doctor, we said Amen.
 So to you all *hunc commendamus*
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus
Qui multas habet qualitates
 To please all Humours and Ætates,
 He vies if sober with *Duns Scotus,*
Sed multo magis si sit potus.
In disputando just as keen as
 Calom, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas;
In every Question of Theologie,
Versatus multum in Trickologie.

Et in catalogis librorum,
Frazer could never stand before him,
For he by Page and Leaf, can quote
More Books than ever *Solomon* wrote ;
A Lover of the Mathematicks
He is, but hates the Hydrostaticks :
Because he thinks it a cold Study
To deal in Water clear or muddy.
Doctissimus est medicina,
Almost a *Borehave* or *Bellini* ;
He thinks the Dyet of *Cornaro*
In Meet and Drink too scrimp and narrow,
And that the Rules of *Lernard Lessius*
Are good for nothing but to stress us.
By solid Arguments and keen,
He has confuted Doctor *Cheyne* ;
And clearly prov'd by Demonstration,
That Claret is a good Collation.
Sanus, ægris, always better
Than Coffee or Tea, Milk or Water.
That chearful Company *cum risu,*
Cum vino forti, suavi visu,
Gustatu dulci, still has been
A Cure for Hyppo and the Spleen :
That Hen and Capon, *vervecina,*
Beef, Duck, and Pasties, *cum ferina,*
Are good Stomachicks, and the best
Of Cordials, *Probatum est.*
He knows the Symptoms of the Phthisis,
Et per salivam sees Diseases,
And can discover in *urina,*
Quando sit opus medicina.
A good French Nightcap still has been,
He says, a proper Anodyne,
Better than Laudanum or Poppy
To *Dormiamus* like a Toppy.

*Affirmat lufum alearum
Medicamentum effe clarum.*

Or elfe a Touch at Three Hand Umber,
When Toil or Care our Spirits cumber,
Which graft Wings on our Hours of Leifure,
And make them fly with Eafe and Pleafure.

Aucupium & venationem

Post longam nimis potationem,
He has difcovered to be good
Both for the Stomach and the Blood;
As frequent Exercife and Travel
Are good againft the Gout and Gravel.
He clearly proves the Cause of Death;
Is nothing but the Want of Breath.

And that indeed is a Difafter,
When 'tis occafion'd by a Plafter
Of Hemp and Pitch laid clofely on
Somewhat above the Collar Bone.
Well does he know the proper Dofes,
Which will prevent the Fall of Nofes.

Ev'n keep them *qui privantur illis,*
Ægre utuntur perfpicillis.

To this and ten times more his Skill
Extends, when he would cure or kill.

Immenfam cognitionem legum

Ne prorfus hic silentio tegam,

Cum fociis artis greafe his Fift,

Torquebit illos as you lift.

If Laws for Bribes are made, 'tis plain,
They may be bought and fold again.

Speclando aurum now we find,

'That Madam Juftice is ftone Blind;

So deaf and dull on both her Ears,

The Clink of Gold ſhe only hears.

Nought elfe but a loud Party Shout

Will make her ftart or look about.

Gulielmi Sutherlandi Diploma. 199

His other Talents to rehearse,
Brevissime in Prose or Verse :
To tell how gracefully he dances,
And artfully contrives Romances :
How well he arches and shoots flying,
Let no Man think that we mean Lying :
How well he fences, rides, and sings,
And does ten Thousand other Things ;
Allow a Line, nay but a Comma,
To each, *Turgetur hoc Diploma.*
Quare ut tandem concludamus,
Qui brevitatem approbamus.
For Brevity is always good,
Providing we be understood.
In rerum omnium naturis
Non minus quam scientia juris.
Et Medicinæ Doctoratum,
Bogseum novimus versatum.
Nor will we here say more about him,
But you may dacker if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum
Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum.
Huic testimonio appensum,
Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,
Junctis chyrographis cunctorum
Blith honest hearty *sociorum.*
Dabamus at a large Punch Bowl
Within our proper Common School.
The Twenty Sixth Day of *November,*
Ten Years the Date we may remember.
After the Race of *Sherrismuir*
Scots Men will count from a black Hour.
Ab omni probo nunc signetur,
Qui denegabit extrudetur.

T H E
M A N I F E S T O
O F
L O R D P E T E R.

TH E World shall be informed in due Time of the History of *PETER* the Wild Gentleman: Let it suffice at present for them to know, that he is the Son of a great Philosopher, who although unknown himself, has made no small Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning by his Writings. This great Man, from a deep Sense of the Miseries brought upon Mankind by being civilized, condescended to dedicate his only Son to an Experiment, by which he did not doubt but he should convince the World, how much a nobler Creature a Wild Man was than a Tame one. A Curse (quoth he) on all those whimsical Coxcombs, who by Fiddling, Singing, Drinking, and Dancing, have erected Governments, built Cities, and spoiled the noblest Animal of the Creation.

It has happened to poor Men in all Ages to be drawn into ill Courses by drinking of strong Waters, a Country Dance, and a Fiddle. *Osiris* or *Bacchus* first began this *Ballum Rankum*, and debased the
Faculties,

Faculties, and corrupted the Morals of this generous and innocent Creature, rendering him slavish, intemperate, treacherous, cruel, and rapacious.

Having expressed himself to this Purpose, from the Height of Tenderneſs to the Child, as well as Love to Mankind, he turned out his Son into a deſert Foreſt. Fortune has ſo far favoured his Deſign, that the Boy is preſerved, but the Girl, who was turned out with him at the ſame time, is miſſing. In order to repair this Loſs, and to preſerve the Race as well as the Individual, I conſidered myſelf as firſt Miniſter to a *Minor Prince*; and having the Miſfortune to be bred Tame, I was obliged to peruſe ſuch grave Authors as might inſtruct me how to behave myſelf in my ſingular and high Station. One Day by chance I turned up that Paſſage of *Livy*, where ſpeaking of the Wild Men of *Rome* being unprovided with Females, he breaks out into this grave Reflection, *Res unius ætatis populus virorum*, by which I was immediately admoniſhed of my Duty; for, ſaid I, if a Nation of many Males be but a thing of ſhort Continuance, what muſt a Race be which conſiſts but of one Individual; and ſhall there be ſuch Pains taken by Miniſters to preſerve the Race of Princes, whom it may be ſaid, *Uno avulſo non deficit alter*, and I be leſs careful of my Charge, which contains a whole Species in one Individual Perſon?

Therefore to fulfil the Duty of my important Truſt, and to ſecond the pious Deſigns of his learned Anceſtor, being furniſhed with full Powers, I have reſolved to diſpoſe of my *Minor Princes* as ſoon as poſſible.

K NOW all Men by theſe Preſents, That We Lord PETER, by the Advice of our under-written firſt Miniſter, have thought fit to iſſue forth this
Manifesto.

To all Mistresses of Boarding-Schools, Governantas, Waiting-Women, Poor Cousins, Match-makers, and all other Couples, howsoever denominated or distinguished, Greeting :

WHEREAS we were once resolved to send for a Consort to the Deserts of *Arabia*, amongst the Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good Hope*, or the wild *Americans*, that we might not degrade the Dignity of our Race by marrying any Tame Woman; yet being informed that the Country where we now sojourn, abounds with Females of those noble Qualities, which render them proper for our Royal Turf, we have suspended our said Resolution; and being under no Necessity of taking the dishonourable Way of the Wild Men of *Rome*, are willing to enter into a Matrimonial Treaty with any Lady, Spinster, or Widow, qualified as after mentioned; not derogating from our Rank and Condition, as an Independent Prince; in which State all the World must acknowledge we are at present; no Potentate upon Earth having any just Title or Claim to our Allegiance, by any Right or Property in our Person: For as the Place of our Nativity is utterly unknown to ourselves, as well as to them, all Princes and Potentates must have an equal Jurisdiction over us; consequently none at all. Nor can any Prince or Potentate found any such Claim on account of Protection, we having by our own Industry ministered unto our own Necessities, and therefore, like all other Creatures *fera natura*, not appertaining to any particular Proprietor, it is manifest we are in a State of Nature and Independency with regard to all Earthly Potentates. And whereas it may be objected, that we are at this time Prisoner of War of a great Prince; to that is answered, that the foresaid Prince never set up any such

such Pretence, that there never was War proclaimed in due Form against us, which, according to the Custom of Tame Princes, ought to be done by Trumpets and Heralds, not by Dogs and Hunting Horns; therefore we cannot be wanting to ourselves so far as not to assert our just Title to all such Portions of this habitable Earth, as we can acquire either by Purchase or Conquest. Thus having ascertained our future Consort of the high Dignity that she is to be raised to at our happy Restoration, we proceed to enumerate the Qualifications requisite in this our said Spouse; which are,

1. That she have strong and sound Teeth; our private Table and Way of Living demanding such, as absolutely and indispensably necessary.

2. That she have a loud and shrill Voice, for the Comfort of mutual Conversation, which now and then may happen to be at some Distance.

3. That she be active, sound, and strong in her Limbs: All fat, flabby, puffy, short-breathed, rickety Girls being by these Presents for ever excluded from our Royal Turf.

4. One who has never been thwarted in her Humour, but treated with the utmost Tenderness by some indulgent Mother, untamed, and left to her own generous Passions and Inclinations, and who has given early Proofs of her Impatience of Subjection to any Sort of Government whatsoever.

5. One who always strongly resisted every Thing that favoured of what is commonly called Politeness; who never suffered willingly her Face to be washed, her Nails pared, her Nose wiped, or her Head combed.

6. One who applied herself always unwillingly to any Sort of Manufacture of Tame Women, nor scarce ever got beyond the first Letter of her Sampler.

7. One who takes great Delight in Conversation with Beasts and Birds, as Cats, Dogs, Monkeys, &c. And we require it as an indispensable Condition, that she has sometime or other kept a great Dog, a squealing Parrot, or a Black Boy.

8. One who has upon every just Occasion exercised her natural Weapons, Teeth, Nails, and Fingers, by biting, scratching, and pinching her Maids, Nurses, and Play-fellows; therefore we except against all Gentlewomen who bite their Nails.

9. One who so far shews a Contempt for human Ornaments, as to fully and tear her Cloaths, Linen, and Lace immoderately; and who has a strong Inclination to discover Nudities, consequently wears short Petticoats, and low-cut Stays.

10. Though Dancing be the Diversion of *Silvans*, our Royal Consort must be such as would never suffer her natural wild Motions to be formed and restrained by the impertinent Instructions of a Dancing-Master; one who rather frisks like a Satire, than dances like a Tame Gentlewoman.

11. And though we are obliged to dispense with some Rudiments of Education which may have corrupted the Simplicity of Nature, yet we would desire to have this, in as small a Degree as possible; if she speaks, it must be insignificantly, so as to open her Mouth and say nothing. She must read indistinctly, spell false, and scrawl Pot-hooks rather than write Letters.

12. One who has always shewed a strong Appetite for Fruit, as well green as ripe, and who has upon Occasion shewed her Agility in climbing a Tree to pluck them, and never took any Sort of Physick, except when poured down with a Horn.

13. One who has an utter Contempt for Money, the Corrupter of the Morals of Tame Men, but generously

rounfly throws it away on all Occasions for her Diversions. If she has been in a Married State, it is required that she had always an utter Aversion to staying at Home; that she eloped from her Husband; which are Signs of a generous wild Nature, hating Restraint.

14. We allow her to have a strong Inclination for Courts, where Men commonly lose, but Women acquire Liberty.

15. Our Spouse must be one who never measures her Time by Machines, consequently never winds up her Watch, nor was ever punctual to an Appointment.

16. Whereas we ourselves have often found it necessary and useful to employ our Hands as Assistants to our Feet in Walking; therefore we cannot possibly think of making our Addresses to those young Women, who think they have a superfluous Foot, and always stand upon one, unless they can prove to us they learnt it at Scotch-Hop, and only do it to shew their Dexterity at that agreeable Diversion.

17. We forewarn all young Women to avoid informing us that they are *vastly stupid*, for we shall be apt to take them at their Word; and if they are quite in the Spleen, we shall have nothing further to say to them, being unwilling to entail a Distemper on our Royal Issue.

18. Being sensible that we shall hardly meet with a Female that can bear the Light in her Eyes, we are willing to be a little indulgent to our future Consort in this Particular; and though we have an utter Aversion from holding up of Fans, and wearing of Hoods, we will allow her a green Leaf to skreen her from the Sun, instead of a Bit of Paper.

We likewise certify the Persons above-mentioned, That we will make greater Settlements upon any Daughter

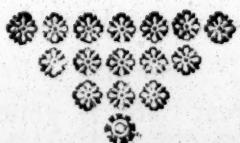
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Daughter of a Water-drinker and Root-eater than
any other Female whatsoever. And we have given
our underwritten Minister Instructions to that Effect,
as likewise to conclude all other Matters in due
Form.

Given at our Court in
Burlington-Garden.

Sign'd.

Solomon Audrian.



The

The DEVIL *to pay at* ST. JAMES'S:

O R

A full and true ACCOUNT of a most horrid and bloody BATTLE between Madam FAUSTINA and Madam CUZZONI.

A L S O

Of a hot SKIRMISH between Signor BOSCHI and Signor PALMERINI.

M O R E O V E R

How SENESINO has taken Snuff, is going to leave the the Opera, and sing Psalms at *Henley's Oratory*.

A L S O

About the Flying Man, and how the Doctor of *St. Martin's* has very unkindly taken down the Scaffold, and disappointed a World of good Company.

As Also

How a certain Great Lady is gone mad for Love of *William Gibson* the Quaker.

And

How the *Wild Boy* is come to Life again, and has got a Dairy Maid with Child.

Also about the great Mourning, and the Fashion, and the Alterations, and what not. With other material Occurences, too many to insert.

TWO of a Trade seldom or ever agree: This we daily see verified in the many Skirmishes between the Ladies that sell Mackrel near *London-Bridge*, and the Nymphs that vend live Mutton about *Fleet-*

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Fleet-Street, and *Covent-Garden* : But who would have thought the Infection should reach the *Hay-market*, and inspire Two singing Ladies to pull each other's Coiffs, to the no small Disquiet of the Directors, who (God help them) have enough to do to keep Peace and Quietness between them.

Which of the Two is the Aggressor, I dare not determine, lest I lose the Friendship of many great Noble Personages, who espouse some the one, some the other Party, with such Warmth, that it is not now, as formerly, *i. e.* are you High Church or Low, Whig or Tory ; are you for Court or Country ; King *George* or the Pretender ; but are you for *Faustina* or *Cuzzoni*, *Handel* or *Bononcini* ? there's the Question. This engages all the Polite World in warm Disputes ; and but for the soft Strains of the Opera, which have in some Measure qualified and allayed the native Ferocity of the *English*, Blood and Slaughter would consequently ensue.

As I said before, I shall not determine who is the Aggressor, but take the surer Side, and wisely pronounce them both in Fault ; for it is an apparent Shame that Two such well-bred Ladies should call Bitch and Whore, should scold and fight like any Billingsgates. We have had Singers, nay, *Italian* Singers, here before now, but never such Doings : Witness Madam *Margaritta* and Madam *Tefts* ; who, though they owed each other a Spight, and had both pretty high Spirits, yet they never came to Handy-cuffs. Nay, I am very credibly informed, though they mortally hated each other, they had the Good-Manners to kiss and cry at Parting. This was as it should be ; this was fashionable, this was handsome, and indeed commendable. Then we had Madam *Pilloti*, and Madam *Isabella* ; they were as loving as *Ball's* Pigs, as mild as Turtles ; they visit-

ed and drank Tea, and there was no such Hurricane between them. It was much the same with Madam *Duraflanti* and Madam *Robinson*. What therefore can be the Meaning, that these two Ladies, and only them, should make such a Rout, is beyond my Comprehension. God forbid I should judge amiss; yet I cannot but think there is more in this Matter than People are aware of; who knows but they are sent here to raise Dissensions among true Protestants! There are many shrewd Causes of Suspicion.

1. They come from *Rome*;
2. The Pope lives at *Rome*;
3. So does the Pretender.
4. The Pope is a notorious Papist;
5. So is the Pretender;
6. So is Madam *Faustina*,
7. And so is Madam *Cuzzoni*.
8. King *George* (God bless him) is a Protestant;
9. The Papists hate the Protestants;
10. The Pope hates King *George*;
11. The Pretender can't abide him.

12. But Madam *Cuzzoni* and Madam *Faustina* love the Pope, and in all Probability the Pretender.

Ergo, * * * * *

From whence I infer, that it is not safe to have Popish Singers tolerated here, in *England*; but on the contrary, it would be a great Security to the Protestant Interest to have a Clause added to some Act of Parliament, obliging all foreign Singers, Dancers, and Tumblers, to abjure the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, before they appear in Publick. But for this we must wait with Patience, and submit to wiser Heads: In the mean Time, I humbly propose, that since these Ladies are not to be reconciled by any other gentle Means, it is best that they fight it out.

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out at *Figg's* or *Stoke's* Amphitheatre, and that a Subscription be opened for that Purpose, and the best Woman have the whole House. For the further Diversion of the Company, I would have *Beschi* and *Palmerini* be their Seconds, and *Senesino* and *Baldi* should divert the Spectators with a Bout or Two at Blunts for a Hat and Feather before the Mistresses mount the Stage.

Count *Vienna* shall be Door-keeper, and *Heidegger* shall take the Money; the Bill or Challenge to be drawn up by that very ingenious Person, who has illustrated the Science of Defence with his Lucubrations, and is at present Secretary to the Amphitheatre.

This will be a Matter of new Diversion to the *Beau Monde*, and I doubt not but the Town will thank me for my Contrivance: If this Method succeeds, the Opera-Composers may compose their Differences this Way, and fight it out fairly for the Satisfaction of the Publick.

But now I think on it, the Opera House may be made Use of to save Charges; besides, it is more commodious, and will hold more Company.

It is not doubted but great Wagers will attend this Dispute; but whether or no it will affect *South-Sea* Stock I cannot easily foresee. However * * *
 * * * * * may happen which God forbid,
 or that * * * * *
 * * * but Time only can bring to pass * * *
 * * * and consequently behoves every good Christian to pray for amicable Termination of so important an Affair.

In the mean Time we are all in Tears; the Opera abruptly broken off; several Subscribers have threatened not to renew. Such Dudgeon as this may end in the Downfall of the Opera itself; and then
 adieu

adieu to all, to all that is grand, happy, or polite. *Senesino* is disgusted to the last Degree to see himself neglected, and such a Bustle made about these Two Madams; he curses the Directors, damns the Opera, sinks the Composers, and bids the Devil take the whole Town: He swears like a Trooper, and raves like a Madman; and being a little delirious, he went the other Day to offer himself to Mr. *H——y*, to officiate as Clerk in his Oratory; the Doctor treated him very handsomely, but told him no such Thing could be done; at the same Time referring him to the 23d Chapter of *Deuteronomy*, with which he was not very well satisfied; but *U——* who accompanied him thither, finding himself qualified, and being heartily sick of the Poms of this World, and the Vanities of a Court, had resolved to lead a new Life, to quit his old Company and Courses, and became a Miracle of Sanctity. He has bespoke a Dozen of Bands of a noted Milliner in the *Pallmall*, and goes every Day to Mr. *W——n* of *St. James's*, to learn to sing Psalms, and cannot bear an Opera Song. So thorough and sudden a Reformation is Matter of great Speculation to all Mankind. However, the Orator is loth to trust him, and has already given him a handsome Denial; this has so nettled him, he is resolved to break the Oratory, and is hourly teasing the Quaker to set up a Conventicle in Opposition, offering to go his Halves. Here likewise he has no Success; for a certain great Lady, who shall be nameless, is desperately smitten with Friend *Gibson*, that she has offered to give up her all without a Penny of Jointure, in case he will not marry; if he will be kept according to the present laudable Custom, she will buy him a Commission: and further to tempt him, she has offered him Choice of Tye Wigs and Toupees, with a compleat Mourning Equipage, and
every

every Thing else to the Pink of the Mode. Besides this, she proposes to have him taught to dance, to sing, to speak French, to fence, and to ride the great Horse: In short she proposes to make quite another Creature of him. How far the ill Usage of the *Puritans*, added to the Wealth and Beauty of this Lady, may provoke him, I know not, but I am told he hardly knows how to deny her.

But what is that to the Purpose? It is a great Way to *Gracechurch street*, and the *Quaker* is nothing to compare to the flying Man, who had given the Town a great deal of Diversion, if the Doctor had not balked him by taking down his Scaffold: There was a World of Company had made Parties for his second Operation; and if this Thing had not happened, in all Probability a Subscription had been raised for the Continuance of this Diversion instead of the Opera, as being so much the cheaper. But the Doctor has lost the good Graces of a great many pretty Ladies, ay, and pretty Gentlemen too; they think, considering how Fashions go, he might be civiler to a Stranger, who will doubtless call him a very unmannerly Person when he comes into his own Country. But before he leaves us, he intends, I hear, to discover his Secret, and proposes to establish Flying Stages all over *England*; by which Means, Gentlemen of Agility may fly any Distance in a very small Time. For Example, from *London* to *York* in an Hour, and in Time proportionable to any Part of *England*. This will be of general Use, and I hope teach the People of *England* how much they are indebted to Foreigners for the Improvement of all Arts and Sciences.

But who would have thought that *Peter* the Wild Boy, who appeared so silly and so serious, who, I say, would have thought that he of all People in
the

the World, should have any Insight into the Trade of Basket-making? but it is certainly true, neither better or worse; for it seems he has play'd some of his Wild Pranks with a Dairy Maid at *Harrow on the Hill*, whom he has got with Child. Now should she be brought to Bed of another wild Boy, Lord have Mercy upon us! what shall we do? Or how shall we catch him? He will certainly be as fleet as a Hare the Minute he is born, as his Father was before him. And if the Child should run away and be lost in the Woods, what a deal of Amusement will the Town lose. But they say the Dairy Maid is to be brought forthwith to Town, to *Lacy's Bag-nio*, and to have the Rabbet Woman's Apartment fitted up for her. She is daily to be attended by Men-Midwives, and narrowly to be watched by Constables. If so, we are like to have some Diversion, however, this Summer; and no doubt she will be visited by a great deal of good Company. But how can People mind Diversions, or any Thing else, when there is Mourning going forwards? and how can they think of Mourning for the Coronation, or of the Coronation for the Birth-day? In short, there is so much to do, no Body knows where to begin. We are in a Dilemma; our Passions are divided *hinc & inde*; sometimes we weep and lament for the Loss of our late gracious King; and then all of a sudden we burst into Tears of Joy, to think what a good King we have in his Stead; One familiarized to us, One who loves us and our Country; and that besides, we have a most excellent Queen, graceful, gracious, affable, and endowed with every amiable Qualification. Our Joy is carried yet farther, when we see so numerous and lovely an Issue, and that in all Probability we shall never want one of this illustrious House to fill the Throne of these
King-

Kingdoms. Then how do we rejoice, how do we sing and make merry, till all of a sudden our Taylors and Mantua-makers put us in Mind of our Loss, by bringing home our Mourning; then we lament afresh, then our Habits renew the former Impressions of Sorrow in our Minds; for who can rejoice that is in deep Mourning from Top to Toe? Vexation is added to Mourning, when we find they have made them too long or too short, too little or too big, or perhaps have not made them at all, but put us off, and given us the Mortification to see others in the Fashion before us. This is insupportable, added to the Impositions of Drapers, Mercers, Milliners, and other Trades-people, who bite our Heads off, and leave us no Way of Recovery, but to revenge ourselves by not paying them at all; the Ladies cry out, Shame on them for raising their Price to such an exorbitant Height: Good God! say they, who would ever have thought that *Bumbazeen* should be dearer than *Italian Mantua*? But these Rogues the Mercers bamboozle the Ladies; they talk them out of their Senses; they beat them out of their Play; they have a String of Words, which they call the eternal Jingle; these they readily vary backwards and forwards, and play off without Intermission; so that it is an impossible Thing to recollect one's self, or know what you are about when a Mercer is ringing his Peal in your Ears: There is certainly somewhat of Inchantment in it. In short, they are clever Fellows, and the luckiest in Life at baptizing Commodities: They have their Evening Academies, where they study the Art of Invention; and very wisely judging, that a Name oftentimes gives more or less Value to a Thing, as it suits the Inclination of the People, they christen their Goods a new as they grow out of Fashion, and very often trump up an old

old Thing so successfully with a new Name, that no Body will imagine it to be the same. A particular Instance of this is *Bumbazeen*. What a lucky Thought! I envy the Projector, and would give the World to be Master of the Invention of that single Word; but the happy Mercer was a Rogue at the Bottom, and a Piece of a Poet I dare say; for he has shewed himself a perfect Master of the Art of Borrowing, vulgarly called Stealing; he has not taken Words, Lines, and Sentences, as our modern Poets do, but by a happy Inversion and Mutation of Syllables, he makes Words of a quite different Sound and Application. Give me leave to fancy myself a Mercer in a deep Soliloquy, and I will let you see more of the Matter.

Poor *Linsy Woolfy*: what a Dog of a Tradesman was thy Godfather; he was, no doubt, some sneaking Small-beer Rascal, or he could never have entertained so mean an Idea; had he lived generously, as other Mercers do, drank his Bottle, kept his Country House, a Girl and a Gelding at the other End of the Town, he never would have thought of the Name *Linsy Woolfy*; he would surely have contrived some pretty smooth gliding Word, that should have taken the Ear at once, something that should bamboozle People out of their Senses: Bamboozle; hum! a good Hint, there is something of a Chime in the Word: It has been turned already from the Word *Bombast*; but it will bear another Turn; let me see——— *Bam-bum-boo-bo-bas-te-tle-tin-sin-zin-zeen*; O no, *Zeen* is much softer; I have it, I have it, *Bumbazeen*. Thus, gentle Reader, after this or the like Manner was the Word *Bumbazeen* brought to Light; what Success it has met with all the World knows; so let us take our Leaves of the Mercers, the Tailors, the Milliners, and all the
Mechanick

Mechanick Tribe; let them raise their Prices, and be d——d, we know how to be even with them, as I said before: Come, gentle, sweet, and courteous Readers, you shall go along with me to Dr. *Swift's*, the Darling, the Delight and Wonder of Mankind; he shall make it as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face, that *Gulliver* was no Romancer; that there is such a Place as *Lilliput*, and such People as the *Lilliputians*, having lately received a Present from Old Capt. *Gulliver* of a *Lilliputian* Sow, who has just farrowed nine beautiful Pigs, and also a Boar of the same Specie, the most lovely that ever Eyes beheld; the Boar and Sow are much of a Size, each being very near as big as a Dormouse; the Pigs are less than Imagination can conceive, about the Bigness of a Ladybird: But *Hogarth* the Engraver is making a Print after them, which will give a juster Idea of them than I can. These Animals are not like our nasty Swine, but certainly the neatest Creatures in Life; they smell more fragrant than Musk itself, their Eyes are like Diamonds, their Bristles you would swear were Silver: Nay, when they are asleep, and do not move, you take them for little Silver Toys of the most curious Workmanship; they make no Noise in their Sleep; but when they are awake, and at Play, they call one another in the most musical Tone I ever heard, far beyond any thing of *Senesino*, *Cuzzoni* or *Faustina*. The Doctor is infinitely fond of them, as well he may; and such Crowds of People daily press to see them, that it is perfectly inconvenient, and I fear will make him leave the Town sooner than he intended, or desired. They are the gentlest, tamest Creatures breathing, and very docible. The Boar, far different from our *English* Boars, is excessively fond of his Mate, and equally of his Young. The Doctor keeps them in a
little

little Silver Box grated at Top; for, as I said before, they are prodigiously clean; they never dung but once a Week, and then they give Notice. In short, they are the cleanest, sweetest, prettiest Creatures, I ever saw; and should they breed plentifully, I doubt not to see them in every Family of Condition: For Ladies will be glad to have so great a Novelty at any Price. Another Curiosity is, an exact Figure of a *Lilliputian* Beauty, done by a great Artist of the Country after the Life. As for bringing over any of the People, it is impossible; our Climate is too gross, they would be immediately choaked up: This Figure, however, will give us a clearer Idea of this People, than we could hitherto frame. In short they are the greatest Curiosity *England* ever boasted of, or perhaps may; and should the Doctor take them away suddenly, it will be very uncivil indeed. I could rehearse their many other Virtues, as also the other Curiosities reserved by the Captain for his own Use; for Example, a *Brobdignag* Flea, as big as a *Lincolnsbire* Ox, and innumerable other Rarities. I had likewise intended to have told who would be in, and who out, when we should have a New Parliament; but must defer these, and all other Particulars which, as I said in my Title, could not be inserted: But, to oblige the World, in a small Time, I will publish an *Appendix* to this Book, in two *Folio* Treatises, which shall complete the whole Design, and take in all and every Particular worthy of Notice.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Whereas the Wits of the Town are mightily taken with the *Lilliputian* Measure, and we hear have shrunk their Verses to two Syllables in a Line; these are to give Notice, that the Author is preparing for the Press an O D E, which shall contain but a Syllable and a Half in a Line.

An *Epitaph* on a GREYHOUND.

To the Memory of

SIGNOR FIDO,

an *Italian* of good Extraction ;who came into *England*,

not to bite us, like most of his Countrymen,

but to gain an honest Livelihood :

He hunted not after Fame,

yet acquired it:

Regardless of the Praise of his Friends,

but most sensible of their Love :

Tho' he liv'd amongst the Great,

he neither learn'd nor flatter'd any Vice :

He was no Bigot,

tho' he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles :

and if to follow Nature,

and to respect the Laws of Society,

be Philosophy,

he was a perfect Philosopher,

a faithful Friend,

an agreeable Companion,

a loving Husband,

distinguish'd by a numerous Offspring,

all which he liv'd to see take good *Courses* :

In his old Age he retir'd

to the House of a Clergyman in the Country,

where he finished his earthly Race,

and died an Honour and an Example to the whole Species.

Reader,

This Stone is guiltless of Flattery ;

for he to whom it is inscrib'd

was not a Man,

but a

GREYHOUND.

N O T E S

A N D

M E M O R A N D U M S

Of the SIX DAYS preceding the Death of a late Right Reverend — Containing many remarkable Passages, with an INSCRIPTION designed for his Monument.

*Non moreris G — te voles, sed vivus ad Astra,
Ætheriis vectus qualis Enochus equis.*

Dr. BENTLEY.

Printed in 1715.

THURSDAY, March 10, 1714.

Quicquid erit Vitæ, scribam, Color. HOR.

R O S E at Five: Slipp'd on my Morning Gown :
Purified my Outside. Meditated on the *Vanity*
of Washings, and the *Superfluity of Habits*. Walk'd
about my Room Half an Hour precisely. Exercise
useful; throws off corrupt Humours; much Need of
it. Look out the Window; hemm'd three Times;
much easier than before. Three *Ejaculations* for
that. Cast my Eyes about. I am positive I see a
Romish Priest: Omen of an evil Import. O! the

K 2

Depths

Depths of Satan! Few know them; I do. Look in the Glafs: Choler begins to rife; Face reddens, Eyes sparkle, Hands shake, Body trembles. Sad Meditation! Whence could that *Fellow* come? O *Rome, Rome!* Debaucher of Morals, Seducer of Souls, painted Whore, filthy Abomination! Great Perturbation of Mind: Sigh for Eafe in the Spirit. Servant enters: Inquire who that *Fellow* is? Answered, The *Small-Coal-Man*: Unexpected Exultation, Drawings of Comfort, Gleams of Recovery! Give my Man Six-pence for the good News: A Guinea faved in a Doctor. Ask again if he is fure it was the *Small-Coal-Man*? Answered, Yes. Am fatisfied. Call for my Tea; Drink thirty Difhes: Read over the *Daily Courant*: More Work in the *North*: Dangerous Conjunction! *Saxony, Sweden*. Poor *Proteftants!* Few People underftand the Interelt of *Princes*: I have been acquainted with all *Europe* for near Half a *Century*. Company comes in: Politicks interrupted. They ftay till Night: Talk of *Secret History*; I tell a great many *Stories*: All Friends, every Body pleafed. Retire to my Chamber: Read over a fmall Treatife of my own: Go to Sleep.

FRIDAY Morning.

————— *Non fi male nunc, & olim
Sic erit.*

WAKED at Three: Great Uneafinefs in the *Flefh*: Struggle with my Infirmities. Thefe Things will happen: Better fo than worfe. Lie upon my left Side, get a little Reft; Dream that I am *dead*, and converfing with the Ghosts of *Emperors, Popes, and Kings*. Wake in a cold Sweat at Five:

Five : Call for a Light : Look into *Partridge's Almanack* : Some obscure Hints about a *Right Reverend* : Sick at Heart. *March*, ay *March* : Dismal *Ides of March* ! Abundance of *Cæsars* died in that *Month* ; desperate, *Lion-like* killing *Month* : Pray a little ; *Faith* and *Grace*, good Things : Worldly Possessions hard to part with. Rise in a Fright. Consider of my Dream ; Prove myself no *Prophet*, and therefore an unfit Vessel for *Visions* of Truth. More Comfort from the *Proverb* ; *Dream of Death*, *hear of Marriage* : New Fears ! Perhaps Son *Tom* is married : Better than my dying still. Sure he has more *Grace* ; heartily afraid he has not. Variety of Doubts, Perplexities, and uncertain Anxieties. Send for *Tom*. With *Radcliffe* was alive ; Hang him, he would not come to me. Come to no Resolution. *Tom* not to be found : A sad Child ! Resolved not to be afraid ; Repeat three Verses of the 110th *Psalms*, say, *What is Man ?* three Times. Call for my Tea ; Tea is insipid, nauseous, offends my Stomach : Try to expectorate ; Phlegm viscid. Bad Signs. Every Thing out of Order : Suppose I should bleed ; Signifies nothing ; Things *predestinated* must come to pass. Want Diversion ; Call for a Pamphlet at Twelve ; Read over Ten Pages all in my own Commendation ; Grow better apace ; Order a light Dinner. Drink a Glass of Sack. New Spirits, new Life. *Partridge* a Fool, and no Trust in *Almanacks*, especially the *Oxford*. *March* as good a Month as any in the Year. Go to Dinner, eat moderately ; Drink Prosperity to their *High* and *Mightinesses* ; to Lord *Thomas*, Lord *John*, Lord *Charles*, and all our Friends. Grow merry ; don't despair of *Lambeth* still ; He is older than I am ; A good Man, a very good Man ; — but we must all die. A sudden Qualm comes upon me : Retire

to my Chamber : Consider of the Crime of forecasting our Neighbour's Death. Grow worse, and worse. Think of my own Age ; Past *Seventy* : High Time to set my House in *Order*. A Friend from the other End of the Town interrupts me at Eight. Talk of State-Affairs Two Hours. Revived with some good News at first. Difference among our *Friends* : Nonsense to quarrel. *He* must be the Man. *Tories* may make an Advantage. Tell my Friend a Story that I told to Three *Kings* to the same Purpose. *Memorandum* : He smiled, and said he had never heard it before. Servant brings a Bottle of Wine. Whisper a great *Secret* while he is in the Room ; Forgot to apply an old Saying of Queen *Elizabeth's* ; Resolved to remember it next Time upon the same Story. Friend takes his Leave, promises to come Tomorrow. Muse upon my State of *Health* : Go to Bed ; Think that *Repentance* is as necessary as *Impeachments*.



SATURDAY, March.

Aspice venturo letantur ut omnia Sæclo !

RESTED well all Night ; Rise at Seven ; Begin to think of the old Argument about *Bishops* and *Presbyters* : Much the same in the *Greek*. Resolved to spend the Morning in writing to *Zurich*, *Geneva*, and *Holland*. Drink my usual Quantity of *Tea* first ; Read the *Flying-Post* ; He is an honest Man : Tells Truth ; I must try to prefer him ; Rewards as necessary for Friends, as Punishments
for

for *High Flyers*. Set down to write a Letter in *French* to *Van Munden* of *Utrecht*, full of *Politicks*: A new Scheme for the *Barrier*: To *Le Clerc* in *Latin* about my last *Book*, with a Note of *Fifty Pounds*: Tell him what I would have him say of me in his *Journal*; Skill in *Antiquities*, *History*, *Critical Learning*, *Moderation*. Leave my *Piety* to himself. *Memorandum*; To advise him in his *Postscript* to brand my Enemies in *Britain* with the Style and Titles of *Nebulones impuri*, *Ecclesiae Pestes*, *Rituum Fautores nequissimi*, in *Literis & Historiâ planè Pueri*. After this to sum them up by Name; To end with something like this; *Vivat diutissimè magnum illud Ecclesiae decus, Historiæ & Antiquitatis Instaurator felicissimus*. A Letter of Thanks to *Zurich*; Another to my old Friend who has many *Children* and *Grand-Children* at *Geneva*. Resolved to go abroad to Day. Friend comes. *Mahomet* and *Mustapha*. No more of that. Go out to visit my *Brother* across the Water. Nothing venture nothing have: My *Cold* may go off. Enter into the following *Dialogue* with my *Brother*.

Scot. I am glad to see you well, *Brother*; these glorious Times give us all a new Life; for my Part I fancy myself Twenty Years younger than I was Ten Months ago.

Broth. You may do so; but I am old, very old; I cannot read your last Book, but I thank you for it.
—— I will ask Dr. *G—n* about it.

Scot. I have been at some Pains truly; but there are some Things I should have left out, had I foreseen how Matters would have happened; they were calculated for some Fears that are now blown over.

Broth. We can never be too much afraid of the Pope; the *Man of Sin* flourisheth still.

Scot. But now is our Time to lop off his Branches ; we shall see the Completion of some Prophecies in the *Revelations* in our Days, I trust.

Broth. I can't, I can't tell ; *Interpreters* are doubtful, and I can't read now.

Scot. You have done a great deal of Good in your Time : Our Ages require us both to leave off *Pains-taking*. But I cannot forbear turning over my beloved Pages still ; I own I read *Calvin* in a Morning still, and *Buchanan's Psalms* at Night : They please me, and I love to be pleased.

Broth. I have done with Pleasure now : The good Woman is departed, and I must follow.

Scot. I have had a Cold these Two Days, and am now alarmed with a Difficulty of Breath ; I must take my Leave—for fear of the worst. Farewell, Brother ; and if thou see'st me no more, remember there was such a one as *Scoto*.

Broth. Yes, all the World will remember thee. Fare thee well.

Took Boat at Six ; Meditated on my Passage from one Side of the Water to the other ; Like passing from this Life into another. Very like it. Cough violently at landing. Walk through the *Temple* : Look up at *Tom's Window* ; No Light there ; He never studies ; How then could he write that *Letter* ? *Omnes, omnia bona dicere, & laudare fortunam meam qui Filium haberem tali Ingenio præditum.* I was so when I was young ; Happy Days ! They are past. Cough again ; Get into the *Coach* : Meditate on the Similitude of *Luther* to a *Postillion* in his *Oil-Coat* lashing through a dirty Road. Some Wit in it. Does not reflect upon the *Reformation*. Am set down at Home out of Breath. Helped up to my Chamber. *Rheum* tickles sadly. *Pectoral Lozenges* ;
Little

Little Help. Catch'd more Cold upon the Water. Look over *Baxter's Cordial to fainting Sinners*: Revive upon it. Draught of Sack: As good as *Baxter*. Sold formerly at the *Apothecary's* only; now in every Tavern. Strange Abuse of Creatures! Thus an Harlot is first gently used by some Men of *Quality*, who by often tasting recommends the wicked One; from whence (O fatal Lapse!) she falls into the Hands of the Multitude, and becomes the Delight of every vulgar Sinner, and is to be enjoyed at every House of evil Name in the Town. Resolve to think of these Things in *Bed*. Query with myself, why my Head runs so much upon Similitudes? Perhaps it may be giddy. Look over the Prayers for the *Sick: Forms!* Effusions of the Soul edify much. Go to Bed betimes. Think To-morrow is *Sunday*.



SUNDAY, March.

Ægrotante corpore Animus quæ futura sunt aut prævidet, aut sibi sæpe visus est prævidere.

AUGUSTIN.

WAKE at Four: Reflect on the strange Somniations of the Night. Remember the Saying of *Horace*, *Velut ægri somnia*: What have I to do with Heathen Poets? The *Soul* must be immortal, but not *Dodwell's* Way. *Asgill* a Fool; no Man can be *translated* but from one *See* to another: There is some Sense in that verily: Spectres, pointed Fires, headless Mortals, visionary *Elysiums*, Creatures of the Fancy. That Part of the Dream about walking on a great Bridge and falling from thence into a boundless Ocean, where I sunk down, and saw at the Bottom *Daniel Burgefs*, *William Penn*, &c. carries a fine Allegory. Nothing at all in it however. The Lord has more Work for me to do still. Call for my Man *Jonathan*. Brings a Candle: Fancy *Jonathan* looks like *Death*. Say a Prayer and a Half of my own. *Jonathan* and I reason thus about his being *Death*.

Maſt. Suppose you are *Death*, tell me what you would say to me now, *Jonathan*.

Jonath. I *Death*! No, Sir, I can't be *Death*, nay, I am no Relation of his; never saw him in my Life, Sir.

Maſt.

Maft. Thou Man of carnal Understanding and grofs Ignorance : Thou and every *Worm* (for what is Man but a *Worm*) are related to him : Life and Death are akin, as much as *Flesh* and Corruption : Therefore fuppofe thyfelf *Death*, and fpeak to me in his Name.

Jonath. In the Name of *Death* then, what is it you would have, Sir ?

Maft. You muft fay, You are come to vifit me, and ask me fome *Questions* ; and I will reply to you : This will fortify my Spirits, and make me lefs afraid of real *Death* when he approaches.

Jonath. I come, Sir, to tell you that you have lived long enough, and enjoyed the good Things of the World : It is not fit you fhould live to be a Week older ; your Senfe and Reason are gone ; you are a *Burthen* to the Earth ; Repent, and come away with me.

Maft. That is too much : ——— You fhould have left out *Burthen* of the *Earth*, and thofe Things : I fee you do not underftand my Meaning. No more of this.

Jonathan departs. Think of his Stupidity. It could not be out of Design : He thinks his Mafter mad. Rife at Seven. Indifpofition encreafes. Send for a List of the *Lent-Preachers* : Make *Pifhes* at fome Names : Will it come to my Turn ? St. *Andrews* a large Parifh : A great many odd *Saints* Names about this Town fhould be abolifhed. The *Almanacks* ought to be *corrected* : *Red Letters* Abomination. Refolve to fee no Body to Day. Refolve to drink Three Quarts of Water-gruel inftead of my *Tea*. Sick, very fick : Call for my Man : Order him to bring the *Folio* in Manuscript of my own *Life* and *Times*. Confider what a great Name I fhall leave behind me. Doctor *Wellwood* ftole his *Memoirs*

from my Conversation. If he has gained a great Reputation, I shall certainly: Better than *Thuanus*. Man brings the Book. Begin to read: An excellent *Preface*: Very happy at *Prefaces*. Courts of *Charles* and *James*: *Juggling*, *Tricking*, *Mistresses*, *Whores* *Spiritual and Temporal*, *French Money*, more *Money*; *Slavery*, *Papery*, arbitrary *Power*, *Liberty*, *Plots*, *Italy*, *Geneva*, *Rome*, *Titus Oates*, *Dangerfield*; *Money* again; *Peace*, *War*, *War*, *Peace*; more *Money*. Lay down the *Book*. Reflect how I came to know all this: Lord *L——ale*, a good deal: *R——l*, a good deal more: The *King* some Conferences with great Men: Informations: Multitudes of Pamphlets. *Cabinetted* Twice in One Day: Absconded a Week: Appeared again: Run away: *Hactenus hæc*: Call for Dinner: Dine alone. Wish Health to Friend *Benjamin*. Hear a knocking at the Door: Two Letters out of the Country: One from *Geneva*. *Mem.* To answer the Letter this Night. Ask my Man how I look? Answered, Better than when he played the Part of *Death* to me. Sicken immediately after Dinner. Fumes! Want of Digestion. Drink a Glass of Wine. Try to go to Sleep in my easy Chair: Nod a little: Wake better. Return to my Book: Read and drink Tea till Night: Much about myself: Vacancies of Places; *Bishopricks*, *Deanaries*, *Living*s: New *Oaths*: *Clergy* obstinate, *Sherlock* alone: *South* and *Sherlock*: *Fenwick*, *Collier*. *Parliament* against us. *Tories* prevail: Miserable Times: Preach against them. Interrupted: Friend comes in by *Jonathan's* Mistake. Good News however; All of our Side, Publick Justice: No Security like it. Talk of indifferent Matters. Pity poor *L——d Thomas's* Son. It must be dissolved. Afflictions fall to the Righteous. Sons are strange giddy Things: Think of my *Tom*. Read a Page

of my Book to my Friend: He is in Raptures. I am much better: Talk cheerfully; Drink some Sack: Clock strikes Nine: He goes. Walk about, a little. Feet weak. Giddiness in the Head. Call for my quilted Cap. Look on the Glass. Cap falls over mine Eyes: Sad Token. New Fears. *Mem.* To send for a Physician in the Morning: Humane Means necessary; Man must co-operate. Grow worse: Go to Bed. Forget that it was *Sunday*.



MONDAY, March.

Nemo mortalium omnibus Horis sapit. LILLY.

NO Folding of the Hands to Sleep, no Slumber all Night: Cannot lie in Bed for Fear. Rise at One: *Asthma* a fatal Distemper. Consider much how my Lungs should be distempered: Used them with *great Vehemence* in my younger Days. Could not leave it off at last. Think if it could proceed from some other Reason. Hope not. I do not remember all: All from the violent *Pulpit-Motions*: Could not possibly help it: The Power of the Spirit certainly straitened the Organs of the Body. Call my Servant in haste: Send for *Opium* and *Balsams*: *Flesh is Grass*. Certainly *Grass*. Life is like many Things; a *Shadow*, a *Bird*, a *Line* in the *Water*, an old *Story*: *Fumus, & umbra simus*, a good *Motto* for a *Chimney*, or a *Black-Gown*: Head swims: Get out *Tories*: I have nothing to say to you.

you. A *Perverse Generation*. Convocation. Dr. S—pe. Let them do what they will. No good. *Chaplains* too. Honest *Ben*. A double Portion for him. Present Settlement. Kissing goes by Favour. *Butter the Rooks Nest*, said Sir *Thomas Wiat* at the Reformation, and then you may do what you please. All Joy to great *Cesar*, to little *Cesar*. Another good Saying of Sir *Thomas*, It is a *strange Thing* a Man can't repent of his Sins without the Leave of the *Pope*. Pshaw, how came the *Pope* into my Head? Give me the *Drops*; I will try to forget every Thing. Doze till Four. *Opium* an excellent Medicine. Many Debates in my Mind about a proper Doctor. Dr. *Woodward*, he is my Countryman; do not care to trust him; *Garth*, he will laugh at me and tell Stories: Why can't a Man do without them? Necessary Evils. Resolve to ask Advice of *Jonathan* about it. Give my Mind to Contemplation; *William* the Conquer; *Rufus*; The *Third*, Happy Day! Grand Restorative; Pleasant to think of these Things; Cough again Twice. Distempers will not be flattered; I wish they would. No Body could do it better. *Jonathan* comes in; Looks with a sad Air. Don't like such Looks at all. Order the Family to come up Stairs at Seven; Resolved to preach before them *extempore*. Not much Matter what the *Text* is: Easy to run off from the Subject, and talk of the *Times*. Late Order about *Preaching*: It cannot relate to *Chamber-Practice*. Bid my Man set the Great Chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with Delight; The Damsel *Jane* has a wicked Eye; *Robin* seems to meet her Glances; *Unsanctified Vessels!* *Children of Wrath!* *Lust of the Eye*. *Evil Concupiscence*. No Flock without these Evil Ones. Look again at *Jane*: A Tear of Penitence in her Eye; Sweet Drops! *Grace* triumphs, *Sin* lies

lies dead. With *Tom* were present; He might be reformed. Consider how many *Sermons* it is probable *Tom* hears in One year; Afraid not One. Alas the *Temple*! alas the *Temple*! The *Law* eats up Divinity; It corrupts Manners, raises Contentions among the Faithful, feeds upon poor *Vicarages*, and devours *Widows Houses without making long Prayers*: Alas the *Temple*! Never liked that Place since it harboured *Sacheverall*: He certainly spread an Infection there. A Swimming of my Head; Seem to hear the Noise of *Tumults, Riots, Seditions*: Fresh Noises of *High Church*, the *Doctor*: What would the Multitude have? Why are they incensed? Who of our *Order* has offended? *Impeach, Silence, Hang, Beheaded!* That the Name of a Man should turn one's Head to a Giddiness! Say a short *mental Prayer*: Cool by Degrees. *Jane* petitions not to hear the *Sermon*, but make her Beds. There is no dealing with youthful Inclinations; They are unsteady in every Path; They leave the direct Way; Walk in bye-Places and Corners. Give her Leave to depart. Resolved within myself to deny *Robin* to go, if he should ask. *Robin* asks. Reprove him thus; — I have watched your mutual Temptations, and the Snares you laid for each other; You *Robin*, I say, and the Damsel *Jane*: Forbear your Iniquity, struggle with Sin; make not Excuses to follow the *Handmaid*: Thou shalt stay here, and hear and edify. — Prepare to preach; *Hem* Thrice; Spread my Hands; Lift up my Eyes; Attempt to raise myself; Sink backwards; Faint suddenly; Do not know what is done for Half an Hour: Awakened to Life by cold Water, and many Cries; Rub my Eyes; Ask where I have been? Servants tell me strange Things. All press for a Doctor; Consent; sent for *Garth*. Think of a *Chapter* in Praise of *Physicians*; No
Commentators

Commentators guess who was the Author. It must be *Apocryphal*: Never was but One *Saint* of the *Faculty*: *Hei mihi! Religio Medici*: Where shall one find more than the *Title*? Send for Mr. *Boyle's Receipts*; He was an excellent Man; I knew him. Read in the Book; *For a Cough, Honey and Brimstone*. Can't take it; — Fling away the Book. *Garth* comes; Takes up Mr. *Boyle's Receipts*: Begins to fall into a Discourse with me to this Purpose, looking into the *Title Page*..

Doct. Sir, I am sorry to see you so ill; but *Egad* I think you deserve it, if this Piece of *Quackery* has been your *Regimen*; An idle, trifling Collection of old Womens, Corn-cutters, and Farriers *Recipes*: Is this a Directory for a Man of your Parts, and Sense?

Patient. Why, *Doctor*? Mr. *Boyle* was a great Man, and kept Company with the best *Physicians* of the Age, and was respected by them.

Doct. So I keep Company with some great *Divines*; but the Devil is in it if any Man will therefore say that I am a Parson.

*So Diamonds take a Lustre from their Foil,
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe Charles Boyle.*

Not *Robert*, *Egad*! It is true, he is a good Naturalist; The World are obliged to him; — but for Physick, is as great a Dunce as the late *Radcliffe*.

Patient. But, *Doctor*, to the Purpose; I will give up *Boyle*, and *Radcliffe* too, if you will but ease me.

Doct. I can no more promise that, than you can to save me; I know you hate *Infallibility* in all Faculties;

Faculties, but I will try; for it is Pity to lose a good Horse, though a Man has Twenty Sets: Let us see your Hand; by Jove I don't like it.

Patient. Don't shake your Head so, dear Doctor: Tell me plainly what Hopes you have of me; I don't love to be flattered, I never flattered any Body myself.

Doct. No!—— That's strange indeed; flatter no Body, I wonder how you lived so long then. Come, put out your Tongue, that must be viewed too.

Patient. Why, Doctor, you don't pretend to tell by one's Tongue whether one has flatter'd or no: Come, to oblige you—— see it——

Doct. A strange Tongue! an unflattering Tongue truly: For it tells a sad Truth, I am sure, at present.

Patient. Pray, what's that?

Doct. Only you have got a lurking Fever; and your Church Bellows are so inflamed, that I dare prognosticate, they can't blow much longer.

Patient. Ay, Doctor, I have used them, I fear, with too much Vehemence: They have been serviceable Lungs for our Cause. But give me a little better Comfort before you leave me.

Doct. If Blood-letting, Coolers, Lambatives, and Pectorals, are Comforts, I shall prescribe you enough, never fear: But I have your own Word, not to flatter you.

Patient. But do you think I may weather it, or how long is it probable I shall last?

Doct. Till you sink, as far as I know: You should have sent for me sooner; and yet I am not certain, but that you may survive it. I would have you cheer up, Son of Thunder: A good Spirit is an half Cure in many Cases: Beside, I know you black
Gen-

Gentlemen have a good Trick at deceiving the D—l; It is your Business to do it; stand upon your Guard, for it is *pro Aris & Focis*, now.

Patient. I will, I will; — But prithee don't be so irreligious, Doctor; I have a great Respect for your Constancy in a good Cause, and your Name has done us Service in *Verse* and *Prose*.

Doct. Why, Sir, have you the Vanity to think that *Religion* ever did our *Cause* any *Service*? If that comes into your Head, and you *squeak at last*, it is Time for me to bid you good Night.

Patient. I will do any thing you order me; but I must confess, that I begin to think a Man can't die easily without Repentance.

Doct. Farewel then; my Time is past; there can be no Hopes if you talk at this Rate: I will tell the *Kit-Cat Club* of you, and it shall be known to every Man at *Court* that you die like a *Pedant*. Farewell.

Consider with myself what the World will say if this *Dialogue* is made publick: Yet it is true. Most *Doctors* so: A great Pity in a Man of his Parts. Call for my Servant. Resolve to forget *Garth* was with me. Order the Man to read a Chapter in the *Revelations*. Nothing about me there: Yet I am sick: I will *seek the Lord in Prayer*. Praying a mighty good Thing. No Help in it. *Apothecary* comes: Talk with him about the *Doctor*. Shakes his Head. Talks over Words I do not understand: Resolve to follow his Advice however. Takes his Leave with Three Bows. Meditate on the Vanities of Respect, and Art of Compliments. Best Things corrupted are the worst. Good Manners necessary. Stomach begins to recoil: What shall I do? Much Dubitation. Go to Bed: Order another Chapter to be
read

read by my Bedside. *Isaiab* talks finely and rapturously: It is not worth while to live: It is. Recant all Things: Suppose the *Metropolitan* should — An excellent Supposition. Grow much worse. Sleep, O Sleep! but it will not come. Toss, and think of Ten thousand Things all Night.



T U E S D A Y.

Dum Testamenta condimus Haredi latitiam paramus.

GROT.

Abstulit clarum cita Mors Achillem,

Longa Tithonum minuit Senectus.

HOR.

MIND disturbed with Fears all Night: Fancy I shall not recover. Who will succeed me? Who is worthy? *Me mortuo maria & terræ commisceantur!* A little prophane: *Tom* might have said it: It had become him. Servant enters. Order him to bring my *Will*: Read, *In the Name of God, I———bequeath my worldly Goods in Form and Manner following.* It is very moving, melts the very Heart of me: What will become of poor *Tom*? Money will make him mad. Sad Thoughts! that an *Harlot* or a *Sharper* should devour the Fruits of my Spiritual Labours! Think how odd Successions are in some Families; a *Parish Boy* rises into a *Divine*, a *Divine* mounts to a *Bishoprick*; his *Son* a *Beau*, *Corruptio optimi fit pessima.* Thus the Lord mortifies the Vanities of human Creatures! The
Heathens

Heathens called this *Fortune*. Great Ignorance! Look upon the *Will* again; *Item, I give the Poor of, &c.* — Great Mind to scratch that Paragraph out. Must give them something too. Charities are abused: Resolve to ask *Tom's* Opinion about it: He studies the *Law*. *Tom* comes to see me. More than I expected: The Powers of *Grace* not quite extinguished! He looks as if he had been crying: Poor Soul! What, for me? Perhaps sitting up and Drinking might make his Eyes look red: Begin to fear it was that. Grow positive in the last Opinion. *Tom* asks me how I do. Kind, very kind. Talk with him thus:

Fath. You see, *Thomas*, that this frail Body, this Tabernacle of Clay, is hastening to its Dissolution: You will lose me in a short Time; I am ready to be snatched from your Eyes.

Tom. The Will of the Lord be done.

Fath. That is very pious indeed, *Tommy*; I see you have not forgot all your *Scripture*: But you owe some dutiful Wishes to me still; you would not have me die, Son, I am sure.

Tom. I am not sure of that: If you *live, Pen and Paper, Print and Publish*, are the Words: If you die, Five thousand at least: I shall neither turn *Miser* nor *Usurer*.

Fath. Ay, Thou hast hit upon Two Things that grieve me much: In the first Place, I desire you would never dabble with your *Ink-Pot* any more: Read more, and write less: Don't forget a *Chapter* in *Proverbs* every Day —

Tom. Sir, if you please, I will drink your Health; I cannot hear all this Stuff for nothing: What has the *Scripture* to do with the *Law*, only to denounce Woes against us, and send us to the Devil?

Fath.

Fath. Fie! Be not prophane with unseasonable Wit; You have, *Tom*, writ well enough for a young Fellow of no *Learning*; but pray leave it off; I command you to do it.

Tom. Sir, you may command, and I may promise; But it would be strange if one who has broke best Part of all the *Commandments* he ever knew, should keep yours: I am no more to be depended upon than the King of *France*. Stipulate I may, but stand by it I cannot.

Fath. Give him a Glas of Sack, *Jenathan*: The Confession is ingenuous, and I hope more from thee now, than I could if you had promised: But look here, *Tom*, I shall leave you, shall leave you just—

Tom. I wish you'd say something, Sir, if you don't die, it may do me Service; for I can borrow 20 *l.* upon the Reputation of a good Legacy.

Fath. O *Thomas*, *Thomas*! I see the Iniquities of thy Heart; thy Wishes are impious ——— but I will leave you ———

Tom. Pray, Sir, let me be sure of something; and I know one Way that may make my *Legacy* doubled in a short Time ———

Fath. What is that Child? I find you have a thriving Genius; tell me what you mean.

Tom. Why, a certain Book written by a certain grave Man about certain *Times*, which I hope certainly to publish, and get a round Sum for the Copy.

Fath. *Tom*, I have taken Care of thee: Thou shalt have nothing to do with it: Depart, Sir, I want to meditate alone.

Tom. Well, if I never see you any more ——— Farewel.

Meditate on my Discourse with *Tom*. Despair of him, and myself. It grows upon me. Languor of Spirits.

Spirits. *Garth* comes again: Look indifferently at him: He sings and repeats Verses: Twirls his Cane: Tells a Story of my L—d *Thomas*: Feels my Pulse: Talk about my Journey's End. I tell him an Account of my Life: Cry profusely at the End of it. The Doctor smiles: An Infidel, no doubt. Ask him seriously about my Condition: Very bad: He says I may eat and drink any Thing that I can: Nothing can me better or worse: Miserable Sentence! Desire *Garth* to give my Blessing to a young Nobleman of great Hopes, and make him a Compliment in my Name. Think what the World will say of it after I am dead: Imagine myself that it looks *heroical*, and with an Air of a great Soul. The World ought to be cheated. Feel many Apprehensions within myself: Resolve to say nothing of them. Put a good Face upon a bad Matter. Fain live to see what this Parliament will do: There must be glorious Work: If I should not, the World will lose a good *Speech*: Resolve to give it away, and order it to be printed in my Name: *A Speech designed to have been spoke at the Trial of*——It will do very well. Doctor asks me what I am musing on: Tell him. He approves the Project: Repeats Ten Lines about Death, stolen from *Heathen Poets* and Common-Place Books.

*To die, is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Tempests never break, nor Billows roar.*

Ask him about an *Epitaph*. Replies, he cannot write *Latin*, that his last *Dedication* ransacked all he had left, but he will try to get a fine one. Thank him: Give him a Ring that a great Man gave me to remember him. He jests upon me, and says I mis-time my Present, it should be left to my Executors. Takes his Leave, repeating *Virgil*:

——— *Dona*

— *Dona Damatas mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

Meditate how pleasant Life is to careless Tempers : A great *Duke* died with as little Ceremony, and as good an Air, as he went out of the Room. It is wonderful ! Call my Man : Drink some Cordial : Try to compose myself. Messengers every Minute from great Folks to know how I do : Smile, and send a great many Compliments to them all. Think of what Importance I am to the World : A Kindness ought not to be forgotten : When old Dr. *W—d* was ill, I used to send every Day to know how he did : I succeeded him without my own seeking. Two Footmen from *Foreign Ladies* : It is mighty kind : I can't do them any Service now : Return a Thousand Thanks. Call for a Bundle of Papers ; Order some of them to be burnt : Put me in Mind of the Usage some of my Writings received from the Publick : Vain Spite ! They will live ; they have a Spirit of Immortality. Spend all the Afternoon in returning Compliments and giving Orders about my Papers. Grow worse at Night : Fancy *Tea* would do me good : Drink Twenty Dishes : Al in vain : Sudden Fit of Convulsions. Am put to Bed : My Head feels delirious : Variety of strange Thoughts. Order a Man to sit by me all Night. Resolve to minute every Thing I can remember of myself till I depart this Life.

W E D,

WEDNESDAY, March.

Tu Pateres. tu Patronus, ne deseras

TER.

MUCH disturbed all Night with a Cry in my Ears, *The Church, The Church*: The worst of all the *London Cries*. Wake at Six: My Inflammation encreased with *preaching in my Sleep* against the *Whore of Babylon*. Call for the *Cordial*: Small Relief. Vehement Temptations in my Soul to break *Charity* with Doctor S—— and many others. Strive with the Iniquity: Overcome it by Degrees. Seem to see a *Spirit*: Frighten'd into a sudden Shivering: Bid my Man keep near me always, and not stir out of the Room: Order him to bring a Glass: My Eyes look sunk in my Head: My Nose is sharpened, pinched up at the End: My *Nails* not turned however; Poor Hopes. Repeat *Psalms* out of *Buchanan*. That is not right. *Latin* no fit Language to pray in; *Hopkins* and *Sternbold* much better; Say *Three Stanza's* softly. Hear *Garth* coming up Stairs: Now for my last *Sentence*: How shall I receive it? What shall I say to him? Order my Servant to give *Ten Pices*: That may soften him perhaps. He comes in singing: Looks with a bad Aspect: Recommends an *Undertaker* to me. Sigh often. The Doctor smiles; bows, and says, *No Good can be done!* Sad Words! Abundance of Servants with Messages to know

know my Condition: Send Word little Hopes: Think within myself about *Church Prayers*: Ineffectual. Consider of my *Funeral*: Private Interment: No Vanities, and Ceremonies: Privacy makes a Man more enquired after. No *High Church*, not a Man: Easy to insult a *Dead Lion*. Send for a particular Friend: Comes immediately: Wish him to send *Le Clerc* an Account of me: Desire the good Man to do me Justice: In Two Languages at least: To hint that the World may expect my famous *Posthumous Work*: Say all the kind Things of it imaginable: Every Body in *Holland* will believe it. Reflect *That a Prophet is not renowned in his own Country*. My Enemies numerous: Good Fortune to overcome so many of them. *Bar-le-Duc*: Cannot help thinking of *Politicks*. Ought to remember my Sins. *K——t's* Doctrine of Repentance very comfortable to Persons of Distinction: Right or Wrong, a strong *Faith* is all. Let the World alone, and that will let you alone; a plausible Sentence! But how shall a Man restrain the Ardency of the Spirit, or stop the Illusions of Grace! A Thought about *Funeral Sermons* and *Rosemary*. I preached many full of *Panegyrics*: They will rise up against me: *Conscience, O Conscience!* Call for a Glass of Sack: Make a long Soliloquy in the Postulations with my own Heart: Get the better of all Qualms that rise from past Adventures. Resolved to leave my *New Model of Church Government* to be printed after my Death: Many Faults in the present Scheme: Recommend it to *Benjamin's* Perusal; Give him a full Liberty to add and improve. Think what a Noise it will make in the World: The *Works* of a great Man follow him. Consider how to mortify some vain Thoughts rising in my carnal Mind. The Words of *Solomon*: In writing many *Books is much Folly*: Meant only of foolish Books. Pray a little.

Resolve to support my Spirits by sending Messages to several Persons of Distinction. *Death* is like a *Thief*: Use him in his own Way: Steal as much from him as I can. He is also like a *Serpent*: A cunning Animal: Arts against Arts necessary. All Methods of Deceit that are practicable, are good upon just Occasions: None more proper than the present. Order a *Chapter* to be read. Order it to be let alone. Enquire after *Tom*: No Message from him all Day: Wonder at his Want of filial Piety, his Manners, his *Life*, his *Letters*: Try to get him out of my Head: He grieves me: Hope he may reform: Years of Discretion must come. Inflammation increases mightily; I cannot live until To-morrow: Resolved to order my Man to take down all I say when I lose my Senses: Bid him get Pen, Ink, and Paper ready. There is a great deal of Discovery in those *Rhapsodies*; the Mind acts more freely when the Organs of the Body are affected by Sicknefs: *Tom* comes in, and overhears my Orders: Talks with me about Madnefs: Very impudent and ungracious: Order him to read a *Sermon*: Takes out a *Book* and reads a Piece of Nonsense of *Sacheverall's*: Calls him Fool and Block-head: He pretends to explain his Meaning: Ridiculous, very ridiculous: Desire him to depart: He says, he will drink a Bottle and come again: Glad to get rid of him, with a Blessing unasked for. Find my Head grow delirious; order *Jonathan* to be in Readiness to write: He writes.

O My Head! — Take care of the Bed, it is all in Flame. *Josbua* the 10th, and Verse the 12th. The *White Horse* in the *Revelations*; I am no Racer, do not love Horse-matches. Give me a Tea-Kettle; more Sugar. — I will make a Speech, a Speech for them, and against them; — I remember more Actions, Sayings, Speeches, Revolutions, Plots, Dis-

coveries

coveries, than any Man in *Europe*: Here is a Paper of an hundred Names: Here is a List of Plotters, Seditious, Rioters: Now is our Time or never——what have we to do with the *French King*? It must be *demolished*, it shall be *demolished*: There is no *Peace* to the Sinner, no Treaty with the Devil: Give me leave to state the Matter fairly: Read over that again.——That is not at all material: Order that Paper to be burnt by the common Hangman. Why, here is nothing at all ready. What has that Fellow to do here? I am not at all afraid——Vanish Spirits. O *Solomon*! O *Solomon*! The First and Second of *Hester*, I will preach upon that *Text*. *Frogs* came into the *King's Bed-chamber*. O! the Plagues of Conscience! Give me Room——If my Lungs did not fail me, I would make it appear that all the *Tories* in the Nation are *Dissenters*, *Schismatics*, *Anti-Monarchick*, rebellious Sons of Disorder and Confusion.——Who is able to expound and explain *Articles*? Who are Judges, if we are not? Let them propose their Opinions. What that noble *Lord* observed is undoubtedly true:——*Mere Dragons*——What would the Fellow have?——Did not I swear that I would not wear *Lawn*? Bow! who should I bow to——The *Pope* is the most unreasonable Rascal in the World——I will not leave *Tom* a single *Farthing*.——Write, its all Nonsense. Take care of that *Book*.——Get thee behind me *Satan*. What can they mean in the *North*?——Is there any Probability of his making good his Pretensions? *Spurious*, proved a hundred Times over. But these confounded *Invectives*:——What shall we do with them? *America*, *Newfoundland*! Poor Merchants! O! That *Peace*.——Let me alone for Divinity: I will maul them on *Sundays*, *Saturdays*, *Lecture-Days*, *Charity Sermons*. *Abel* is the greatest Scoundrel in

the World. Let the Convocation alone.——I say he shall have a *Regiment*. Fling them Papers into the Fire;——It is Nonsense to let them be transcribed; Pray Mr. Churchill take Abundance of Care of the Letter and Paper:——Beware of *Abridgments*. A new Edition in *Octavo*.——Come again To-morrow.——My Lord, I am your Lordship's Did not I bid you put out that *Fire*? More Water good *Jonathan*.——The Curtains:——O my Head!——The World turns upside downwards. Churches Fall:——*Salisbury Steeple* hands awry——Take away your *lead* Hand.——No more, I see it does stand awry.



An INSCRIPTION designed for his MONUMENT

Subus
Cineres jam tendem quod non ipse optavit
In PACE requiescunt.
Vir erat Ingenia satis callido, & versatili,
Nativo solo familiari;
In rebus Sacris Magnus, Fabulosus Major,
In Politicis. Ut ipse crederet) Maximus!
Veritatis cultor aucto fidei,

Ut aque in Vita, ac Scriptis effluisset.
In Concionando acer erat, vehemens indefessus,
Puriorem Doctrinam habuere multi,
Pulmones, & Latera robustiora nemo.

Adeo Romæ per omina aversus
Ut ad Genevam desisteret.

Obiit in Universum Dissidentium,
Ab Ecc. Angl. luctum,
Martii Calendis.

Beneath

There lies against his own Wishes,
 A Man at last in PEACE.

He was Master of a Cunning, various Wit,
 Agreeable to his own COUNTRY,
 Great was He in Divinity, in Fable Greater,
 In POLITICS (if you'll believe himself) Greatest.

So faithful a Lover of Truth,
 That it equally appears in his Life,
 And Writings.

A violent, mighty, unwearied Preacher;
 Many have had purer Doctrine,
 No one stronger Sides, and Lungs.
 So averse to ROME in all Points
 That he almost approached GENEVA,
 He died, to the universal Grief of the
 Dissenters, on the Kalends of March.

Notes and Observations

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